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W H O E V E R possesses or
hopes to possess more than
he needs . . . more than a
house, a garden, a room full
of books . . . is doomed to
keeping static the order in
which he lives.

—Ludwig Lewisohn



Philip Durham



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THE
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OF THE LATE
WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

INCLUDING
THE OLLAPODIANA PAPERS,
THE
SPIRIT OF LIFE,
AND A SELECTION FROM HIS
VARIOUS PROSE AND POETICAL WRITINGS.

EDITED BY
LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

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TO
DAVID GRAHAM, Esq.,
OF NEW-YORK,
As a Testimonial
OF
CORDIAL REGARD AND ESTEEM,
THE ENSUING PAGES
FROM THE PEN OF HIS LIFE-LONG FRIEND AND ADMIRER,
ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY
THE EDITOR.



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MEMOIR

OF

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

It was my purpose, in introducing the ensuing pages to the public, to have accompanied them with a more elaborate Memoir of the life of their author than had hitherto appeared; the chief additional attraction of which, however, I had hoped to present in extracts from his familiar correspondence. I say '*chief* attraction,' because in the able Memoir from the pen of his eminent friend, Hon. Judge CONRAD, of Philadelphia, published in '*GRAHAM's Magazine*' for 1840, and in the excellent and authentic sketch which prefaces the selections from his verse in Mr. GRISWOLD's '*Poets and Poetry of America*'—of the former of which the Departed often expressed his approbation—all that is essential for the information of the reader was felicitously and succinctly embodied. But, as I have said, something more than this I had contemplated; something which, under his own hand, and in the easy play of unstudied correspondence with his most intimate friend on earth, should be an exponent of his '*inner life*,' his every-day thoughts, impulses, and affections. Why I have not been able to do this, I shall now briefly explain.

For many many months previous to the death of my twin-brother, that event was constantly in my mind, and tinged the whole current of my thoughts. Each sun that rose and set upon us, I '*counted toward his last resting-place*;' and the slow-swinging pendulum of a clock, accidentally encountered, appeared to me to have but one purpose; it was notching his restless progress to an early grave. When the last bitter hour came; when all that was mortal of my '*severed half*' had ceased to live; nothing it seemed could add to the poignant sense of present bereavement. I was told indeed that Time, the great Healer, would soften the bitterness of my regret; that even the memory of a past sorrow might yet become '*pleasant, though mournful to the soul*.' Among many letters which I received soon after WILLIS's death, was one which I can not resist the inclination to quote here:

'Sunnyside Cottage, July 8, 1841.

'MY DEAR SIR:

'I HAVE not sooner replied to your letter of the eighteenth of June, communicating the intelligence of the untimely death of your brother, because in

fact I was at a loss how to reply. It is one of those cases in which all ordinary attempts at consolation are apt to appear trite and cold, and can never reach the deep-seated affliction. In such cases, it always appears to me better to leave the heart to struggle with its own sorrows, and medicine its own ills; and indeed, in healthful minds, as in healthful bodies, Providence has beneficently implanted self-healing qualities, that in time close up and almost obliterate the deepest wounds.

'I do not recollect to have met your brother more than once,* but our interview left a most favorable impression, which was confirmed and strengthened by all I afterward knew of him. His career, though brief, has been useful, honorable, popular, and I trust generally happy; and he has left behind him writings which will make men love his memory and lament his loss. Under such circumstances, a man has not lived in vain; and though his death be premature, there is consolation to his survivors springing from his very grave.

'Believe me, my dear sir,

'Yours very truly,

'WASHINGTON IRVING.

'L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.'

Replete with characteristic feeling and beauty as is this most kind note, which is cited as one of many kindred letters of condolence that reached me at this period, I can not let it pass to the reader without saying, even at the risk of exposing a mind bereft of self-healing qualities, and unhealthful, that the deep wound which I have received only yawns the wider with the lapse of time. Although 'it is only dust that descends to dust;' although it was 'not the brother, the friend, the cherished being,' that went down into the grave, to sleep in cold obstruction; yet it is to that grave that Memory still points the unmoving finger. There every phase of nature is earliest marked. There springs the first tender green of the early spring-time; there upon the long grass shimmers down the sun-light through the heavy foliage of thick-leaved June; there waits the November wind; there rustle the withered leaves and fall the 'sorrowing rains' of melancholy autumn; and there, in the howling midnight storm, over the walls of St. Peter's church-yard, Winter 'weaves his frolic architecture of snow.' *There*, features once radiant with intellectual light have faded into indistinctness; there the eye that loved to look upon all the glorious works of God, is closed to color, and the ear to sound; there the warm hand, whose cordial grasp of fraternal affection can never be forgotten, moulders at the crumbling side. And upon the correspondence traced through many years by that now wasted hand, I can not yet look. Since the announcement, by the publishers, of the immediate issue of the present work, I have tried repeatedly to overcome this reluctance, but I can not. It may be a morbid feeling—doubtless it is; but it is not less certain that with me it is *irresistible*. 'There is some latent, some mysterious

* THEY met in an official capacity, I believe, at the nuptials of an old and valued friend of my brother's, DAVID GRAHAM, Esq., of New York. The interview is pleasantly alluded to in one of the 'Ollapodiana' chapters which ensue.

yet undeniable connection' (says an eloquent writer, in allusion to the correspondence of departed friends) 'between those lifeless manuscripts and the beings whose affections seem even yet to haunt and hover round them; and the pulse beats, and the blood gushes through the loyal heart, as it vibrates again to the well-remembered words, and half listens for the voice that might have uttered them.' It is this ordeal which I can not yet brave.

Let me hope, therefore, that the reader will receive my apology for omitting what I had hoped to be able to present; and accept the following brief Memoir, as embracing all the essential facts in the history of its subject. We quote from the article in 'GRAHAM's Magazine' to which we have alluded:

'OF the several excellent writers whose names we have placed upon our catalogue as worthy of the honor we intend to do them (a series of portraits of popular Philadelphia authors, accompanied by suitable notices of their lives and works,) the first we select is that of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, whose rare abilities as a poet, and whose qualities as a man, justify this distinction. The life of a student is usually, almost necessarily, indeed, uneventful. Disinclined by habit and association, and generally unfitted by temperament, to mingle in the ruder scenes, the shocks and conflicts that mark the periods of sterner existence, his biography furnishes but few salient points upon which an inquirer can take hold. In the little circle which his affections have gathered around him, he finds abundant sources of enjoyment and interest; and though the world without may ring with his name, he pursues his quiet and peaceful way, undisturbed by, if not insensible to, its praises. Such has been eminently the case with the subject of this notice. With feelings peculiarly fitted for social and domestic intercourse, and a heart overflowing with the warmest and most generous impulses, and a shrinking sensitiveness to obtrusive public regard, Mr. CLARK has always sought those scenes in which, while his talents found free scope, his native modesty was unwounded, and he could exercise without restraint the loftier charities of his nature.

'Mr. CLARK was born in Otisco, a rich agricultural town in the county of Onondaga, in the State of New York. His father was a soldier in the days of the revolution, whose valor and services won for him tributes of acknowledgment from the delegates of a grateful nation. He was, moreover, a man of reading and talent, fond of collecting and studying useful books, and much given to philosophical pursuits and inquiries. In his son WILLIS he found an apt and anxious pupil; and the judicious teachings of the father, aided by the classic inculcations of the Rev. GEORGE COLTON, a maternal relative, laid a broad and solid foundation for those acquirements which have since added grace and vigor to the outpourings of genius. At a very early age, Mr. CLARK manifested poetic inclinations. Amid the glorious scenery that was outspread on every side of him, he soon began to feel the yearnings of his Divine nature. The spirit that was within him, stimulated by the magnificence of these external objects, could not be repressed; and he painted the beauties of plain and mountain; of the flower-clad valley and the forest-crowned hill; of the gorgeous going down of the sun amid a profusion of dazzling tints and hues such as nowhere else accompanied his setting; of the rich and vari-colored

autumnal foliage that shone in melancholy brightness; of the clear lake, whose unruffled bosom was placid as the soul of peace; in terms so glowing, and with a distinctness and force, that showed an eye so quick to perceive, and a mind so capable to appreciate, the loveliness of creation, that it at once secured to him praise and admiration. As he grew older, there was mingled with this exquisite power of description a tone of gentle solemnity, a delicate sadness of thought; a strain of seriousness such as showed a paramount desire to gather from the scenes and images reflected through his poetical faculties, useful lessons of morality. We remember very well when our attention was first drawn to his productions, and he was then but a boy, that we were impressed with the fact just mentioned; and we admired that one so young, should thus address himself directly to the hearts of his readers, and stir up within them founts of tenderness and piety.

After completing his scholastic course, Mr. CLARK repaired to Philadelphia, whither his reputation as a poet of much skill and a high degree of promise, had already preceded him. Soon after his arrival, under the auspices of the Rev. Dr. ELY, his patron and friend, he started a literary journal, similar in its design and character to the 'Mirror' of New York. Young, inexperienced, and therefore incapable of managing the business details of this undertaking with the necessary regard to its economy, he found that the profits were disproportioned to the labor, and was soon induced to abandon it. He conducted it, however, long enough to show that his powers of writing were not confined to poetry alone, but that in various departments of prose literature, previously unattempted by him, he possessed great aptitude; and his criticisms on books and the arts indicated a vigorous and well-disciplined taste, considerable power of analysis, just discrimination, and above all, a generous forbearance toward all who were the subjects of his commentaries. About the time this project failed, the Rev. Dr. BRANTLEY, a Baptist clergyman of great eminence, then in the pastoral charge of a church in this city, and now President of the College of South Carolina,* assumed the care of the 'Columbian Star,' a religious and literary periodical, and associated Mr. CLARK with him in its conduct. From this connection Mr. CLARK derived many advantages. To an intellect of the very highest order; a copious supply of various and rare learning; an eloquence which illuminated whatever it was applied to; a remarkable purity and clearness of style, and the most vigorous habits of thought, Dr. BRANTLEY united a spirit touched with the finest impulses of humanity, and an affability of demeanor, which, while it imparted grace to his manner, made him in all circumstances, easy and accessible. Upon his young friend and associate, these qualities acting with a sympathetic influence, produced a lasting and most salutary impression. The counsels of the divine pointed him to the path in which he ought to tread; the example of the scholar inspired him with a generous emulation; and the mild benevolence of the Christian gentleman taught him the importance of cultivating benignity of temper, and of subduing all untoward

* This institution subsequently bestowed upon Mr. CLARK the honorary degree of Bachelor of Arts.

passions. While he was connected with the 'Columbian Star,' Mr. CLARK published numerous fugitive pieces of a high grade of merit. Most of these he suffered to remain uncollected, though many of them were stamped with all the marks of genius. A few were afterward published in a duodecimo volume, along with a poem of considerable length, called the 'Spirit of Life,' originally prepared as an exercise for a collegiate exhibition.

'Mr. CLARK, after an agreeable and instructive association with the reverend editor of the 'Columbian Star,' was solicited to take charge of the 'Philadelphia Gazette,' the oldest and one of the most respectable daily journals published in this city. With this solicitation he saw proper to comply, and from the grateful cultivation of polite literature, he turned to the dry and fatiguing duty of superintending the multifarious concerns of a political, commercial, and advertising newspaper. In his new vocation, he acquitted himself with credit and honor, and ultimately became the proprietor of the establishment, which he continued to manage and direct until within a few days of his death. Though avowedly partisan in his predilections, and doing battle in good earnest for the cause which he espoused, Mr. CLARK never sacrificed his own opinions to any question or suggestion of expediency. Never slavish, never even submissive to the dictates of self-assumed authority, he upon all occasions preserved a fair, free, and upright policy, which deservedly placed him high in the estimation of all honest and independent men.

'In 1836, Mr. CLARK was married to ANNE POYNTELL CALDCLEUGH, the daughter of one of our most wealthy and respectable citizens. In this lady great personal beauty and varied accomplishments were joined to a most tender and affectionate disposition, a meekness and serenity of mind, that nothing could disturb. With such qualities in his bride, qualities that found an answering echo in his own bosom, the married career of Mr. CLARK was for a time one of unclouded sunshine. Unhappily, his wife, whose constitution was naturally delicate, was seized with that most terrible disease of our climate, consumption, and after a long period of protracted suffering, which she bore with a meekness and gentleness that endeared her infinitely to her friends, she was taken away in the very prime of her youth and happiness. A blow like this fell with a crushing weight upon the hopes and enjoyments of her surviving partner; and in various tributes to her memory, he evinced the deep grief of his afflicted spirit.

'Of Mr. CLARK's general merits as a poet but one opinion can be entertained. In the sweetness of his numbers, the elegance of his diction, the propriety of his sentiments, and the chasteness of his imagery, he is scarcely surpassed by any living writer. His earlier productions, as we have already said, are all tinged by a hue of sadness, but it is a sadness without gloom; and while they vividly portray the chances and changes of life, and the shifting aspects of nature, they inculcate the important truth that there is a higher and a better world, for which our affections are chastened, and our desires made perfect by suffering. In an extended notice of Mr. CLARK's writings, published in the 'American Quarterly Review,' we find a concise and forcible delineation of his peculiarities and style. After some general remarks, the reviewer says:

'WITH the exception of a small volume published some years since, we believe that Mr. CLARK's effusions have not been collected. They have appeared at irregular and often remote intervals; and though their beauty and pathos have won the applause of the first writers of this country and England, they have not made that impression which if united they could not fail to produce. Mr. CLARK's distinguishing traits are tenderness, pathos, and melody. In style and sentiment he is wholly original, but if he resemble any writer, it is Mr. BRAYNT. The same lofty tone of sentiment, the same touches of melting pathos, the same refined sympathies with the beauties and harmonies of nature, and the same melody of style, characterise, in an almost equal degree, these delightful poets. The ordinary tone of Mr. CLARK's poetry is gentle, solemn, and tender. His effusions flow in melody from a heart full of the sweetest affections, and upon their surface is mirrored all that is gentle and beautiful in nature, rendered more beautiful by the light of a lofty and religious imagination. He is one of the few writers who have succeeded in making the *poetry of religion* attractive. Young is sad, and austere, Cowper is at times constrained, and Wordsworth is much too dreamy for the mass; but with CLARK religion is unaffectedly blended with the simplest and sweetest affections of the heart. His poetry glitters with the dew, not of Castaly, but of heaven. No man, however cold, can resist the winning and natural sweetness and melody of the tone of piety that pervades his poems. All the voices of nature speak to him of religion; he

' Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

There is not an effusion, and scarce a line in his poetical writings that is not replete with this spirit. The entire absence of affectation or artifice in Mr. CLARK's poetry also deserves the highest commendation. Though always poetical he is always natural; he sacrifices nothing for effect, and does not seek his subjects or his figures from the startling or the extravagant. There is an uniform and uninterrupted propriety in his writings. His taste is not merely cultivated and refined, but sensitively fastidious, and shrinks, with instinctive delicacy, from anything that could distort the tranquil and tender beauty of his lines. His diction is neither quaint nor common-place, bloated nor tame, but is natural, classic, and expressive. In the art of versification, he appears to be nearly perfect; we know no poet in the language who is more regular, animated, and euphonious.

'The Spirit of Life' is one of the most labored, though certainly not the most successful of Mr. CLARK's poems. It occupies the larger portion of the only volume which he has given to the public. The dedication, though we confess it is not precisely to our taste, is enthusiastic and fervid. It is excused, however, by the general admiration at that time manifested for the author of Pelham, and was perhaps due as a grateful tribute to a distinguished author, who had previously spoken of his poems in high terms, and of himself as a gentleman, 'who has an enviable genius, to be excited in a new and unexhausted country, and a glorious career before him, where, in manners, scenery, and morals, hitherto undescribed and unexhausted, he can find wells where he himself may be the first to drink.'

'As a prose writer, Mr. CLARK possesses a rare combination of dissimilar qualities. At times eloquent, vehement, and impassioned, pouring out his thoughts in a fervent tide of strong and stirring language, he sweeps the feelings of his readers along with him; and at others playful, jocular, and buoyant, he dallies with his subject, and mingles mirth and argument, drollery and gravity, so oddly, yet so aptly, that the effect is irresistible. Few men have a more acute perception of the ludicrous; few understand better how to move the strings of laughter, and when he chooses to indulge in strains of humor, his good-natured jests, and quips and cranks and wanton wiles, show the fullness of his powers, and the benevolent strain of his feelings. In kindness and pathos, when such is the bent of his inclination, his prose essays are not inferior to his poetical compositions.'

'Mr. CLARK was for many years a liberal contributor to the periodical and annual literature of this country. He was also a frequent correspondent of the leading English magazines. 'The tales and essays,' says the author of 'The Poets and Poetry of America,' 'which he found leisure to write for the New York KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, and especially a series of amusing papers under the quaint title of '*Ollapodiana*,' will long be remembered for their heart-moving and mirth-provoking qualities.'

A portrait accompanied the sketch to which we have referred; but it

failed to present a faithful representation of the features of its subject. In person Mr. CLARK was of the middle height; his form was erect and manly, and his countenance pleasing and expressive. In ordinary intercourse he was cheerful and animated, and he was studious to conform to the conventional usages of society. Warm-hearted, confiding, and generous, he was a true friend; and by those who knew him intimately, he was much beloved.'

THE following account of the last hours of the subject of this Memoir was written by the undersigned for the 'Editor's Table' of the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine for July, 1841:

'OUR brother is no more!' DEATH, the pale messenger, has beckoned him silently away; and the spirit which kindled with so many elevated thoughts; which explored the chambers of human affection, and awakened so many warm sympathies; which rejoiced with the glad, and grieved with the sorrowing, has ascended to mansions of eternal repose. And there is *one*, reader, who above all others feels how much gentleness of soul, how much fraternal affection and sincere friendship; how much joyous hilarity, goodness, poetry, have gone out of the world; and he will be pardoned for dwelling in these pages, so often enriched by the genius of the Departed, upon the closing scenes of his earthly career. Since nearly a twelve-month the deceased has 'died daily' in the eyes of the writer of this feeble tribute. He saw that Disease sat at his heart, and was gnawing at its cruel leisure; that in the maturity of every power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty; 'when experience had given facility to action and success to endeavor,' he was fast going down to darkness and the worm. Thenceforth were treasured up every soul-fraught epistle and the recollection of each recurring interview, growing more and more frequent, until at length Life like a spent steed 'panted to its goal,' and Death sealed up the glazing eye and stilled the faltering tongue. Leaving these, however, with many other treasured remains and biographical facts for future reference and preservation in this Magazine, we pass to the following passages of a letter recently received from a late but true friend of the lamented deceased, Rev. Dr. DUCACHET, Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia; premising merely, that the reverend gentleman had previously called upon him at his special instance, in the last note he ever penned; that 'his religious faith was manifested in a manner so solemn, so frank, and so cordial,' as to convince the affectionate pastor that the failing invalid, aware that he must die of the illness under which he was suffering, had long been seeking divine assistance to prepare him for the issue so near at hand:

'At four o'clock on Friday P. M. the day before his death, I saw him again, he himself having selected the time, thinking that he was strongest in the afternoon. But there was an evident change for the worse; and he was laboring under fever. His religious feelings were however even more satisfactory, and his views more clear, than the day before. He assured me that he enjoyed a sweet peace in his mind, and that he had no apprehension about death. He was 'ready to depart' at any moment. I was unwilling to disturb him by much talking, or a very long visit, and made several

attempts to leave him; but in the most affectionate and pressing manner, not to be resisted, he urged me to remain. His heart seemed full of joy and peace; overflowing with gratitude to God for his goodness, and with kindness to me. Leaving him, after an hour's interview, I promised to return on Saturday A. M., at ten o'clock, and to administer baptism to him then. This was done accordingly, in the presence of his father-in-law, and three or four other friends and connexions, whom he had summoned to his bed, as he told me, for the express purpose of letting them see his determination to profess the faith of the gospel which in life he had so long neglected. It was a solemn, moving sight; one of the most interesting and affecting I ever saw. More devotion, humility, and placid confidence in God, I never saw in any sick man. I mentioned to him that as his strength was evidently declining, it would be well for him to say every thing he desired to say to me then, as his voice and his faculties might fail. He then affectionately placed his arms around my neck; gently drew my ear near to his lips, that I might hear his whispers; and after thanking me over and over again for my small attentions to him, which his gratitude magnified into very high services, he proceeded to tell me what he wished done with his 'poor body.' He expressed very great anxiety to see *you*, and he very much feared that he should die before your expected arrival at midnight. But he said he left that matter and every other to God's disposal. As I was leaving him, he said, 'Call again to-day,' which I promised to do in the evening. He told me he felt a happy persuasion that when he passed from this miserable world and that enfeebled body, he should enter upon 'the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.' He asked: 'Do you observe how these words labor to convey the idea of Heaven's blessedness to our feeble minds? 'The inheritance *incorruptible!*' Beautiful thought! '*Undefiled!*'—more beautiful still! '*That fadeth not away!*'—most beautiful of all! I think I understand something of the peace and glory these redoubled words were designed to express.' And then, raising his wasted hand, with great emphasis he said, 'I shall soon know all about it, I trust!'

'In the evening, about seven o'clock, I received a message from him to come immediately to him. I was there by eight. I was surprised to find that he had rallied so much. There was a strength I had not seen before; and his fine open features were lighted up with unusual brilliancy. In every way he seemed better; and I flattered myself that he would live to see you, and even hold out for a day or two more. I had much charming conversation with him about his state of feeling, his views of himself as a sinner, and of God, and of JESUS CHRIST as a precious Saviour, and of heaven, etc. He then handed me a prayer-book, adding, 'That was my ANNE's,' meaning his wife's. 'Now read me the office for the sick in this book. I want the whole of it. I have read it myself over and over, since you pointed it out to me, and it is delightful.' He then repeated the sentence, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth,' and asked if that was not a part of it. I told him that that belonged to the *burial service*. 'Then,' said he, 'it is quite suitable for me, for it will soon be read by you over my grave.' I sat by his bed, and found the place.

Waiting in silence to receive his signal to begin, I thought he was engaged in secret prayer, and was unwilling to interrupt him. But he remained silent so long, seeming to take no notice of me, that I spoke to him. I found that his mind was wandering, and that speech had failed. He muttered indistinctly only. From that moment, he sank gradually away. His emaciated limbs were retracted and cold; his pulse failed; the shadow of death gathered fast and dark upon his countenance; his respiration became feebler and feebler; and at last, at precisely five minutes past ten, he died. So imperceptibly and gently did his happy spirit flee away, that it was some time before we could ascertain that he had gone. I never saw a gentler death. There was no pain, no distress, no shuddering, no violent disruption of the ties of life. Both as to the mind's peace and the body's composure, it was a beautiful instance of *euthanasia*. The change which indicated the approach of his last moment, took place about half an hour only before he died. Such, my dear Sir, are all the chief particulars I can remember, and which I have thought you would desire to know.'

A FEW summary 'Reflections' upon the character of the lamented deceased succeed, which although intended, as was the foregoing, only for a brother's eye, we cannot resist the desire to cite in this connexion:

'He was, so far as his character revealed itself to me, a man of a most noble, frank, and generous nature. He was as humble as a little child. He exhibited throughout most remarkable patience. He never complained. But once, while I was on bended knees, praying with him for patience to be given him, and acknowledging that all he had suffered was for the best, he clasped his hands together, and exclaimed, 'Yes! right, right—all right!' . . . He was one of the most affectionate-hearted men I ever saw. Every moment I spent with him, he was doing or saying something to express to me his attachment. He would take my hand, or put his arm around my neck, or say something tender, to tell me that he loved me. He showed the same kind feeling to his attendants, his faithful nurse, REBECCA, and to the humblest of the servants. . . . He was of course, with such a heart, grateful for the smallest attentions. He received the most trifling office with thanks. I observed this most remarkably on the evening of his death. I had taken my son with me, that he might sit up with him on Saturday night, if occasion should require. When I mentioned that the youth was in the room, he called for him; welcomed him most kindly, thanked him over and over for his friendly intentions; and in fact, broke out into the warmest expressions of gratitude for what his sensitive and generous heart took to be a high act of favor. All this was within an hour and a half of his death. . . . Finally, I believe he was a truly religious man. I have no doubt that he was fully prepared for his end; and that through the sacrifice of the cross, and the Saviour who died there for sinners, he was pardoned and accepted. He has gone, I feel persuaded, to the abodes of peace, where the souls of those who sleep in the LORD JESUS enjoy perpetual felicity and rest.'

SURELY all who peruse the foregoing affecting record, may exclaim with the poet whom we lament :

'It were not sad to feel the heart
Grow passionless and cold—
To feel those longings to depart,
That cheered the saints of old;
To clasp the faith which looks on high,
Which fires the Christian's dying eye,
And makes the curtain-fold
That falls upon his wasting breast
The door that leads to endless rest.

It were not lonely, thus to lie
On that triumphant bed,
Till the free spirit mounts on high,
By white-winged seraphs led;
Where glories earth may never know,
O'er 'many mansions' lingering, glow,
In peerless lustre shed;
It were not lonely thus to soar
Where sin and grief can sting no more !'

One of the Philadelphia journals, in announcing his demise observes : 'Mr. CLARK was a scholar, a poet, and a gentleman. 'None knew him but to love him.' His health had for a long time been failing. The death of his accomplished and lovely wife, a few years ago, upon whom he doated with a passionate and rapturous fondness, had shaken his constitution, and eaten his strength. None but intimate friends knew the influence of that sad affliction upon his physical frame. To the last his heart yearned over the dust of that lovely woman. In his death-chamber, her portrait stood always before him on his table, and his loving eye turned to it even in extremest pain, as though it were his living and only friend.' This is literally true. Beyond question, moreover, the seeds of the disease which finally removed him from the world, were 'sown in sorrow' for the death of the cherished companion of his bosom. His letters, his gradually-declining health, his daily life, his published writings, all evince this. The rose on the cheek and the canker at the heart do not flourish at the same time. The ms. of the '*Dirge in Autumn*' came to us literally sprinkled with spreading tear-drops ; and the familiar correspondence of the writer is replete with kindred emotion. To the last moment of his life, he kept a collection the letters of 'his Anne' under his pillow, which he as regularly perused every morning as his Bible and prayer-book. Her portrait, draped in black, crossed the angle of the apartment, above his table, where it might gaze ever upon him with its 'large, bright, spiritual eyes.' Never shall we forget his apostrophe to that beautiful picture, when his 'flesh and his heart failed him,' and he knew that he must soon go hence, to be here no more : 'Sleep on, my love!' said he, in the beautiful and touching words of the Bishop of Chichester's 'Exequy on the Death of a Beloved Wife,' and in a voice scarcely audible through his frequent sobs :

'Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted :
My last 'good night' !—thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake :

Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps vacant in thy tomb.

'Stay for me there; I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale;
And think not much of my delay,
I am already on the way;
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step toward thee;
At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my West
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when Sleep breathed his drowsy gale.'

Most just the tribute we have seen paid to the affection and patience and grateful spirit of the deceased. To the last, his heart was full-fraught with all tender reminiscences and associations. In the first stages of his illness, when as yet it was scarcely known to affect his general routine of life, he thus replies to a remonstrance from the writer against the growing infrequency of his familiar letters: 'In these spring days, LEWIS, all my old feelings come freshly up, and assure me that I am unchanged. I shall be the same always; so do you be. 'Twinn'd, both at a birth,' the only pledges of our parents' union, we should be all the world to each other:

'We are but two—a little band—
Be faithful till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie!'

As he gradually grew weaker and weaker, the 'childhood of the soul' seemed to be renewed; the intellectual light to burn brighter and brighter, and the chastened fancy to become more vivid and refined. He was for some months aware that he had not long to live. 'I shall die,' said he, a few weeks since, 'in the leafy month of June; beautiful season!' And turning his head to gaze upon the trees in the adjoining cemetery-grove, whose heavy foliage was swaying in the summer wind, he murmured to himself the touching lines of BRYANT:

'I know, I know I shall not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor will its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if around my place of sleep
The friends I love shall come to weep,
They may not haste to go:
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Will keep them lingering by my tomb:
These to their softened hearts will bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene.'

How forcibly were the recollections of this scene borne in upon the mind, as the long procession, following the friend for whom they mourned, defiled into the gates of St. Peter's, on that brightest morning of the month of his heart; the officiating divine from whom we have quoted chaunting elo-

quently the while the touching and beautiful service for the dead! . . . But he has gone! leaving behind him a name to live, as we trust, in the heart of the nation. As a moral poet, we know not a line which dying he could have wished to blot. He was an AMERICAN, in all his heart, and loved to dwell upon the future destiny of his beloved country. He was a sincere, unvarying, unflinching FRIEND; and although in his long career as editor of an influential daily journal, and in his enlarged intercourse in society, it were not strange were it otherwise, yet it has been truly remarked by one of his contemporaries—*all* of whom, let us gratefully add, have borne the warmest testimony to his genius and his worth—that ‘it may be said Mr. CLARK had no enemy, and only encountered attacks from one or two coarse and unworthy sources, against which no character, however gentle and deserving, could have immunity.’ Another observes, that ‘it was in the character of an editor that he won upon the feelings and affections of so many, and entitled himself to the regard of his brethren of the press, toward whom he always acted with courtesy; positive, when invited by kindred propriety; negative, when he believed unkindness or inability to appreciate courtesy existed.’ So to live among his fellow men as did the deceased, and at last, ‘with heart-felt confidence in God, and the sacramental seal almost fresh upon his brow, gently to fall asleep in JESUS, looking with a Christian’s hope for a Christian’s reward,’* surely *thus* ‘to die is gain!’ And in view of such a hope and such an end, well may we who, left behind to drag a maimed life, exclaim with the poet:

‘O Death! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates—the rest is bliss—
I would I were away!’

It may not be amiss to explain, in closing, that ‘*Ollapodiana*’ is intended to designate the familiar chat or gossip, of a personage like Dr. OLLAPOD in the play, upon all such themes as may chance to enlist the fancy or touch the heart. The different chapters, although originally separated by intervals of a month, and sometimes by a longer period, it is believed will be found to lose none of their interest from being presented in consecutive order. The great variety of style and theme by which they are characterized will save them from any charge of monotony. As many of the author’s best poems were introduced into this series of prose papers, I have not thought it advisable to separate them from their original connection. In one word, I have made the best arrangement of the materials I possessed which I could, with the leisure left me from the cares of a never-ending still-beginning literary avocation; and I leave the result with the public, anxious mainly to be acquitted of doing injustice to one whose ear is ‘deaf forever to the voice of praise,’ but whose memory I would fain hope his country will not ‘willingly let die.’

LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

New York, April, 1844.

* Obituary in the Episcopal ‘Banner of the Church.’

OLLAPODIANA.

OFFICIAL

THE
LITERARY REMAINS,
ETC., ETC.

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER ONE.

March, 1835.

GOOD READER, let us have a talk together. Sit you down with benevolent optics, and a kindly heart, and I doubt not that we shall pass an hour right pleasantly, one with another. Pleasantly, in part, but in part it may be, sadly; for you know it is with conversation, as with life; it taketh various colors, and is changing evermore. So we will expect these changes, and meet them as they come. Sometimes we shall be in the cheerful vein, and at others, in that *subjunctive* mood which conquers the jest on the lip, and holds Humor in bonds. But for 'gude or ill,' I shall desire you to sit with me. In the voices of Mirth, there may be excitement, but in the tones of Mourning there is consolation.

So I think, dear reader, as I write this last sentence, and tell you melancholy tidings. CHARLES LAMB is dead! Yes, the mild, the gentle *Lamb*, is gathered at last, pure as the innocent, simple object that syllables his name, into the fold of God!* Perfect Creator of rich conceits—charming Architect of Periods, whose delicate aroma, like balm from Gilead, yet loiters around me!—'how shall I mourn thee?' Reader, I hope you knew him, in that fond acquaintance which Authorship establishes between a writer and his admirers. What an Essayist was he! How shrewd in observation—how discriminative of the burlesque—how quaint, yet melodious in diction—in expression, how varied! *Who* ever rose from his pages, without brighter thoughts

* CHARLES LAMB, the author of '*Elia*,' and one of the sweetest and most graphic writers of the present era, died in London in December.

and softer feelings? If any one, let him distrust his heart, and acquire new perceptions; for in my sense, 'tis better he should have no perceptions, than be in the possession of qualities that can not enable him to discern the merits of Lamb; the contemplative graduate of 'Christ's,' at Oxford, who could fling the lustre of his serene and goodly mind over every object; who trailed the flowery vines of Poetry along the formal walks of Prose, until the scene brightened like a garden to the vision, and the air was redolent of celestial odors! *When* will his place be filled again? What hand may renew the leaves of 'Elia,' fresher and greener than those of Spring? What dainty finger will trace that fair character of life, on foolscap or vellum more? Alas, dear reader, I fear me, none. How fine a scholar, too, was he! None of your plodding quoters of Greek and Latin, with sentences longer than the longest Alexandrine, and a style rougher than the wave by Charybdis; but clear as the sky of May, and smooth as the susurrations of a stream in Eden. O gentle Lamb! My heart could well indite, were my harp strung deftly for so sad a theme, a flood of mournful eulogy at thy departure. What could reconcile me to the truth that thou art indeed no more, but the sublime and most comfortable assurance, that what is loss to those who love thy memory, is but immortal gain to thee!

Lamb excelled as a writer, (though it was not his profession,) better than nine in ten, because he made the best sources of the language his study and his enjoyment. He walked with the god-like spirits of old English literature, like a compeer among his fellows; he sat him down beneath the royal and purple shadows of their mighty mantles, and ate of the manna which descended around. How numerous and how worthy were his intellectual companions! Shakspeare was his bosom friend; and with Chaucer, Sidney, Warwick, Spenser, Overbury, Brown, and Walton, he 'strayed among the fields, hearing as it were the voice of God.'

Yet Lamb had his carping critics, and mayhap his delicious sentences were often caviare to the million. But they will live and be cherished, when we are no more. Every age to come will possess a fitting audience, but *not* a few, that shall wear him pre-eminent in their approval, and venerate his name.

I will not consent to speak of the degenerated taste of modern times, until the comments on Shakspeare, the passages of Elia, or the pure nature of Elizabeth Woodville shall be forgotten; and then, I will lament more in sorrow than in anger. I shall begin then to think, that the well of English undefiled has become polluted into a polyglott cistern; that its freshness has departed;

and that, for the spirits who love it, it will well no more, except from those rare and secluded fountains, the Elder Libraries, tasted but seldom, and heard of by few.

Charles Lamb had no common mind. It was exquisitely gentle, but its simple delineations were ever true to life, and therefore strong. His pen was imbued with the humor of a Cruikshank, yet he was no caricaturist, and never distorted. Even amidst the cold and calculating details of the India House, his fancy was ever exuberant: yet he never outraged probability in the pursuit of his bent; he travelled not out of his path for humor: it dropped like running water from his pen. In happy words, and forms of speech, he was lord of the ascendant. I do confess myself his warm admirer; and I deplore his exit, not as one who grieves without hope: for though he is lost to lands below the sun, he has proceeded to set up his everlasting rest in a better country, where the day does not darken, and Death hangs no cloud. In all things a lover of purity, he has gone at last, full of years and ripe in wisdom, where all is pure—among the troops of shining ones, in the heavenly Jerusalem.

TALKING of Jerusalem, reminds me—odd coincidence!—of Rapelje's Narrative. That handsome volume, from the pen of a fellow townsman, contains many an instructive and pleasant page. But it is the misfortune of the traveller, I think, that he has been too negligent in his records. When he sojourns in France or Italy, we are sure that what he says is the truth, even to the purchase of a night-cap; but when he quotes the language, we perceive at once, that he gathers his orthography from his ear. He speaks for example, of the *Save* (Sevres) China Manufactory near Paris. Now, '*Save* China,' is very well, as an admonitory phrase of household œconomy; but in any other sense, especially when used as a proper name, it is at least radically wrong, in everything but sound. In Rome, our author lodged in *Strada-street*. He *may* have done so: but I guess he mistook the name. Strada is street in Italian, they tell me, as also is via; and I was forcibly reminded by this presumptive error, of the remark made by an American sailor, in a letter addressed to a friend, from Paris, during the famous *trois jours*, wherein he describes a man whom he '*seen*, with skase the valey of a rag on his back, running down *Rue-street*, and yelling '*Vivy la Shirt!*'* The sound of a word, more especially in a foreign lingo, is a most delusive criterion of its orthographical construction. The

unfortunate woman in Humphrey Clinker, made a sad verbal faux pas in her own tongue, in the description of a night passed in vexing and grieving, when she wrote that she had been 'a *vixen* and *griffin* all along the corse of the night.'

To return. It is in the East that our ancient townsman sees with a clearer eye, and writes with simplicity and taste. His sketch of Jerusalem is distinct and vivid. Strange, mysterious city! What a hold it hath upon every imagination! How linked in, is it, with recollections of the times of youth; with lessons from the Scriptures, delivered by the priest of our earliest days, from the sweet Olive mount of childhood! Straightway as we read of that Metropolis of Faith, we go back on the posting wings of Reminiscence, to the green fields and fresh waters of serener years. We hear the chimes of Sabbath bells, the voices of the choir, and the pealing of that delicious organ, whose diapason was rapture, whose triumphant harmony kindled the soul. Associations of Bethlehem and merry Christmas mingle together; and the babe in the manger is contrasted with the green-wreathed churches and blessings of Home. A hallowed word, indeed, is Jerusalem. The great temple of Solomon, the gate that looked toward Damascus, the *Via Dolorosa*, along which our Saviour walked, to suffer a guiltless death—these, with a thousand other scenes of interest, arise to the mind at the mere mention of that devoted city, from whose mountain-girt circumference were once rejected the brooding wings of the Almighty. How many pilgrims have gone there; how many have died there, in the 'entering in of the ways;' in the billows of Jordan! How many crusaders, battling for the cross of their order; franklins, deserting the oaken halls of their far eastern castles; fair penitents, distrusting themselves and relying on God; palmers, with 'sandal-shoon and scallop-shell!'

Good reader, in your black letter researches, if haply you have made them, did you ever meet with that right venerable tome, 'The Informacion for Pylgrymes unto y^e holy land, that is to wyte, to Rome, and to Jherusalem?' A pleasing '4to.' it is; and was 'emprynted at Londone, in the Flete-strete, at the signe of y^e sonne, by Wynkyne de Worde, in the yere of God, m cccc and xxiiij.' In those days, Europe used to pour her yearly thousands into the lap of Palestine. How differently people travelled then, from the modern tourist, in the era of Rapelje! The author of the 'Informacion' went from Venice. With seemingly modesty, his departure is thus set down: 'In the seven and twenty day of the moneth June, there passed fro Venyse, under sayle out of the haven of Venyse, at the sonne goinge

down, certayne pilgrymes toward Jherusalem, in a shyppe of a merchant of Venyse, y'called Iohn Moreson. The patrone of the same shyppe was y'called Luke mantell. To the nombre of lx. and syxe pylgrimes: every man paynge, some more some lesse, as they might accorde with the patrone.' There were no packet-cabins then, with fine wines and fixed prices! Every tourist was obliged to provision himself. The 'informacion' on this point, and the advice, must have been very serviceable to those who follow the author. He says: 'Hyre you a cage for halfe a dozene hennes or chekyns to have with you in the shyppe or galey. For ye shal have neede of hem, manie times. And buy you halfe a bushell of mele sede at Venyse for them. Also take a barrel with you for a sege for your chambre in the shyppe; it is ful necessary if ye were seke, that you come not into the ayre. Also whan you comen to haven townes, yf she shall tarry there three days, go by times to lande; for then ye may have lodginge before another: it wyl be take up anone. And when you come to dyuers havens, beware of fruytes that ye ete none for nothyng; for they be not accordinge to our complexion, and they gendre a bloudie fluxe. And yf any englishmanne catch that there sekenesse, it is a greate mervayle but and he dye thereof.'

'The mountains stand yet round about Jerusalem'; and amid the ravages of years and the visits of pilgrims, from Sir John Maunderville to Chateaubriand and Rapelje, the city has kept her Great Wonders still. For ages, her objects of holy curiosity have not essentially changed. 'These,' says our author, 'ben the pylgrimages within the cytee of Iherusalem. The fyrst is before the temple of y^e sepulchre dore. There is a four-square stone, whyte, whereupon Chryste rested hym vvith his crosse whan hee went toward the mount of Calvarie, where is indulgence vii yeeres and vii lentes. Also the howse of the ryche man which denyed Lazare y^e crommes of breed.' How little mutation has been made by time, in these grand characteristics of Jerusalem! Yet since this pilgrimage was written, what changes have occurred among the nations of the earth! The cities of America have arisen, like exhalations, from the wilderness: revolution has followed revolution: rivers of blood, and 'hecatombs of men,' have testified the march of Death; yet lonely, simple Jerusalem, afar in the East, surrounded by desperate hordes and gloomy plains, with none but *moral* attractions, yet lingers in her desolation. There the Roman, the Armenian, and the Greek Catholics, fight bloody battles on the sacred mount of

Calvary, over the multiplied holes of the cross,* and lift up the voice of riot and slaughter, even in the sepulchre of Christ.

There was a kind-heartedness among those ancient pilgrimes, which is not to be found in our selfish days. If they encountered any unpleasant adventures, and they were avoidable, they would instruct others how to shun them. In the matter of diet, they used to be particularly minute; and I am strongly inclined to think, that those old cosmopolites used to be right good livers. They seemed to have an innate hankering after 'creature comforts;' and whatever they found, at any haven, that was good, they speedily mentioned the same in their books, for the especial benefit of those who should come after, as a kind of advertisement.

By the way, while discoursing of advertisements, I think I may say that they form one of the strong characteristics of our enterprising people. Look into the newspapers; how they teem with these tidings of life! I love to look them over. What a vast amount of interests they represent—how many hopes and fears! From 'Tin plates and spelter,' to 'A Wife Wanted,' they are pleasing to read: and I am glad, when I see an *avis* that I have watched for some time daily, at last disappear. It is a sign that the author has had his wish accomplished; has sold his commodities, or found what he sought.

There is just about the same difference between the orthography and grace of city and country advertisements, that there is between the manners of town and country people. Many of the rural merchants expose their wares in poetry; they sell muslins or groceries, by long metre, and chant the praises of wooden bowls and codfish, on the murmuring lyre. Methinks it should go hard with customers, if such harmonious notifications do not usually take good effect for their authors. Legal advertisements, by humble functionaries, have not this privilege. They must be confined to the prose—though not to the *letter*—of law; for imagination sometimes gambols through them, in a most wanton quest of new combinations of letters. In the course of my researches, I have possessed myself of sundry notices in the advertising and business line, two or three of which I subjoin. That

* THE holes of the three crosses on which our SAVIOUR and the two thieves were crucified, have increased to between one and two dozen. Each of the divided threes are shown as the true ones. During some of the holy festivals, as we learn from modern travellers, the contests of the different parties claiming the true holes of those trees of death, are sanguinary and ferocious in the extreme. Several combatants have died in these bitter broils on the very spot where a God expired, to give peace to men.

which immediately followeth, was not long since promulgated in a sister State. It is an

‘ADVERTISEMENT.

‘To be sold by public vandue, upon Saderdey the 23th day of November next, at the house of Eva T——n, wedo deseescet in Newmanstown, all sutch personabel property of the said wedo in above menchent to wit—one good milcks cow and hey by the hundred 2 ten pleet stoves with pips one weel barow one close covert and kitchien tresser tebells and 3 *cheers*, tups and barrils one larg cauper kittil and iron potts 3 beds and bedstets 3 cheests and a large quantate of flax and linnen stuff and all kinds of other hous and kitchien furniturs to tichues to menchen the vandue to begin at 10 of the clock of the forenon. Resonabel greted will be give and the conddition maid noen on the day of sail by

S. B.—, Administrator.’

There is no question at all, that the officer who penned the foregoing instrument felt the full force of his station when he committed it to paper. He luxuriated in the mighty authority reposed in him by the law; and looked forward, no doubt, with sublime anticipations to the time when he should expose to the highest bidder ‘the parsonabel property of the wedo deseescet,’ and receive his perquisites therefor. He had no notion, I will be sworn, that he was writing himself down an Ass, as well as an Administrator. The effusions of such a linguist are exceedingly edifying to read. They remind me of a noted personage in one of our large cities, who has amassed a splendid fortune, by the manufacture of certain medicines of doubtful utility. Having neglected his education, and being often thrown into society above his sphere, he is as often the butt of many polished persons, who love to bore him with spurious learning, and who frequently resort to the magnificent mansion where he dwells in dismal and uncongenial gentility. ‘Sir,’ said one of these wags to him not long ago, ‘your medicinal discoveries are invaluable—immortal: they stamp you as the benefactor of your race; and it will yet be said of you, as HOMER said of *Oliver Cromwell*: ‘*Frigidi zoni, hoc belloni, lapsus linguae!*’

‘No doubt of it!’ said the flattered individual; ‘and I thank you for the compliment. Yet still for all, notwithstanding what you say, my honors is very small, and my enemies is very numerous: numrouser, a great sight, than they was when I wa’nt so well for to do. It was only the other day, that I got a letter, threatening egregiously for to burn down my consarn by means of a conflagration, if I did’n’t persist from uttering them medicines.’

‘Was the letter anonymous?’

‘Not it; and there, you see, I had the author on the hip. He dassent prescribe a syonymous communication to me, and so

with unparalleled insurance he subscribed to his epistle the signature of 'A. B. C.' It is well known, them letters is, to most people; and I shall bring the author into a court, before the month is out, on a plea of *sash'-a-rarrow*!

BUSINESS, like Misfortune, makes one acquainted with strange matters. Here, for instance, is a bill, written by a very choice Italian, in language which he fain supposed to have been the quintessence of good English. It was tendered to an esteemed citizen, well known for his taste. Such a document is worth four dollars, without any additional value received. I offer the original, and a translation, which the author little thought it needed:

MR. HUON SQWAR,

To JULIAN G——R, Dr.

Busto Vaccenton,	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$2 00
Busto Guispier,	-	-	-	-	-	-	2 00

I think it would puzzle any one to ascertain the 'intent of this bill,' without much pondering and reflection. It would be laid on the table, in despair, by nine persons in ten. But when touched by the key of cogitation, its latent meanings flash forth to day. Here is the literal rendering:

MR. HONE, ESQ.

To JULIAN G——R, Dr.

Bust of Washington,	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$2 00
Bust of Shakspeare,	-	-	-	-	-	-	2 00

After such a document, I might best close. But I have one other notice from the interior, (the autographs of all are extant,) which I admire no less for its orthography, than for its grammar and punctuation:

' NOTICE

' Of the supscriber hoses was misen august the 15 1834 Lost of a span of hoses straid or stole out of the comons at liverpool a small black mayor switch tale nine yeres old a small bay maire too white feet behine and a short taile and a bout eight teen yeres old five dolars reward on them the oner of them hoses lives in townd of clay. D. R——D.'

Farther than these, nothing need be said. They are exhibitions of business talent, much to be applauded, but which, at the same time, might be materially enhanced by the benefits of education. Howbeit, the schoolmaster is abroad, and the rising generation will embrace few who cannot understand the falsity of the dolt's premises in Shakspeare, who contends that 'reading and writing come by nature.'

NUMBER TWO.

May, 1835.

WELL, Spring is coming at last, with smiles such as she used to wear in my childhood, when she stepped over the glowing mountains, with light and song in her train. The feelings of better years are kindling within me, as I look from my window over the blossoming gardens of the city, regale my nostrils with the inhalation of the air from fresh waters, and taste the fragrance which sweeps over the town from the flowering trees in yonder 'fashionable square.' If there is any positive enjoyment on earth, one gets an inkling of it, on a spring day, when his heart is not worn, and 'his bosom is young.' It is a blessed time; and he who feels it has a right to say so, even at the expense of being called a proser. I love to sit, as I do now, by my casement, with the gale melting all over my forehead, (like an invisible touch of benediction from some spirit-hand,) and mark the rosy clouds move along the west, as the hum of the city dies upon the ear, and the ærial currents of evening are taking their course over the vast inland from the sea. I feel, at such moments, that I have an indestructible soul; that the God whose fingers lifted the mountains to their places, and set the sun in heaven, likewise lights the human spirit from the exhaustless fountain of His power. I muse upon the littleness of man, and the greatness of his CREATOR, until the thought exalts my contemplations aloft, and I am lost in wonder.

There is nothing so graceful as a cloud. It is the richest thing in nature, except a wave in its dissolution. How beautifully its painted sides flaunt along the west! If you would see clouds, you must see them *in* the West. I have watched those that were engendered by the sprays of Niagara, and the winds of Ontario, floating eastwardly from the occident, until every fold was baptized in molten ruby, amber, and vermillion; and as the vast curtain rolled upward above the mountains, leaving only a few thin bars of crimson across a sky of the tenderest violet, I have repeated those beautiful lines of Glück:

 'Methinks it were no pain to die,
 On such an eve, when such a sky
 O'ercanopies the West;
 To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
 And like an infant, sink to sleep
 On earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea
 Of endless blue tranquility —
 Those clouds are living things ;
 I trace their veins of liquid gold,
 I see them solemnly unfold
 Their soft and fleecy wings.

Clouds are like flowers, in their fading and passing away. We lose them with regret. Thoughts of our last hour come upon us, as we watch them die, and we almost wish to die with them : to say

—— Come now, oh, Death ! thy freezing kiss
 Emancipates ; the rest is bliss —
 I would I were away !

I am led, in looking at clouds, to think of the past, and the mysterious awe with which they were regarded in the olden time. In the days of Tacitus, when the Roman armies approached a town to besiege it, and the shadows of clouds lay upon it, they would postpone their warfare until the sun-light was there. I think of those old ballads, where desolate ladies are represented in their castles, watching the clouds as they sailed up the sky from France into England, envying their elevation and scope of view, and building a thousand dreams, as fantastic as they.

MENTIONING the past, causes me to revert to Charles Lamb. In a former number I spoke warmly in his praise, but I gave no taste of his quality. From the past, he cannot be dissociated. It was a realm in which he lived. There grew the vines and fig trees under which he sate him down, not in 'sullenness and gloom,' but with the light of an exuberant fancy ever kindling at his heart. Believing that he was *the* writer on whom the mantle of Shakspeare did the most manifestly descend, I am bound to 'give a reason for the faith that is in me.' This I shall do, by quoting a few passages from his works. *John Woodvil*, a tragedy from his pen, affords a copious supply of Shaksperian thought, and fully justifies the remark of Hunt, that 'Lamb, and he alone, was worthy to have heard, by the lips of the Bard of Avon, the recital of a scene in any one of his immortal plays, hot from the brain.' I must of course be brief in my quotations ; but a few will suffice. *John Woodvil* is beloved by Margaret Woodvil, an orphan ward of his father, Sir Walter. He becomes cold and distant to her, and she deserts *Woodvil Hall* after addressing him a kind, *womanly* letter. The following are his reflections on its perusal :

Gone! gone, my girl? So hasty, Margaret,
 And never a kiss at parting? Shallow loves,

And likings of a ten-day's growth, use courtesies,
 And show red eyes at parting. Who bids 'farewell'
 In the same tone he cries 'God speed you, sir?'
 Or tells of joyful victories at sea,
 Where he hath ventures, does not rather muffle
 His organs to emit a leaden sound,
 To suit the melancholy dull 'farewell'
 Which they in Heaven not use?
 So peevish, Margaret!
 But 'tis the common error of your sex,
 When our idolatry slackens or grows less,
 (As who of woman born, can keep his faculty
 Forever strained to the pitch? or can, at pleasure,
 Make it renewable, as some appetites are,
 As namely, hunger, thirst?) this being the case,
 They tax us with neglect, and love grown cold,
 Coin plainings of the perfidy of men,
 Which into maxims pass, and apophthegms,
 To be retailed in ballads.

By the way, the word apophthegm reminds me of the numerous sayings current in this country, that are utterly unsusceptible of meaning or explanation. Thus, when a person is eccentric, he is pronounced 'as odd as Dick's hat band.' The origin of this native apophthegm is buried in obscurity. In vain does curiosity inquire *who* was the mysterious Richard, with taste *unique*, and hat-band odd? Was it Richard the III.? or Cœur de Lion? Probably not the former. The only queer things about that monarch, were his misshapen back, and his knee-band; an article which his proud representatives of the stage wear only on one leg, a custom certainly odd, because, according to the antique rule, 'One is odd, and two are even.' Most men have but one hat-band. It is considered sufficient—and no man has two: if he had, it would be odd indeed. A mass of reasoning on this subject presses itself at present upon my mind; but I pass to other sayings. When one is good humored, it is apt to be remarked that 'He is as smiling as a basket of chips.' Now reader, is there anything so very humorous in a basket of chips? Does it wear a smile? I never could perceive that it did. A basket of this sort is as much devoid of expression, as the whites of Job's eggs were of taste. I have gathered many a basket full of chips in the country, for the gay mid-winter's fire; but really they never smiled. There is no lineament of pleasure in a basket thus replenished. The contents lend a glow to the farmer's parlor, and that is their only smile; a compulsory brightness, which consumes them in its light, like 'a cheerful look from a breaking heart.' I take this to be sound logic, but have not, as yet, availed myself of any archæological commentaries on the subject.

When an individual, also, is in a state of extreme inebriety, it is observed of him, that 'He is as blue as a razor.' Now under favor and correction, I would express my belief that a razor hath not that cerulean hue spoken of 'i' the adage.' It is of a bright and silvery aspect, and the sheen thereof is entirely unlike the sky, or any other azure element or tint whatever. How the saying became extant, is beyond the lore of the antiquary. I have consulted several grave old gentlemen on the subject, and they all tell me that the saying is only valuable from its exceeding longevity. They have heard it, they say, from the lips of their great grandfathers, but comprehend not its fitness or sense. Age is its protection, and it continues to be received as a good phrase, merely because the memory of man runneth not to the contrary of its acceptance.

But to return to Lamb. In a dialogue in Sherwood Forest, between Margaret Woodvil, and Simon the brother of John, the following beautiful passage occurs :

Margaret. What sports do you use i' the forest ?

Simon. Not many ; some few ; as thus :

To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amourist, with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bonds of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.
Sometimes, the moon on soft night clouds to rest,
Like Beauty, nestling in a young man's breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence while those lovers sleep ;
Sometimes, outstretcht in very idleness,
Naught doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, their dancers upon air,
Go eddying round : and small birds, how they fare,
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
Filcht from the careless Almathea's horn.

How completely is the subjoined colloquy *drenched* with the spirit of Shakspeare :

Lovel. I marvel that the poets, who of all men, methinks, should possess the hottest livers, and most empyreal fancies, should affect to see such virtues in cold water.

John Woodvil. Because your poet hath an internal wine richer than lippara or canaries, yet uncrushed from any grapes of earth, unpressed in mortal wine-presses.

Lovel. What may be the name of this wine ?

John. It hath as many names as qualites. It is denominated indifferently, wit, conceit, invention, inspiration ; but its most royal and comprehensive name is *fancy*.

Lovel. And where keeps he this sovereign liquor ?

John. Its cellars are in the brain, whence your true poet deriveth intoxication at will ; while his animal spirits, catching a pride from the quality

and neighborhood of their noble relative, the brain, refuse to be sustained by wines and fermentations of earth.

Equally Shaksperian is the following *fancy* portrait of an honest, confidential friend :

This Lovel here's of a tough honesty,
 Would put the rack to the proof. He is not of that sort
 Which haunt my house, snorting the liquors,
 And when their wisdoms are afloat with wine,
 Spend vows as fast as vapors, which go off,
 Even with the fumes, their fathers. He is one,
 Whose sober morning actions
 Shame not his o'er night's promises;
 Why this is he, whom the dark-wisdomed Fate
 Might trust her counsels of predestination with,
 And the world be no loser.

No one, it seems to me, of all the race of modern writers, has been so completely successful as Lamb, in the power of imbuing a composition with the true style and spirit of ancient English. Upon *his* ear alone, would seem to have melted the sweet and majestic harmonies of the olden time ; and, from a skill acquired by familiarity with that golden age of his native tongue, he touched his pen, to awaken in every reader a glow of enthusiasm.

TALKING of enthusiasm, leads me to say, that of all places wherein one can catch a glow of *sacred* transport, commend me to a Methodist meeting-house. I am no bigoted religionist. I have a feeling of deference and respect for every sect that worships God ; and about none particularly, have I either prejudice or predilection. But I must allow that in no convocations, save those of that church, did I ever hear so much to move my sensibility ; to quicken, as by a sudden shock, the pulses of the heart, and to rouse the affections by a rapid and irresistible pathos. Often, from pure volition, do I wander away from the more flashing streets of the metropolis, into some of those quiet haunts whose retirement seems to denote the absence of society and the world. I enter the humble porch, and with a feeling of reverential simplicity, I sit me down. The pulpit is occupied by two or three speakers. One is engaged in exhortation. With justifiable tact, he has been selected as the first, in order to give him 'fair play,' as he is evidently the weakest of the clerical trio. I perceive in him nothing extraordinary. He doles forth a sermon, full of common-places, and

— 'in that nasal twang
 Heard in conventicles :'

but his brevity is studied, and the clerical *foil* takes his seat, while the brighter gem, whose eloquence he has set off in antici-

pation, arises. He is young, and handsome. The disposition of his dress and contour betokens the presence of one who is desirous, primarily, of impressing his hearers 'by that first appeal which is to the eye;' and secondly, to inspire them with the eloquent fires that are slumbering in his brain and bosom. At first, his voice is low and indistinct; anon, it aspires into a mellifluous cadence, until every heart is moved, and every lip tremulous with a sigh. Such an one I heard, not many months ago. He commenced with the text, 'I have been young, and now I am old; yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' In his pictures of youth and age, and of the sole consolation, 'the one thing needful,' which should sustain both, he broke forth into the following sublime emblem:

'My friends, as I look down from this advantageous eminence, upon the different mortal ages that appear before me; upon cheeks painted with the rosy bloom of childhood, and lips redolent with the fragrance of spring; when I contrast them with the corrugated lineaments and snow-sprinkled temples of age, my mind labors with a fearful comparison. I contrast the full veins and fair moulded features of childhood with the thin and shrivelled aspects of declining years; and I liken them all to the scenes which we meet with on the broad ocean of existence. In our better days, we leave the pleasant land of youth in a fairy barque; the sunshine laughs upon the pennon, and trembles on the sail; the sweet winds refresh our nostrils from the flowery shore, the blue vistas delight our eyes, the waves dance in brightness beneath our keel; the sky smiles above us, the sea around us, and the land behind us, as it recedes; and before, a track of golden brightness seems to herald our way. Time wears on—and the shore fades to the view. The barque and its inmates are alone on the ocean. The sky becomes clouded; the invisible winds sweep with a hollow murmur along the deep; the sun sinks like a mass of blood over the waters, which rise and tumble in mad confusion through a wide radius of storm; the clouds, like gloomy curtains, are lifting from afar. The sails are rent; the tackle disparts; broken cordage streams and whistles to the tempest; the waves burst like molten mountains upon the half submerged and shuddering deck; masts are rent in splinters; the seaman is washed from the wheel. Cries of terror and anguish mingle with the remorseless dash of billows, and the howling of thunder and storm. The foundered boat sinks as she launches; the deck is breaking. God of mercy! *Who* shall appear for the rescue? *Where* fold the arms that are mighty to save? Men and brethren—aid is near at hand. Through the rifts of the tem-

pest, beaming over the tumultuous waters, moves a pavilion of golden light. The midnight is waning; gushes of radiance sprinkle the foam; a towering form smiles on the eyes of the despairing voyagers, encircled with a halo of glory. It is the SAVIOUR of Man—it is the Ark of the Covenant! It moves onward; the waves rush back on either hand; and over a track of calm expanse, the Ark is borne. Who steps from its side, and walks over the deep, as if upon the land? It is the great Captain of our Salvation—the Mighty to Save? He rescues the drowning from death, the hopeless from gloom. He stills the fury of the tempest; and for the spirit of mourning, he gives the song of rejoicing and the garments of praise. Ark of the Covenant! roll this way! We are sinking in the deep waters; and there is none to deliver! Let the prayer be offered, and it will save us all!’

Such is a faint sketch of the exhortation I have mentioned. In illustrating this point, the preacher said: ‘Let not this sketch be deemed the dream of a fanciful mind. We are the voyagers, ours is the danger, and God is the Power who guides the Ark of Deliverance. These things are not visible to the naked, mortal eye, but their truth is the same. The things which are seen are temporal; from them depend those momentous things which are unseen and eternal. How shall I illustrate the boundless difference between the glories of the spiritual and temporal world? Some years ago, I remember, I was in a town in a neighboring State when there chanced an eclipse of the sun. I had forgotten the anticipated event, and was reading in my room, unmindful of the pale and sickly twilight that had gradually stolen over my page. A friend came in, and said, ‘Brother, are you aware that the eclipse is now taking place?’ I answered no; and joining him, I walked down into the long broad street. It was full of people; and the houses of the town, on all sides, were covered with the population. I took a small fragment of smoked glass, and surveyed the sun. It was nearly obscured by the other sphere, and by the clouds which, clad in gloomy light, were sailing fitfully by. After a little while I retired to my apartment, but for nearly an hour was totally blind. Now, my beloved friends, that mighty orb, even when, as at this present, it sails in unclouded majesty above us, throwing its floods of light upon the far-off mountain, the arid desert, the fertile valley, or the heaving main, that glorious orb is but a faint spark at the foot of the Omnipotent—a dimly-lighted lamp, feebly glimmering on the outer verge of that transcendent world, whose glories are unseen and eternal.’

To appreciate bursts of pulpit eloquence like these, you must *hear* them. You must have partaken of the excitement which warms the speaker, and spreads like a sweet contagion, if I may so speak, among his auditory. You must see the faces of young and old lighted up with a solemn interest; and when he goes on to depict the goodness of the SAVIOUR, you should mark the tearful features beaming in loveliness from the galleries; hear the sobs of irrepressible rapture which attest the animation of the believing; and anon your own heart is so melted with enthusiasm, that when the rich, trembling tones of the congregation are blended in the hymn, you seem carried aloft on wings of extacy, by the infectious transport of the scene. I have listened to the *ad captandum* eloquence of many a 'popular' divine, without emotion, and heard, indifferently, the incontrovertible propositions of many a 'stately son of demonstration;' but when I desire to be subdued and melted in simple feeling, I go to a Methodist meeting. Something humble and holy is there; the distinctions of this life are lost in the contemplation of that which is to come; the music rings in tender supplication at the door of my heart; and I come away, feeling for days like a purer and a better man. There be many who visit such places for amusement; to mimic the prayer of the righteous, and sneer at the stay of the comfortless and the aged; but he who would thus insult his God, is worse than a *reptile*.

I HAVE heard many definitions of PUNS. It has been generally conceded that the *worst* are the *best*. The most far-fetched are certainly the most unexpected, and consequently the most humorous. What can be better in this way than Hood's description of Ben. Battle, in the conflict?

'A cannon ball took off his *legs*
And he laid down his *arms*:'

Or that doleful announcement, after his death, when

'They went and *told* the Sexton,
And the Sexton *toll'd* the bell!'

Things like these make one laugh every time they are thought of. They are irresistible to the most ordinary apprehension. Looking over my dear familiar Lamb's works the other day, I encountered some comments on a pun, which, with the example offered, are so admirable, that I transcribe them entire.

A pun is not bound by the laws which limit nicer wit. It is a pistol let off at the ear; not a feather to tickle the intellect. It is an antic which does not stand upon manners, but comes bounding

into the presence, and does not show the less comic for being dragged in sometimes by the head and shoulders. What though it limp a little, or prove defective in one leg? All the better. A pun may easily be too curious and artificial. Who has not at one time or other been at a party of professors, (himself perhaps, an old offender in that line,) where, after ringing a round of the most ingenious conceits, every man contributing his shot, and some there the most expert shooters of the day; after making a poor *word* run the gauntlet till it is ready to drop; after hunting and winding through all the possible ambages of similar sounds; after squeezing, and hauling, and tugging at it, till the very milk of it will not yield a drop further, suddenly some obscure, unthought-of fellow in a corner, who was never 'prentice to the trade, whom the company for very pity passed over, as we do by a known poor man when a money-subscription is going round, no one calling upon him for his quota; has all at once come out with something so whimsical yet so pertinent; so brazen in its pretensions, yet so impossible to be denied; so exquisitely good, and so deplorably bad, at the same time, that it has proved a Robin Hood's shot; anything ulterior to that is despaired of, and the party breaks up, unanimously voting it to be the very worst (that is, best) pun of the evening. This species of wit is the better for not being perfect in all its parts. What it gains in completeness, it loses in naturalness. The more exactly it satisfies the critical, the less hold it has upon some other faculties. The puns which are most entertaining are those which will least bear an analysis. Of this kind is the following, recorded, with a sort of stigma, in one of Swift's Miscellanies:

'An Oxford scholar, meeting a porter who was carrying a hare through the streets, accosts him with this extraordinary question: 'Prithee, friend, is that your *own hare*, or a *wig*?'

'There is no excusing this, and no resisting it. A man might blur ten sides of paper in attempting a defence of it against a critic who should be laughter-proof. The quibble in itself is not considerable. It is only a new turn given by a little false pronunciation, to a very common, though not very courteous inquiry. Put by one gentleman to another at a dinner-party, it would have been rapid; to the mistress of the house, it would have shown much less wit than rudeness. We must take in the totality of time, place, and person; the pert look of the inquiring scholar, the desponding looks of the puzzled porter; the one stopping at leisure, the other hurrying on with his burden; the innocent though rather abrupt tendency of the first member of the question, with the utter and inextricable irrelevancy of the second; the

place—a public street, not favorable to frivolous investigations; the affrontive quality of the primitive inquiry (the common question) invidiously transferred to the derivative (the new turn given to it) in the implied satire; namely, that few of that tribe are expected to eat of the good things which they carry, they being in most countries considered rather as the temporary trustees than owners of such dainties, which the fellow was beginning to understand; but then the *wig* again comes in, and he can make nothing of it; all put together constitute a picture. Hogarth could have made it intelligible on canvass.'

There are some men who speak in puns. Philadelphians, since the time of KNICKERBOCKER, have had the merit of being the most atrocious punsters in the union. But with the exception of a happy journalist or two, and a few jurists, they have the name only; which, however, has attained such an altitude, that they sleep on their laurels. Perhaps it is well; yet if all miscarriages, an abortive pun is the worst. How many writings have I seen bring forth one of those pseudo *bon-mots*, and baptize it with a grin, when it was the very quintessence of inanity! Truly, they have their reward; for they are often asked by their acquaintances, when they have finished, whether the time has come to laugh!

I like a play upon words in other ways. Ben. Jonson made a right good hit, when he wagered that he could incorporate the choral words *di*, *do*, *dum*, into a melancholy couplet. Being challenged to do so, he adventured as thus:

When Dido found that Æneas would not come,
She wept in silence, and was *Dido dumb*.'

Chesterfield made it a rule, that in social chat, the visiter's good sayings should be reserved for the last, and that when he had uttered them, he should instantly take himself away. Believing that I can not add a better thing than this versicle of Ben's, (built, no doubt, at some happy moment when 'his learned sock was on',) I follow the counsel.

NUMBER THREE.

June, 1835.

ANOTHER month has gone by, and bless us, reader, here am I again, at the same casement of which I whilome made mention, brewing you another chapter of various topics, 'written as they shoulde comen into my mynde.' 'The moneth June!' A right pleasant month it is—leafy, sunny, and sweet. The view from my window has vastly improved since my last. The 'fashionable square' is almost hidden by a cloud of splendid verdure; and as I look upon the undulating and breeze-tossed mass, I think there are few things so fine as a huge wall of 'innumerable boughs,' clothed in the garniture of summer, and quivering in the beauty of morn—so sparkling, fresh, and rich to see!

The air that sweeps from squares and groves, is worth a fortune. Let me breathe it in health, and I am happy. All truly excellent things are those which *all* can enjoy: the blessed sun, the air, the sight of sky and cloud, of hills and waters, these are for *all*. MUNIFICENT CREATOR! What do not thy creatures owe thee! I respire now in an atmosphere that would befit Hesperia. The breeze is balm:

'It hath come over gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it are betrayed.'

So long as I can relish these blessings, with such exhilarating enjoyment, I would love to live, and live to love; I could cheerfully pass the octogenarian in my decline.

The midsummer weighs me down. It takes away my nerves, and resolves me into a woman. I grow weak and sentimental, and a kind of rascally melancholy comes upon my spirit. Such, at least, *has been* the case; but I think I am yearly changing in that regard. When June comes, also, I am not so buoyant as aforesaid. I can not tell the reason, unless it be that Hope loses lustre from her wings in every solstice; while Reality points with his iron finger at the index of time, and tells me I am becoming unmindful of beauty and untinctured with song. Now and then I think this is true, especially of the brighter seasons:

'Alas, my heart's darkness! I own it is summer,
Yet, 'tis not the summer I once used to see;
Then I had welcomes for every new comer—
Now strangely the summer seems altered to me.'

So of other matters. I used to rejoice in watching the splendid coaches which flashed by my window, with their luxurious

springs, and servants in livery, swinging with golden bands from their stands behind; and I took much delight in surveying the fair freight within; now they roll by unnoticed. I am in a spirit land, mainly; a land of dreams and reveries—the realm and dominion of ‘Drowsy head.’

TALKING of drowsiness, makes me think of a feeling which comes over the mind of a man, after reading a published article from his pen, full of errors. He sees fine periods and pet sentences inhumanly butchered; he turns with discontent from the journal to which they were sent; ‘look on’t again he dares not;’ he perspires with rage; and, fretting himself drowsy, feels ready to say with Otway, ‘Oh for a long, long sleep, and so forget it!’ Genius of Faust! what abominations are committed in thy name! Hereby hangs a tale.

The other day, a little man called to see me, as the author of ‘Ollapodiana.’ He was of lowly stature, bent in the back, knock-kneed, and had hair on his head of a most grievous sorrel hue. His ungainly too-long coat was of blackish fustian, his jerkin of snuffy buff, and his pantaloons of blue cotton, ‘i’ the autumn of their life.’ He had found me out, he said, by my style, and had brought a sketch which he desired I would smuggle into the KNICKERBOCKER, as he feared its acceptance otherwise. So I stand godfather for his bantling. It has, I should think, been hastily created, and its insertion here will crowd out several members and subsections of my own, but I fancy it will do. I can sympathize with Smith; yet he is used to reverses, being one of the identical persons who failed in receiving the prize offered by the ‘Olympiad and Sunburst,’ as mentioned recently in this Magazine. One thing plagued me. He was determined to read the whole thing aloud, so that I could ascertain *exactly* every word, and thus prevent mistakes when I surveyed the proof-sheets. I sat like a martyr, while he rose, and with a preliminary flourish,

‘Drew from the deep Charybdis of his coat
What *seemed* a handkerchief, and forthwith blew
His vocal nose.’

and then began :

‘THE VICTIM OF A PROOF-READER.’

“Foul murder hath been done—lo! here’s the *proof*!”—*Old Play.*”

‘OH! for the good old times of Typography, when operatives in the art could render the ancients; when Caxton translated ‘Y•

Seyge of Troye' from the language of Greece! Would that, in this latter age, when Champollion has deciphered the hieroglyphics of Egypt; when the spirit of inquiry is every where abroad; some one might be found, who could continue to shelter from typical aggression a writer for the press!

'I am the victim of a proof-reader. The blunders of others, and not my own, have placed me in a state of feeling akin to purgatory. Ever since I began to shave for a beard, I have been more or less afflicted with the *cacoëthes scribendi*, and I flatter myself that I have not always been unsuccessful in my *writings*. But my *printed* efforts have neither been honorable to my genius, nor grateful to my vanity; 'on the contrary they have been quite the reverse.' I have had the sweetest poems turned into thrice-sodden stupidity; sentences in prose, on which I doated in manuscript, have been perused in a deep perspiration, and with positive loathing, in print. All this has arisen from a conspiracy which seems to have been formed against me, by all the typographical gentlemen of the country. It is true, I write what Mrs. Malaprop might call an 'ineligible hand;' for to the pitiful minutiae of crossing *t's*, and dotting *i's*, I never could descend. I have often given directions to publishers, that if a word was otherwise 'past finding out,' they should count the marks; but the plan failed, as have indeed all my plans for *correct habits* of thought before the public. If this narrative shall prove to be correctly printed, it will be the first article from my pen that has ever met with such an honor, and I shall be proportionably pleased.

'Like all other mortals, I am penetrable to the arrows of Cupid. My heart is not encased with the epidermis of a rhinoceros, nor the bull hide of Ajax; consequently I am what they call in romances a susceptible person. When I was nineteen I fell in love, and as I found prose too tame a medium, too staid a drapery for my thoughts, what could I do, but express to my fair one my passion in song? She was a beautiful creature, 'a delicious arrangement of flesh and blood;' a country parson's daughter, with excellent tastes and accomplishments. She was fond of poetry, and so was I. This circumstance sent my fancy a wool-gathering, for tropes, figures, and emblems. Young ladies have a passionate admiration for genius, and I determined to show that I was not deficient in that particular; that I belonged of right to those who merited the saying, '*Poeta nascitur non fit*.' During the spring of 18— I was attacked with a perfect incontinence of rhyme. My ladye-love was always my theme. But of all my compositions, none satisfied me save the following,

which I produced with great *limæ labor*, and studious care. I think poorly enough of it now :

TO EMILY B——.

‘DEAR GIRL! an angel sure thou art —
The muse of every spell
Which brings one transport to my heart,
And bids my bosom swell.

‘And oh! carnation on thy cheek
Its richest lustre lends ;
And thy blue eyes forever speak
A welcome to thy friends.

Alas! if fate should bid us part,
Life would be naught with me ;
A load would rest upon my heart,
Without a smile from thee.

‘Where shall I meet a leaf so fair
In Nature’s open page?
With thee the beauteous flower compare,
And e’en my grief assuage?

‘Forgive, my love, this hasty lay,
And let its numbers be
Sweet monitors that day by day,
Shall bid thee think of me!’

‘This production I sent to the village newspaper. I waited a *long* week, to see it appear. Finally, the important Wednesday arrived. I hastened to the office, but the affair was not published. I glanced with a hurried eye over the damp sheet, and found a notice at last, commencing with three *stars* turned up and down. It read thus :

‘* * * THE tribute to Emily, by ‘J. S.’ is unavoidably postponed until our next, by a press of advertisements, for which we are thankful—since we do that kind of business, as likewise all sorts of job-work, on the most reasonable terms—blanks, cards, hand-bills, and other legal documents, being executed by us at the shortest notice. Not to digress, however, we would say to ‘J. S.’ let him cultivate his talent ; he has tremendous powers, but he writes a bad hand. He should make his penmanship like his poetry—*perfect*.’

‘I had the curiosity to look into the advertising columns to see what envious things of traffic had displaced my lines. There were but three advertisements, a sheriff’s sale, a stray cow, and a wife eloped from bed and board. I read the sheriff’s notice with that deep interest which these documents usually excite. It discoursed of lands, messuages, and tenements, designated ‘by a line, beginning at the north west corner of Mr. Jenkins’ cow-house, running thence north seventy-five chains, four-

teen links, thence east twenty-nine chains eleven links, to a stake and stones'—and so on to the end of the chapter.

'Yet the notice filled me with exceeding great delight. I sent it to Emily: I told her that 'J. S.' was myself, but begged her not to mention it to a third person. She kept her secret as women usually do. In three days it was all over town, that I had a piece, 'that I had made out of my head,' coming forth in the next week's newspaper, addressed to Emily Brinkerhoff.

'Never did seven days roll more slowly round than the week's interval which followed the foregoing notice, in the publication of the 'Elucidator of Freedom, and Tocsin of the People.' When it *did* finally come out, I sent Emily an affectionate note, with a copy of the paper, assuring her that the poem contained my real sentiments. I determined not to read it myself until I visited her in the evening. By great self-denial I kept my resolve, and when the young moon arose, bent my steps toward the mansion of my mistress.

'She received me coldly. I was surprised and abashed. 'What is the matter, Em.,' I tenderly inquired: 'did you get my billet-doux and the verses to-day?'

'Yes—they came safe.'

'Well, how did you like them?'

'The note was kind and good, but the verses were foolish, ridiculous nonsense.'

'I was thunderstruck. I asked to see the paper. Emily arose and handed it to me; and sitting down by the vine-clad window, she patted her little foot angrily on the floor.

'I opened the Elucidator and Tocsin, and read my poem. Solomon of Jerusalem! what inhuman butchery—what idiotcy! But I will give the effusion as it was printed, 'and shame the devil:'

'TO EMILY B——.

'DEAR GIRL! an angel sour thou art —
The mule of every spell;
That brays o'er trumpets to my heart,
And bids my bosom swell.

'And oh! darnation o'er thy cheek
Its rudest blister bends;
And thy blear eyes forever speak
A welcome to thy friends.

'Alas! if fate should bind us fast,
Life would be rough with me;
A toad would rush upon my heart,
Without a smile from thee.

'Where could I meet a lamp so fair
In Nature's open passage?
With thee the barbarous flower compare,
And own my grief a sausage?

'Forgive, my bore, this nasty lay,
And let its numbers be
Sweet monitors, that drily dry,
Shall bid thee think of me!'

J. S.

'When I had read this diabolical mass of stuff over, I flew into an uncontrollable rage. In the blindness of my chagrin, I depreciated the judgment of Miss Emily; I thought everybody could see the errors, and detect them as readily as I did; and I said to my young friend that she must have been very stupid or inattentive, not to see how the poem *ought* to read. This roused in her bosom, 'all the blood of all the Brinkerhoffs.' She handed me my hat, and pointed significantly to the door. I went out at the aperture thus indicated, and have never darkened it since. Emily is now the wife of a Connecticut school-master, who blows the pitch-pipe and leads the choir on Sunday, in her father's church.

'This was my first passion, and my last, except that into which I have been roused every time I have sent a piece to be published. Yet I still love to console my dreary bachelorship by writing, and seeing my thoughts in print; but I despair of ever seeing them rightly uttered. Fate, in that regard, is against me, and probably always will be.

'JOHN SMITH.'

AFTER a tragedy, the curtain falls to slow and mournful music. Should the leader of an orchestra on such an occasion strike up Yandee Doodle or Paddy Carey, the contrast would be absurd. I feel in something such a predicament now. I have introduced a tragical or at least a melodramatical narration, and I should be unfeeling indeed to follow it up with other matters, which probably would be of a cheerful nature. I leave the story of my visitor's sorrow and reverses, as a provocative to solemn reflection in the reader, upon the abuses of printing, and the mutability of types.

NUMBER FOUR.

August, 1835.

FROM one who loves to babble of green fields, and brooks of running crystal, it is natural to expect a rhapsody about the country. Listen then, reader, to me.

I affect the country, with a most engrossing and strong attachment. It awakens my tenderest feelings and my sweetest associations. Delicious reveries descend upon my spirit, as I walk through the meadows and clover fields, when the earth is white with Summer, and glowing with beauty. To see the wide landscape undulating around you; to hear the cling-clang of the mower's whet-stone, as he sharpen's his scythe, while the heavy swaths are lying around; to see the loaded wain rolling onward to the garner, with fragrant hay, or nodding wheat-sheaves, embodiments of Plenty—these sights are pleasant, reader: and you who reside in cities, where unwritten odors of a most questionable salubrity assail your indignant nostril; who breathe chimney-smoke and dust, and suffer the secret backbitings of numerous bugs, mostly of metropolitan origin—you, I say, can have no imagination of the delights of a country existence. Your hapless ears are bored at morn with the supernatural shriek of the milk-man, or the amphibious voice of the unmusical clam-dealer, oyster-man, or sweep; and you lie upon your bed, tossing in restless disquiet; you snore maledictions, and think daggers, though you use none.

But *out of town*—oh, it is perfect! Your milk is fresh, your strawberries fresh, rich, and succulent. The first commodity has not been watered at the public pump, nor are the latter luxuries bruised and unclean. I must drop this topic, for my mouth begetteth to water; a complaint, no remedy being nigh, that is unpleasant to the last degree.

I affect the country, because my first impressions of this breathing world were formed amid its hallowed scenery. I was cradled among the hills; blue mountains melted in the distance from my bed-room window; broad fields, and woods, and rivers, shone between; the huge rains made melody on the roof of Home for my unsophisticated ear, and I became steeped in the passionate love of nature. It has never left me. I rejoice as I call back those pleasant times, when in the casement of our seminary, I rested my telescope on my shut-up Virgil, and looked off among the far-off hills in the lap of which the edifice was

navelled, and saw the pretty girls of the farm-houses, whitening their long pieces of brown tow-cloth, fresh from the loom; picking raspberries in the green hedges; drawing cool water, in the swinging oaken-bucket, to make switchel withal, for the swains, as they came home for their forenoon lunch, or milking their balm-breathing cows, 'in the golden evening-tide!' Those were happy days! and if I learned my Latin badly, and made blunders in recitation, I got many a leaf from the book of nature most deeply *by heart*.

There is something exceedingly grateful in the country, when you can, as far as literature is concerned, enjoy the delectable *urbs in rure*; when you can get books, and specially newspapers: for whatsoever may be said by man or woman, as touching Editors, they are famous ministers to our pleasure. We love to peruse their sheets; and even in times of political excitement, when a stranger to the country might be induced to believe that the greatest rascals in the republic were rival candidates for its highest honors; when, among journalists, each one seems *rempli de colère*, and ready to pull every opponent by the individual nose; even then, we love to read their writings. We like to see the cut, the keen retort, the hot rejoinder, and the sequent quip. There is excitement in them.

Commend me to a newspaper. Cowper had never seen one of our big sheets, when he called such four-paged folios '*maps of busy life*.' They are more—they are life itself. Its ever-sounding and resistless *vox populi* thunders through their columns, to cheer or to subdue, to elevate or to destroy. Let a scoundrel do a dirty action, and get his name and deed into the papers, and and *then* go into the street—Broadway, for example—and you shall see his reception. Why does each passer-by curl his lip, and regard him with scorn? Why is he shunned, as if a noisome pestilence breathed around him? What makes every man observe him with a contemptuous leer? Because, *they have seen the newspaper*, and they know him. So, in a contrary degree, is it with honorable and gifted men. The news-prints keep their works and worth before the public eye; and when themselves appear, they are the observed of all observers. Hats are lifted as they approach, and strangers to whom they are pointed out, gaze after them with reverence. Success to newspapers! They are liable, it is true, to abuse—as what blessing is not?—but they are noble benefits, nevertheless. What an endless variety of subjects, too, do they contain! Now we are entertained with original dissertations on numerous important subjects; then, to use the quaint old catalogue of Burton, 'come tydings of wed-

dings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, jubilees, wars, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, shippe-wracks, piracies, sea-fights, lawsuits, pleas, laws, proclamations, embassys, trophies, triumphs, revels, sportes, playes; then again, as in a new-shifted scene, treasons, cheating tricks, robberies, enormous villanies in all kindes, funerals, burials, new discoveries, expositions; now comicall, then tragical matters. To-day we hear of new offices created, to-morrow of great men deposed, and then again of fresh honors conferred; one is let loose, another prisoned; one purchaseth, another breaketh; he thrives, his neighbor turneth bankrupt; now plenty, then again dearth and famine; one runs, another rides, wrangles, laughs, weepes, and so forth. Thus we do daily hear such like, both public and private news.'

I have an attachment to newspapers, because I deem them a kind of moral *batteaux de plaisance*, or rail-cars, mayhap, wherein you can embark before breakfast, or after dinner, and survey the world, and the kingdoms thereof. It is a cheap and right wholesome way of journeying; and indeed, with the exception of a few national jaunts, is about the only mode I have ever employed: for 'I travelle not save in mappe and carde, in which my unconfin'd thoughts have freely expatiated, as having ever been especially delighted with the study of cosmogony.' My bias for newspapers is at least an honest one; and I have been driven into it more perhaps from the worthlessness of the mass of re-published books, than from the intrinsic merit of my daily and hebdominal visiters; for the name of these aforesaid books is legion; and most of them, if in sheets, would be fit only 'to put under pies, to lap spice in, and keep roast meat from burning.'

Rural life seldom fails to accomplish one object; *it softens the heart*. It awakens the affections and leads to contemplation. 'God made the country, and Man made the town.' In the former, there are no artificial wants, prejudices, or fashions—all is cordiality, comfort, and peace. We look abroad upon the solemn hills, the shining streams, and waving woodlands, and we feel that *God is there!* His hand placed the rock-ribbed mountain on its throne, and rolled around it its crown of misty glory. His breath fills the blue vault that swells above, until immensity, as it were, is visible; and His smile is *shadowed* only in the sunbeams which traverse those abysses of mystery. How majestic is the coming of a summer storm! We sit at the window of some rural mansion, to which we have fled from the thick air and heat of the metropolis; we see the far-off clouds arise like giant forms against the horizon, with spears of fire, and robes of pur-

ple and gold ; then, as by some sudden alchemy, they melt into a mass of solid gloom, from whose bosom the lightning darts its vivid chain, while its source

‘ Hangs o’er the solemn landscape, silent, dark,
Frowning and terrible.’

I have said that the country melts and subdues the heart. It is true. I have seen a Being, in the flush and glow of girlhood, who seemed to live and move in an atmosphere of lofty and passionate *excitement*. I have seen thousands hang upon her accents, as she moved before them, like the ‘Tragic muse, her eye dilated and her features radiant with the light of genius. I have seen the bosoms of the young and beautiful swelling at her glance, and the tears of hundreds flowing at her bidding. Was there enjoyment then, in the mind of her who thus moved the hearts of others by the momentary tempest that awoke in her own, and tossed them on the ‘lava waves and gusts of her own soul? Alas, no! It was the mingling of labor and art; the fitful fever of the brain. But I have seen that One presiding at the board of *Home*, with the serenity of unutterable affection on her brow, and the radiance of happy thoughts in her eyes. The peace of the country had breathed upon her heart; and the impulses that its scenes engender, had tranquilized her being. Could this be the same? Secluded, yet most content, she had forgotten the hollow pageantries through which she had passed; the noisy crowd; the unbroken applause; and then, the prejudices of altered or dishonest critics, and the gossip of the multitude. She had other objects to ‘utterly fulfil’ her spirit. A cherub, on whose baby brow and soft Siddonian lip, she could rain the warm baptism of maternal kisses; the companionship of loving friends and elevated thoughts; communion with Nature—these were her treasures and her guerdon. Past pre-judgments, misguided frankness, and the weakness of a clouded *amor patriæ*, seemed alike forgotten.

Tell me not that the country is lonesome. It is rich with voices of comfort, and tones of delight. It is a vast and solemn cathedral, with walls and roof of azure and gold, unpillared and illimitable; its floors are tessellated with rainbow-colored flowers, and silver streams, and living verdure. It is a haunt wherein to muse, and dream, and lift the soul, until the heart overflows in the religion of its worship.

TALKING of worship, makes me say, that nothing can inspire in me a deeper feeling of devotion than sacred music. To hear

the plaintive overture of the choir, and the organ—the stream of melody which seems to roll from the galleries, and to dissolve as it flows, into a kind of atmosphere above the aisles—is soothing and subduing. It banishes every low-thoughted care, and gives us ‘such glimpses of Heaven as saints have in dreams.’ One fancies that he hears the murmur of spirit-hymns, or else the rustling of celestial wings, and says within himself :

‘Let but a little part,
A wandering breath of that high melody
Descend into my heart,
And change it, till it be
Transformed, and swallowed up, oh love! in thee!’

But while I profess my affection for sacred melodies, I can truly say that the secular and sentimental music of the day is ‘my very great detestation,’ as Laureate Southey said of albums. The words are generally *namby-pamby*, to the last extent; and are sung with such demi-grunts, and shrugs, and affected cadences, that I had as lief hear the town-crier, or that other stentorian personage who vociferates *Oyez! Oyez!* at a city court. Then, what contortions of phiz do singers undergo! and how do they torture the lungs of those they teach, as well as the ears of those who listen! ‘Sir,’ said an intelligent French Count once to me, as we were listening to a pupil of an Italian songster, ‘This mode would destroy the best *chanteuse* in the world; it would break the ribs of a diligence horse—bah!’ I thought so too. Vocalists, now-a-days, are obliged to stretch their jaws almost to dislocation, and they roar you like lions. You would think, to see them sing, that they were of that class mentioned in sacred writ, who ‘open their mouths wide for the latter rain.’ They seem to delight in gutturals and grimace, flourishes and falsettos. One of these men, whose vocal orifice extended horizontally almost across his face, applied not long ago to a waggish physician in Philadelphia, to ask his advice as touching the probable success of an operation to which he desired to submit himself.

‘I have sung for several years in public,’ said the minstrel, ‘and I find that the changes of fashion require louder tones than I am able to utter, while my mouth retains its present dimensions. I am obliged to whistle out many of my long and large notes, as a grimalkin cries in a quinsy, cracked and broken. I want *volume*, and I have called to know whether you can aid me in effecting an alteration which will give my lips a fuller and freer play, and my voice more freedom.’

‘Perhaps so,’ responded the physician; ‘but what do you require? What do you propose?’

‘I wish, I say,’ returned the singer, (who, let it be remembered, had an enormous *bouche* of his own,) ‘that my mouth should be *enlarged*. It is too limited for my purpose.’

‘Oho!’ said the doctor, ‘I understand you. We’ll see what can be done.’

He arose, and placing his hand on the head of the patient, turned it to and fro, like a barber’s *garçon*, while an expression of solemn drollery struggled in his features.

‘I can do so, Sir,’ he continued, after a short pause, ‘and easily; but there is a preliminary operation, which may distress and perhaps disfigure you. It is a *long* job, and you may not consent to it.’

‘To any thing, my dear doctor, that will effect my object. Pray tell me what is requisite to be done?’

‘Why, my friend, you wish your mouth widened: it is now uncommonly expansive; and in order to extend its limits any farther, it will first be necessary to *remove your ears*, they being obstacles at each corner!’

It may be conjectured that the operation was declined, and that the vocalist quitted his adviser in the sulks. Such was the fact.

By the way, the physician of whom I have thus spoken, is a kind of modern Abernethy: full of benevolence, skill, and merrimake. He knows how to distinguish to a nicety between positive illness and imaginary ailments, those children of hypochondria and spleen. He was once, and that not ‘sixty years since,’ visited by a bloated and rickety *bon vivant*, who had epicurized himself almost to Death’s door, where, like the Irishman’s horse in the play, he seemed ready to go in without knocking. His proboscis was a model of convivial rubicundity; but the corners of his mouth were drawn downward with a look of settled misanthropy. In short, he had eaten too much, for too long a time; the genial juices of his system had become tart and acid; while his mind, never the most cordial or elevated, had become cloudy, sluggish, and indiscriminative of good.

The epicure approached the Esculapian disciple, with a visage as sour as if he had just effected the deglutition of all the *ipeacuanha* in Christendom. He slid with his gouty limbs into a chair, and vociferated:

‘Well, doctor, here I am, and I am just going to die. Not that I feel so very bad in my system, but just look at my nose! What mean those devilish carbuncles, those branching red veins! It can’t be eating—it can’t be drinking. I have given up all but one slice of beef, one of mutton, and one of pork, at dinner; I

eat fewer potatoes at a sitting than I used to do; and where I was wont to take three glasses of brandy, or wine, whether it be Madeira, Port, Sherry, or Heidsiek, I now take but two. I eat fewer suppers, or at least not *quite* so many late ones, and those not so heartily as I once did; yet I sleep badly; have strange dreams, and wear this salamander-looking nose. What the deuce am I to do? It makes me very unhappy. It torments me continually, by the itching which it produces. I want your candid opinion on this matter, doctor—and I want it soon—or I shall be a dead man.'

'Well, my friend,' replied the Healer: 'I have but one thing to recommend, and if you refuse it, all is lost. I have often told you that you would kill yourself with gormandizing: you have visited me time and again with your ailings, and all my advice, which would have tended to remove them, have been studiously rejected. I can do no more, except to mention the remedy with respect to your distressed member, which I am now about to offer. You say it annoys you: and with that knowledge, as well as a sight of its redness in my eye, I repeat, there is but one course for you to pursue, which can yield you relief. If after hearing the plan, you shall decline it, let the peril be your own. I wash my hands of the whole business.'

'Pray tell me, doctor; I will follow your counsel implicitly. I vow, I fear if I do not, that these incipient eruptions will combine in a cancer. Do ease me at once, and tell me what I shall do, if my nose continues thus to itch me.'

'Listen, then, for your comfort depends on what I say. If it *does* itch, as you declare, and as I doubt not—if it plagues you thus, you can only—I say it solemnly, as I said before—you can only throw yourself upon one method—one dernier resort, which is, TO SCRATCH IT! Do this, and relief will follow; and remember with gratitude that it was I advised you! Good morning.'

This was as good an answer, under the circumstances, as could have been made. How many nervous ladies and *hypped* gentlemen, are the bane of the physician—wearying his soul out with their fancied ills! It were well if we had more Abernethys in our catalogue of doctors. How this excellent and praise-worthy fraternity contrive to enjoy life so well, and to look so round and happy as the most of them do, is to me a puzzle.

SPEAKING of puzzles, reminds me, Reader, of one now lying perdue in my breeches pocket, which I am about to transcribe for your edification. Rack your brain over it, for it is a verita-

ble enigma, and susceptible of solution. Ten to one, you don't guess it! A wide round has that enigma gone, among the Philadelphia lawyers—that proverbially puzzle-solving tribe—yet it remains unravelled. As the newspapers say, when a sheep has been stolen, and the thief escaped, 'The whole matter is veiled in impenetrable mystery.' It was engendered by a *sarant* who wore a red wig, and took a great deal of snuff. What is it? There's the question?

A NEW PUZZLE.

It is as high as all the stars,
No well was ever sunk so low;
It is in age, five thousand years,
But was not born an hour ago.

It is as wet as water is,
No red-hot iron e'er was drier;
As dark as night, as cold as ice,
Shines like the sun, and burns like fire,

No soul, nor body to consume—
No fox more cunning, dunce more dull;
'Tis not on earth, 'tis in this room,
Hard as a stone and soft as wool.

'Tis of no color, but of snow,
Outside and inside black as ink;
All red, all yellow, green and blue—
This moment you upon it think.

In every noise, this strikes your ear,
'Twill soon expire, 'twill ne'er decay;
Does always in the light appear,
And yet was never seen by day.

Than the whole earth it larger is,
Than a small pin's point 't is less;
I'll tell you ten times what it is,
Yet after all, you shall not guess!

'Tis in your mouth, 't was never nigh—
Where'er you look, you see it still;
'Twill make you laugh, 'twill make you cry;
You feel it plain, touch what you will.

I have no great respect for charades, rebuses, and riddles, but the foregoing puzzle is so 'very mysterious,' as Paul Pry would say, that it will well repay an hour's study. Who gives it up? I consider it worth finding out. It will be found different from one half those forlorn enigmas which pay so poorly for a discovery. Such things remind me of the missionary who was ascending the Mississippi with some religious tracts, and stepped on

shore from a flat-boat, to accost an old lady who was knitting before a low shanty, under a tree near the river. It was in the Asiatic cholera time, and the epidemic was then in New Orleans.

'My good woman,' said the evangelist, as he offered her a tract, 'have you got the *gospel* here?'

'No, Sir, we han't,' replied the old crone, 'but they've got it awfully down to New O'leens!'

The question was a puzzle.

It is better, I take it, to laugh than to cry; and, Reader, I hope thou relishest a joke. If thou dost not, I am sorry for thee. If thy ears are deaf to *jeux d'esprit*, and thine eye looketh around upon the world with a dullness which humor cannot brighten, then I say, Go to, thou art not of my kidney. 'As a Dutch host, if you come to an inn in Germanie, and dislike your fare, diet, lodging, etc., replies, in a surly tone, 'If you like not this, get you to another inn,' so I resolve, if you like not my writing, go read something else. I do not much esteem thy censure; take thy course; 't is not as thou wilt, nor as I will; for every man's witty labor takes not, except the matter, subject, occasion, and some commending favorite, happen to it.'

APROPPOS of crying: I know a clever and venerable septuagenarian, who, when he should laugh, always weeps. Tell him a good story, or a bit of pleasant news, and he will sob as if his heart would break. I met him not long since in the country, in a mixed company; the brilliant fragments of a marriage party. The bridegroom was of his household; and when the good old gentleman found that his young relative had committed matrimony with a lovely specimen of girlhood, and under the most favorable auspices, he burst forth into an irrepressible flood of sorrow and joy together. His chair shook under him with the intensity of his emotions, as if it partook of them; while his aged optics—'purging thick amber and plum-tree gum'—exhibited his amiable weakness in a fruitful river of brine. It was a hearty spectacle, to see such sympathy and genial feeling in the bosom of Age. I love to see these ancient reservoirs of sentiment occasionally stirred up with the pole of passing events.

'Did you have a pleasant party, on the evening of the bridal?' quoth the old gentleman to one of the nuptial train.

'O, delightful!' was the answer—'perfectly delightful!'

'Good gracious!'—responded the querist—'you don't say so!' And then he collapsed again into a paroxysm of doleful enjoyment, that was most edifying to observe.

Well, I love to see these things; I love to see the fountains

of affection welling up from the slow-throbbing heart of Eld. When I become old ; when the vital current plays tardily and sadly through the shrunken conduits of my frame ; when at times, I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun ;' when the sober autumnal shadows are stealing along my pathway, and voices from the Past tell me how many are lost that I have loved—then let me cherish those that remain ; let me be interested in their enjoyments, and let the light which beams from their open brows and loving eyes, sink warmly on my heart !

By the way, I like those representations of age, which we see sometimes in the Scottish pictures of Wilkie, and in paintings of the Flemish school—where the elderly gentleman, as in John Anderson my Jo, is represented as the very personification of good feeling. I love to see your 'old 'un' enjoy his joke. How well do I remember observing my father sit down and shake his capacious sides over KNICKERBOCKER'S History ! Yet he was a sage, grave man ; had shouldered his musket, and carried his knapsack through many a long campaign, in the Revolution, and commanded his troops in the last war with honor. His heart was not saddened, however, by the remembrance of the trials that he had endured for his country ; and well was he able, in the evening of his decline, 'to show how fields were won'—for he had won them.

MILITARY matters have materially altered of late years. There is a vast deal of superfluous courage extant. In a time of profound peace, the good citizens of many of our states are bored with fines and mulcts, that ought to be discarded altogether. Then, what a sight do some of our militia companies present ? They remind me of the story of the French Prince, who visited England, and on his arrival at Cambridge, was greeted by a volunteer company of neighboring clowns, commanded by a supreme hind, who exceeded all his train-band for clumsiness and bad culture. After undergoing a sort of review before the noble stranger, the captain approached him, and begged to know the opinion he entertained of the company that fronted him.

'Sare,' said the Prince, 'I 'ave seen great many companie ; great many battallion ; I 'ave seen de grand corps de Napoleon ; de guard National ; I 'ave seen de allied armee ; I 'ave seen de Swiss and de Jarman, de Russ and de Pruss, but ma foi, captain, I 'ave nevere seen such an extraordinare companie as yours ; nevere—nevere !'

The compliment was considered equivocal.

Country trainings are nearly on a par with country serenades. If their dispraise can be expressed in a more appropriate simile, I should be glad to find it out. A friend of mine, in one of the interior towns of the Key-stone State, recently undertook to serenade a young lady toward whom he had a kind of sentimental propensity. I dare say he *promised* good music, being far more notorious for promises than *performance*; but when the evening came, the expectant damsel was greeted with such a concord of sounds, as had not been heard since the days of Babel. Tin horns, fiddles, made of cornstalks, cow-bells, triangles, a fife, a bass drum—*base* it was!—and that guttural instrument, the bassoon; these, played upon by a band of boorish tatterdemallians, made up the music and the band. The wakeful Venus endured it as long as her weak nerves would allow; when she arose, 'in bed gown clad,' and popping her night-cap'd head from the window, poured forth such a polyglott remonstrance—in Dutch, English, and *patois*—that the serenaders were obliged to decamp with a most precipitate scattering. Would that our ungainly and useless militia might obey the public remonstrance—follow the example, and do likewise!

NUMBER FIVE.

September, 1835.

My good friend of a Reader, let us have another chat together. I must spin my yarn now and then, or I should grow melancholy, and you would burst in ignorance. I love this haphazard way of writing; I can be as discursive as a disporting colt, when high-strung health incites him to dancing pleasaunce, and his frame is replete with pasture. My charter is as large as the wind; and I allow myself to 'flare up' on almost any topic. It is the best way. I have no ambitious veins of thought under my skull; I expect not preferment; I am a lover of quiet, and despise notoriety. I leave that boon to be clutched at by a thousand little celebrities of the day. I wish to be familiar, but not too bold; and easy, but not too tame, neither. Of renown, I experienced enough last week to satisfy me for a decade. My strongest aspirations were gratified by the appearance of my name in the Post-office list of letters—a marked distinction, which *seems* like fame—and for which two extra cents were paid without a murmur. Now that my name is up in this way, I can afford to seize my quill, and let it play, in holyday spirit, among

Scenes and Sentences. Like good old Democritus, junior, I can say to him who reads me, that 'Tis not my study or intent to compose neatly, which an orator requires, but to express myself readily and plainly, as it happens; so that, as a river runs, sometimes precipitate and swift, then dull and slow; now direct, then *per ambages*; now deep, then shallow; now broad, then narrow, doth my style flowe; now serious, then light; now comickal, then satyrickal; now more elaborate, then remiss, as the subject requires, or I stand affected. And if thou vouchsafe to read this treatise, it shall seem no otherwise to thee than the way to an ordinary traveler—sometimes foul, sometimes fair; here champion, there enclosed; barren in one place, better soil in another; by woods, groves, hills, dales, plains, and so forth, will I lead thee through variety of objects, *some* of which thou shalt surely like.' This, I take it, is the way to be agreeable. Your fellow who sits down to his page with a brimstone spirit, or with turgid thoughts, generally plays the part, either of a misanthrope or a jackass; two characters that, next to a bum-bailiff after a militia fine, I hold in the supremest contempt. One of the first-mentioned genus I know, who is eternally complaining of the world. With the soul of indomitable discontent ever rankling within him, he looks on every scene with an eye which pleasure can not brighten; he takes every child of Adam for a rascal, and for all he meets has a black look and a cross word. Yet no one, probably, has had more cause of gratitude, than himself, for favors and benefactions received at the hands of his fellows. Yet he goes on, Ishmael-like, injuring and injured; having the foolishness to think that he can *derive* pleasure without *giving* it, and repay good with evil:

'He is a sackcloth bard, God help his grief!
 He blames the bowers with night-shade overrun;
 He weeps his eyes red o'er a faded leaf,
 And wastes his pathos on the dying sun.'

He supposes that men are monsters, and women as treacherous as mermaids. Thus believing and acting, he is ever in hot water. To hear him talk, or to read his writings, you would fancy that the man had just escaped from Bedlam. Litigation is his element; and the suffering lawyers whom he retains, are puzzled to decide which is the most doubtful, the character of their client, or their prospect of pay. You would laugh, reader, to hear this fellow talk about the wasting calamities of life. Robust, whiskered, and sturdy in his look—with the exception of his saffron-colored visage, that index of bile—he represents himself as the elect of the grave; on the extremest verge of

which he would be thought to have been standing any time these ten years. He once called, at a University, upon a friend of mine, who was busy in his professorship. 'Ah, Mr. L ——,' said he, in a solemn, sepulchral tone, 'this is a dark day for me. Misery is my lot; despair dogs my footsteps; friends cut me; the fates hunt me like blood-hounds; and a cloud of obloquy hangs about my name. I feel that my country is unworthy of such a nurseling of the Nine as I. I think of going to *Greece*.'

'To *Greece*!' exclaimed the professor; 'you had better go to *grass*!'

I believe he took the learned gentleman's advice; for he seems to have been ever since on the journey.

Now this is a specimen of a class of men, that I sincerely pity, and can not abide. They are canine occupants of the great manger of life; they eat not themselves, in peace, neither will they let others. I aroynt them, one and all. I love your good, hearty person, who does not despise his fellow men, nor deem them all caitiffs; who has a smile, a joke, and *human sympathies*. There is nothing like these, unless it be susceptibility to beauty. This is a source of superior pleasure. *Who* does not love to look at a pretty woman?

—— 'Who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of Beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?'

I regard ladies in public masses, as I do a splendid gallery of pictures. I say, reader—just in your individual ear—did you never particularly relish a jaunt on board a steam-boat, when you found beautiful women there? Tell me honestly, did they not, though strangers, materially enhance the delightsomeness of your journey? Have you not singled out some fairest One of them all, and directed a volley of desperately-agreeable looks to herward; greatly delectated, peradventure, when they met return? You sit and feel the bland air playing over your temples; the broad river expands before you; beautiful scenes flit by on either side; and then you drink in a delicious intoxication with your eyes, which delights the more, because you know it is ephemeral. It is one of those pleasures that nobody writes about, and every body feels. And do you not entertain a deep regret, when the city, with its pompous spires and bay, appears in view; when you near the crowded wharf, and amid bustling trunk-hunters and band-box exporters, you perceive your eye-acquaintance glide away? Somebody stands near the wharf; it is her cousin George, or Henry, and her sister. Don't you envy the young

thing who inserts her sweet face and pouting lips under that veil, and receives that ringing kiss? To be sure you do—and that is just all the good it does you. The fair *Inconnue* is rolled off in a coach, and the next day you have forgotten her altogether. This is one of those cheap and unmentioned felicities, of which we have so many to sweeten existence; that are as pleasant as they are pure and fleeting to the participant, and which are—*mortal flat to a spectator!*

It is with the troubles of life, as with its pleasures; there are a great many that you can not allude to. Somebody may annoy you in an unredressable way; places that you wish to visit may be 'improved' by others; a man may change hats with you, seduce your umbrella, or tread on your toe. But I can always endure these things at an opera, or a play, when well attended. Beauty hallows and sanctifies a thousand inconveniences. I have stood in a kind of rapture, looking at feminine loveliness, when I was hedged around in a back box by a clan of unctuous and perspiring varlets; but when I could discern Beauty, I cared not. I could mark the Phidian lip, the Grecian nose, the uplifted, open brow, the tasteful *coiffure*, and see the negligent eye-lashes rise and fall, over orbs of surpassing lustre. What cared I, that their light, as if 'shot from the deadly level of a gun,' came to me past the old hats and oily coats of expectorating vagabonds?

I do not know how it is, but such things do greatly augment one's better sympathies. And it is often done by ocular deception. I have a friend who always construes a look from a lady, at an opera or play, as a direct tribute to himself; yet he is short-sighted, and can not tell, in nine cases out of ten, whether he is the observed or not. His *amour propre*, however, always takes the brightest side. I know several blades who, from this cause, are patronising tailors to an extravagant degree; depredating upon every one of those artisans who 'exults to trust, and blushes to be paid.' One youth of this kind I know—a dolt of the very first water—who said to an acquaintance, recently, in my presence: 'Do you know the Miss ——'s of Noo-Yawk? What devilish susceptible crechures they ar', to be su-ah! I called on them a few months ago, and sang to them 'Zurich's Waters,' and 'Me Sister De-ah,' and don't you think, they both fell in love with me? Egad, they did so; but I couldn't relieve, and so I cut them. I vow I won't be cruel to any body if I can help it; I won't, positively; would you?

This was at an Ordinary. 'I say, stranger,' said a rough-looking book-pedlar from Illinois, who sat near this scented braggart, 'you are not a *man*, are you?—a full-bound man? You

don't sartingly answer to a masculine title, do you? I should take you for a pocket edition of a sheep. Them's my sentiments, and you have 'em gratis. You havn't brains enough to fascinate a kitten; yet you do *raally* fancy you are something uncommon! You are *too* flat to keep your eyes open, fully; and I'll bet a wolf-trap, that the sight of a full-blown poppy would set you to sleep, any time. Oh, pshaw! Landlord, give this thing a weak lemonade, scented with rose water, and tote me a pint of brandy; hot, with a red pepper in it, and a common segar. I'll go bail for the bill.'

The irresistible young man walked off, with a mingled look of inanity and anger.

It is astonishing how many stupid people you meet in society; fellows with brains in their purses, who will talk you an infinite deal of nothing, and thus beget a reputation of being remarkably fluent and agreeable persons. A sample of this genus I lately encountered in a fashionable drawing-room. I inquired after the health of an acquaintance of mine, and friend of his, whom he had met in Washington, during the winter, adding that I esteemed him a fine fellow.

'Fine fellow,' said Mr. Voluble Pipkins, 'fine fellow, d'ye say? By Jove, he's not only a fine fellow, Sir, but d'ye observe, he's a good fellow—a glorious fellow—a noble man, Sir; an immense, a stupendous man. Egad, Sir, I consider him equal to—Moore's Melodies!'

I tried to review this laudatory emission of *vox et pretereæ nihil*, and to ascertain what Moore's Melodies had to do in comparison with a clever fellow, but a new outpouring of verbiage left me no time for the effort.

Pipkins now began to describe his travels in the South, in the course of which he gave a fact an inference that I thought rather *unique*.

'How do you like the Southrons?' I inquired.

'Oh, bless you, ver' well; ver' well; the moral excellence of the people is proverbial; but the mutton is scarce and poor. However, I don't like mutton, myself!'

A GREAT many young men imagine that any thing can be said to a woman in the way of nonsense, and relished to boot. I remember a country party, a few miles from the metropolis, where a few young middies and dragoons were invited. The rosy-cheeked girls were playing blind man's buff, when we arrived.

A few maids, beyond a certain age, were planted round the sides of the apartment. Toward one of these, a mischievous young dragoon bent his way. He was, let me premise, in the incipency of jollification.

'Tranquil lady!' said he, with a grave look; 'you seem to contemplate this scene of enjoyment with an indifferent eye. To me it is a picture of delight. It warms my bosom extensively. It gives to my mental optics those scenes in the West, where the settlers used to recruit our corpuses with creatur' comforts. It reminds me of the pleasant days of my youth, when I lay upon the damp cold earth, and listened to the cannon's roaring symphonies.'

'I don't understand that 'are,' said the ancient damsel, in a husky tone, and with a look uncommonly 'furtive.'

Reader, did you ever eat a supper at a country party? It is quite *l'autre chose* from one in the city. Your ice-cream, salads, and champagne, are not there; but in their stead are *substantialities* of the heaviest kind. It is a sort of late dinner, and you have course after course in eternal abundance. In the present case,

'Tis fit that I should tell you what
 Those gentles had to eat;
 How ale went round, and how, God wot,
 The tables groaned with meat.
 Suffice to say, that trim sirloin
 Of bullock, proud in death to join
 With radish-of-the-horse;
 Flanked by a soup's embossed tureen,
 And eke by cauliflower, of mein
 Winsome and white as ere was seen,
 Adorned the firstling course.'

This was followed by a various profusion of good things, the number of which it would have puzzled Zerah Colburn to compute. I never saw so complete a specimen of a legitimate rural repast. It was broad morning before we came home; none of us at a loss to know *why* such a difference exists between the delicate belles of cities, and their buxom rivals of the country.

SPEAKING of country girls—you will see them at *camp-meetings*, plenty as blackberries. Did you ever visit one of these convocations? There is a sublimity about them, notwithstanding several ludicrous features, which must be felt to be appreciated. I once attended one, in the interior of New York. It was Autumn, and our party left home on a tour of ten miles, just as the

evening sun was sending his slant radiance over the many-colored glories of an October landscape. River, lake, and gorgeous woodland, shone in the declining day-beams; the tall poplar gave to the gale its yellow leaf, and melancholy whisper; the moping owl, as the twilight deepened, complained to the moon. I was quite young, and full to overflowing with animal spirits. But when we reached the camp-ground, in the forest, I was hushed into awe. It was enclosed by a hedge of green boughs, nearly a mile in circumference; tents encircled the area, against the hedge, and the light of torches placed in sticks high among the trees, beamed fitfully in the evening gusts, upon the variegated and swaying boughs of the wilderness. Unperceived, I clomb a sapling by the side of our tent, and surveyed the scene. From a rude pulpit in the midst of the vast assemblage, a sonorous preacher was delivering his message. He spoke with much eloquence, and ended with prayer, and the naming of a hymn. The multitude beneath him tossed tumultuously around, a living ocean of humanity. Shrieks, groans, supplications, and cries of 'glory!' rent the air. Sundry brethren were moving briskly about, comforting mourners, and singing snatches of sacred song. Never shall I forget one sweet voice, seemingly endowed with supernatural melody, breathing out:

'JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows o'er me roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, oh! my SAVIOUR, hide,
 Till the storms of life be past;
 Safely to the haven guide,
 Oh receive my soul at last!'

Beyond the enclosure, I could perceive groups of ragamuffins, with torches stuck in the ground, under the boughs of a dark and gloomy pine, swearing, drinking, and playing cards with a straggling party of friendly Indians. It was an *Ollapodiana* kind of a scene.

When the hymn was finished, one of those dull souls arose, of whom not a few may be found in all persuasions, who seem ordained of heaven to make their audiences literal specimens of self-denial, by listening to their ministrations. He drawled out his rapid sentences in the worst and weakest taste. His text was from the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus. In describing the beggar at the gate of Dives, (so beautifully depicted by David Teniers, in his *Mauvais Riche*,) he said it was not wonderful that the mendicant should have chosen such a posi-

tion: 'for,' said he, logically, 'provisions in them days was sumptuous and plenty. Even the beggars got a good living, and Lazarus, no doubt of it, liked his place. Individuials of his calling didn't then get from rich men's tables, as they do now, little bits of bread, and 'tature, and pork, and pickle; no, my hearers, they got *great plates of pie*, and sich things. Hence we view, that Lazarus was in dan-ger, when surrounded with dogs, that might have stolen half his victuals!'

It came to pass, some months after this, that a friend of mine heard this same divine preach a sermon at the funeral of a middle aged lady, who was greatly beloved in the community where she died. Her family was large, and highly respectable; but having moved a long time previous from a neighboring State, little was known of their origin. The obsequies were attended by a large and sympathising community. The preacher opened his discourse, by speaking of the good character of the deceased, and the sad occasion which called the company together. 'But, my friends,' said he, 'unknown to you, I have greater cause for seriousness at this solemn time, than any one before me. Even these surviving relations, who are most interested in what I am going to communicate, have forgotten the time when, long ago, and afar off, they once heard my voice. It is now about twenty years since the father of the deceased, and of her brothers and sisters now seated with other relatives present, suddenly expired before my eyes. Yes, I had the melancholy satisfaction, among thousands of others, of *seeing him hung*. I read the hymn which was sung ere he swung; and I hope—though he seemed not to relish my informing him that he would soon go from 'works to rewards,' nor to appreciate my kind advice generally—that, as most persons who die from the scaffold generally do, he went to glory, right off.'

With this pleasing and complimentary reminiscence, the speaker took his text from that chapter in the book of Esther, wherein is recorded the execution of Haman. From this he drew, neck and heels, the far-fetched inference, that all earthly things were uncertain, and that it was equally hard to tell *how*, as *when*, we should die. After a prolix 'improvement,' he concluded—to the great edification, doubtless, of the audience in general, and the mourners in particular.

To return to our camp-meeting. We left the ground as the day was breaking. The noisy congregation; the declining watch-fires by the tents; the solemn drapery of the tall cedars, just catching the first smile of Light; all formed a scene to be remembered. I think, now, how appropriately could have been

applied to it, as we stepped slowly from the ground, the lines of Mrs. Hemans :

‘ Yes, lightly, softly move !
There is a Power, a Presence in the woods ;
A viewless Being, that with life and love
Informs the reverential solitudes ;
The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod —
Thou, Thou art here, my God !

‘ And if with awe we tread
The minster floor, beneath the storied pane,
And ‘ midst the mouldering banners of the dead,
Will the green, voiceful wild seem less Thy fane ?
*This fane, which Thou hast built ? — where arch and roof
Are of Thy living woof ?*

LET me say one word, Reader, of her from whom I have just quoted. She was my friend, and we have often exchanged thoughts and words with each other. Not soon shall we look upon her like again. She was a pure spirit, essentially disembodied, before she left the world. Made ‘ perfect through suffering,’ she seemed permitted by Heaven to linger beyond her time on earth, a glorious example of feminine loveliness beautified by Pain. A volume only would do justice to her worth ; and for her gifts, her works remain their eulogy. In all things, I revered her ; and while musing to her memory, may I usurp a signature, and trust myself in song ?

MRS. HEMANS.

WE weep not, when the yellow leaves are gathered,
While Autumn’s peace and plenteousness abound ;
When from the tinted boughs, like rainbows withered,
The golden fruit drops richly to the ground ;
When solemn Nature round her sadness throws
A mellow glory and a warm repose.

We weep not then, amid the fruitage falling,
Whose affluent incense rises to the sky ;
Though then we hear soft spirit-voices calling,
That tell how loved and cherished things must die ;
For to the fairest blooms a change must come,
That the ripe treasures may be garnered home.

‘Twas thus with thee, Beloved ! their holy mission
Thy heart and soaring lays at last fulfilled ;
Then rolled the cloud beyond the spirit’s vision,
Till all the music of thy lyre was stilled ;
And like a melting wave, or waning sun,
Passed from this vale of ill the Gifted One !

'Tis well, divinest Soul, with thee ! for Heaven
 Had filled thine inmost thoughts with sacred dreams ;
 And to thy reverie and song was given
 A world of radiant and immortal gleams ;
 Yea, gorgeous pictures of a better land
 Did ever to thy view their scene expand.

Now, all their fadeless pomp and glow perceiving,
 Thou breathest freely, in celestial air ;
 Thy tender heart hath ceased its weary grieving,
 And the pure mind is bathed in rapture there ;
 While, mid fair ways no earthly foot hath trod,
 In white thou walkest, present with thy God !

Thou hearest melody, whose flowing numbers
 Once came but faintly to thy mortal ear,
 When ills of time were lost in evening slumbers,
 And magic Fancy brought her Eden near ;
 Thou hast thy yearning hopes' fruition now—
 The wreath of Paradise surrounds thy brow !

Thou hearest harps delicious, sweetly ringing,
 And sister Spirits fan thee with their wings ;
 With them thou minglest, and with them art singing,
 Where, named of Life, the crystal river springs ;
 Where, like some changing prism, expand the skies,
 And purple hills from vernal vales arise.

Thou art in glory, oh rejoicing Spirit !
 Thou look'st on flowers that no pale frost may stain ;
 And from a changeless Friend thou dost inherit
 A lyre triumphant, breathing not of pain ;
 Thou hast thy *Home* at last, from sorrow free,
 And all is blessedness and peace with thee !

Philadelphia.

W. G. C.

I have just seen an engraved bust of Mrs. Hemans, which I can not doubt is a perfect resemblance of her features, with the exception of the eyes. It was taken, as I suppose, in her early and happy days. The soft wavy locks are parted sweetly on her high forehead, and fall in beautiful tresses by either cheek ; the expression of the face is cheerful—beautiful ; and every lineament betokens the presence of intellect. The temples are lofty and full ; and the department of the brain strongly developed.

I PERCEIVE that I am beginning to speak like a phrenologist, for which I beg my reader's pardon. I have small sympathy and respect for those learned professors of craniology. I do not believe that the human skull ever was intended as a sort of topographical chart of the soul and its affections. The general principles of the science are plausible—perhaps *true* ; but when you come to subdivide a man's scone into innumerable sections of

thought and feeling ; when you give to every impulse its place of origin ; it is, as my friend Grant Thorburn said in Boston, ' coming to rather close quarters.' The truth is, such a science, pursued to its *ultimatum*, is the height of folly. I have no reverence for *names*, thank heaven ! unless they are hallowed by *reason*. I acknowledge that the brain is placed in a certain part of the human head ; that if that part be small, or diminished, the quantity of gumption, in the individual who owns the sconce, will be ' nothing to speak of ;' and this is the extent of my phrenology. Half the modern professors of this science are as ar-rant quacks as ever vended nostrum. They tell a story of an acquaintance of mine — a wag, who, by the way, has never denied it—to this effect. He was determined to *quiz* a *phrenologist*. Accordingly, he repaired to his shoe-maker, and caused him to place upon his head an enormous organ of *wax*. The disciple of Crispin performed his task well ; placed the organ rightly according to the lithographed plate, and stuck upon it a goodly covering of human hair. Thus accoutered, our hero visited the phrenological professor. He submitted his head to the decisive palms of his Bump-ship, and received his opinion. ' God bless me, Sir !' said the learned judge, ' you have an admirable head, in many respects ; but you possess one organ which speaks volumes for your character.'

' What is that, pray ?'

' This is it, Sir — allow me to direct your hand to it, Sir — this is it. Do you feel it ? That, Sir, is the organ of *adhesiveness* — and never before, I think, did I see it so strongly developed. Believe me, Sir, you are a wonderful exemplification of our theory ; so much so, indeed, that I should almost be tempted to pronounce you a *lusus naturæ* of science.'

' No you don't !' said the patient, removing the waxen protuberance ; ' you are the *curiosity* ; you can't tell gum from gumption !'

I MUST close. I fear I am getting prosy — which I dislike, of all things. It is pleasant to talk for a while, when our spirits are animated, and we feel colloquial ; but it is folly to push conversation, when the soul which creates it begins to flag. It is like the attempt at festivity among the last lingerers at a ball, in the ' small hours' of the morning — a deplorable scene !

' All, all is gloom ! and dandies in the dumps,
Dance in responsive dullness to their pumps,
Like some town hack, that, spavined, old, and blind,
Trots to the wheezing of his broken wind.'

Ere long, reader, we will discourse together again ; in October, probably — in November, certainly. ‘There will be divine service in this meeting-house,’ said a colored man of God, at a church of his order, ‘in a fortnight, God willing — in tree week, *wheder or no!*’ I reject such predictions ; but I hope we shall meet again, my ‘reading public’—till when, *à Dieu!* *Voila le commencement du fin!*

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October, 1835.

MAGNIFICENT and pompous Autumn ! It cometh before me with ‘dyed garments’ of glory ; with trailing clouds of innumerable tints, with leaves that fill the air with solemn whispers, and paint the viewless gusts in hues of beauty. Splendid Autumn ! Thy every feature is lovely to my soul. There is not a spray which yields its tribute to the wind, that hath not a lesson in its shiver, and a moral in its sound. When the ‘sweet South’ seeks in vain for the summer flowers, over which it ranged like a chartered libertine, rifling their cups, and betraying their soft odors ; when the clouds lie in long red bars across the West, and the deep tones of woods and waters ring through the clear and searchable atmosphere—*then* is the Spirit of Autumn my monitor and my companion. I walk over the sere meadow ; I see the many-colored fruits piled up in rich profusion under the generous orchard trees ; I hear the pensive and farewell chanting of the birds, as they poise their pinions for milder climes, and I deem their melody a summons of gratitude—a call for thanksgiving. Then Memory is busy ; a sweet repose falls like golden light on every vision of the past, and all its regrets are lost in that enchanting radiance. This is Autumn, to me. I think of the pure skies, the broad lakes, and the swelling mountains, on which the eyes of my childhood feasted, until I become again a resident among them, scaling verdant peaks, and looking abroad on seas of rainbow-foliage tossing to the breeze ; or mayhap, delectating my palate with gathered chesnuts, and my ear with their harmony, as they pattered on the leaves from the lofty burs : touching perchance, in their fall, the whirring wing of the partridge, as it wheeled through the woods. There is not a thought of Autumn that is sad to me. I love it for itself alone : ‘scene of ripe fruits and mellow fruitfulness :’ of calmness, beauty, and abundance ; it has voices, and sights, and influences, that I

would not exchange for a dukedom. I am always obliged to shake from my pen a few drops of superfluous enthusiasm, in the Autumn time.

I WAS sitting yesterday, looking over my newspaper, and thinking of other times—to which direction this season always bids me turn—when I fell into a profound meditation on the great progress and power of those pregnant folios. I remember the time that when the weekly newsprint, brought to ‘our village’ by the post-rider, came to hand, I would pore over its blue and reeking columns with a degree of interest that nothing else could match. Every word of its contents, advertisements and all, would be devoured at a sitting. The dailies of New-York were smaller than the country weeklies now, and issued, perhaps, in smaller numbers. No crowds of boys beset the wharves, and all public places, of the metropolis, as now, with such vociferations as these: ‘*Here’s the Courier and Enquirer! Here’s the Sun, Jeff’sonian, Tra-a-nscrip! Here’s the Journal of Commerce! Yere’s the American and the Post! Yere’s the Star with the foreign news! Yere’s the ‘Old Sarpent,’ and the Spirits-o’-Seventy-six, and the Advertiser! Yere’s the Spirits-Times, and the Morning Herald!*’ No trifling penny won a little world of knowledge, then. How changed is *now* the scene! He who cannot read as he-runs, at this era, must indeed be a wayfaring fool. I rejoice to see this glorious influence of the press pervading our country. While it continues, we can never be otherwise than free. Guided, as it mainly is, by strength and vigor of intellect—inspired as it is, with the fervor of free bosoms—its course is onward, and its power irresistible. An unfettered press is the glory of a nation. Here, it should be *peculiarly* free; else it cannot echo the voice of the people. What this people yet will be, in morals, in political importance, and in national power, depends greatly on the press. Its weight, in the broad scale of good and evil, is beyond the patriot’s fear, or the enthusiast’s dream.

RESPECTING dreams, I would say a word. Surrounded as we are with mystery—with our yesterdays in the grave, and our to-morrows in Eternity—what is a greater mystery than a dream? It comes to us when we are, as it were, in death; when whole cities are still; when the rich and poor, the rough and gentle, the care-worn and the careless, lie down in the blessed equality of slumber, and wrap around them the mantle of repose. How sweet must dreams be to the captive! Dreams of the blue sky,

the shining stars, the open fields ; the moon, like a golden lamp, rolling through the dark blue depths of heaven ! I have certainly had visions in the night-watches which have delighted me for months ; flinging about my daily paths a glow and beauty which tongue cannot utter, nor pen portray ; until I have been ready to say on waking, with one of old, '*Redde mihi campos meos floridos, columnam auream, assistentes angelos :*' Give me my fields again, my most delicious fields, my pillar of a glorious light, and my assistant angels !

Reader, did you never have queer dreams ? Had you ever a vision of being at a fashionable party, and all at once discover that you had no coat on ? That one of your feet was a broom, wherewith, in obedience to some superior mandate, you were engaged in both dancing and sweeping ? I wot of one, who has.

It is hard work to *run* in a dream. I have been chased by Indians thus, and could never get on. Some horrid weight hangs to one's feet ; he feels the breath of his enemy on his shoulders and neck — but it seems an age ere he is overtaken. It is folly to say that it is not unpleasant to be killed in a dream. I have laid down my life in this way, an hundred times.

One curious vision I remember, in my boyish days. Methought I was crossing an immense abyss, on a single grape-vine, with Apollyon for a pilot. I forget his appearance exactly, but it was hideous in the extreme. He led me over the dark and dismal void, until I had reached the midway part of the vine, when he attempted the gymnastic feat of throwing me off. I caught him by the hair, which me-seemed was composed of red hot wires, very fine, and with a giant's strength hurled him below. I hear yet sometimes the booming thunder of his 'sail broad-vans,' as he fell. Then, methought I experienced a pair of beautiful wings, and sailed away upon them to a paradise of rest.

I have done many valiant things in dreams, and made many valued acquaintances. In them I have held large discourse with Shakspeare, Milton, Sir Philip Sidney, Walter Scott, and I know not how many other worthies. Then my travels ! I know not where. I have *not* been in my visions. My last tour of this sort was to Jerusalem. There I met many patriarchs and prophets, and delivered a bitter oration to Judas, on his treachery. On these occasions, I have always said to myself, 'Well, thank Heaven ! this is *no dream*. I have dreamed about such things heretofore, but this is *real*.' In this style I have visited Paris and London ; have wept with Josephine at Malmaison ; and, as *aide de camp* to Napoleon, assisted in reviewing his troops in the *Champ de Mars*. Heaven only knows how many times I

have dined with kings and princes, from Solomon down to William the Fourth.

There is nothing so glorious as water in a dream! With a strange green light, the waves arise and roll. Speaking in a *visionary* sense, I can say with St. Paul. 'A night and a day have I been in the deep.' I have been drowned several times; and on one occasion, went across the Atlantic in a chariot, with Pharaoh in livery for a driver. Fantastical thoughts, like those of which Irving and Hood complain, often rise in thick-coming throngs to my mind; sometimes laden with dolour, and at others, full of amusement and edification.

I have wept in dreams, and bitterly, too. Once I had a vision, that two dear friends had gone to India, as missionaries. I followed them, through dreadful tempests, across the ocean. We approached Calcutta; a beautiful vision of palaces and piles, surrounded with hills of wonderful palm-trees, whose green leaves displayed around their borders a circle of glorious and prismatic light. I touched the shore: the great car of Juggernaut seemed approaching, and foremost in the ranks of the *idolaters*, were the friends I sought. They had been converted to heathenism. Before I could reach them, they plunged themselves beneath the car. I saw them crushed by the sanguinary wheels; their blood streamed around me! It was a horrid dream; and when I awoke, how supremely happy did I arise, to thank God it was 'but a dream!'

I HAVE a friend—he belongs to the confraternity of ancient and honorable bachelors—who is wont to describe a most painful dream which he encountered in his thirtieth year. Before I give his vision, however, I will describe the Visionary. He is now about two, or, 'by'r Lady, inclining to three score;' is very censorious, and declares that the ladies now-a-days are nothing, compared with those who flourished when 'we young fellows' delighted society, in our powdered hair and graceful queues.' He says that people have much degenerated; and still avers with pertinacious impudence, that he was once, and that not long ago, considered the Adonis of the town. Sad alteration! I scarcely know what emblem would now represent his features. His face is like a faded apple, and his eyes twinkle from under his shaggy brows, like a mastiff's. He says a flat thing, laughs at it for some ten minutes, and then swears at the by-stander who does not 'comprehend the joke.' To what shall I liken this remnant of the past—this Ancient of Days? To a withered shrub?—

a sapless, hollow bough? No; emblems fail. If he resembles anything, he is

Most like to carcass perched on gallow-tree.'

Well, to his dream. He thought he was young again, and in the midst of olden society—the gay Lothario of his time. He danced, and 'shook a graceful foot,' with many a damsel, at an evening ball. Encountering one who filled him with admiration, he proposed himself to her at once. He was accepted. A priest was present, and the dance was exchanged—*à la mode de songe-creux*—into a bridal party. The Bachelor was married: he pressed an angel to his bosom.

Months rolled by—as they go in dreams—very swiftly, and the honey-moon was over. My friend's angel proved a tartar. They had words—and from words (so the vision ran) they came to blows. These squabbles were renewed daily. At last, one day at breakfast, the unhappy Benedick determined to end his troubles. He poisoned his coffee, and drank it down. A dreadful fever seized him; he groaned, he thirsted, he burned with heat; and with a hideous yell, he awoke!—so delighted at his celibacy, that he jumped out of bed, and in the darkness of his apartment, watched only by the waning moon and stars, danced an energetic rigadon.

Now this was a dream that could only have entered the head of some rusty old single gentleman. I eschew his scoundrel opinions of matrimony, altogether. It has been called a lottery; but it is only such in one sense; for all who embark in it, have a full and fair opportunity to judge their prizes; a probationary season, which affords all needful scrutiny of disposition and character. I am of Milton his mind, with respect of marriage; it is a pleasing and consummate ordinance, and when thoughtfully entered upon, right pleasant to the participants therein. A kind of marriage mania has broken out among all my friends; they are dropping away one by one; and all of them, happy fellows! seem to say by their looks and actions, that they would not thank a king for his crown. You can't get them to take a glance at a picture in the shop-windows now, as you are going to dinner: they must hurry home—'there all their treasures be.' A sense of loneliness sometimes arrests my spirit as I survey these glorious companions in their domestic retreats. I have seen the time, when

'I would not my unhouse'd, free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth.'

but that time is not remembered with pleasure, nor is its contin-

uance desirable. Truly saith my kind, my beloved old Jeremy Taylor: 'There is nothing can please a man without love: nothing but that can sweeten felicity itself. When a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are as the droppings upon the hill of *Hermon*, her eyes are fair as the light of heaven, she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst and ease his cares, and lay his sorrows down upon her lap, and can retire home as to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society. *She that is loved is safe, and he that loves is joyful.*' Such pictures as these, are delightful to see. A parental sort of feeling crawls over the heart of the bachelor as he reads, and he is ready to gird himself for adventure, and to say with the lord of Beatrice, 'The world must be peopled!'

I read this passage the other day to a casual acquaintance, and he said, profanely, it was 'd——d nonsense!' But then he is proverbial for the extreme smallness of his soul. He is one of those kind of varlets, who are in a measure 'upon the town;' who will indulge their bibulous propensities at the expense of any and everybody; akin no doubt to the celebrated Simpkins, the eleemosynary wine-bibber, upon whose tomb-stone the following epitaph was recorded, as if from the hand of a *suffering* friend:

'What! Simpkins dead! It cannot be.
Simpkins, will you *take wine* with me?
No answer—none? What! nothing said?
Won't he take wine?—*he must be dead!*'

The testimony or the anathemas of such a fellow can be neither hurtful nor valuable. He hates children, too: says he had as lief see the devil. Out upon the wretch! If ever there was a positive manifestation of the divine spirit of God, it is the clear eyes and brows of children. *Their souls are new*, and their affections as fresh and ductile as a vine in spring. And how they bound and glow, with the spirit of existence! I could hang the man—stickler as I am for freedom of opinion—who thinks otherwise. If there be anything calculated to make us satisfied with our earthly pilgrimage, it is the love of the young, and the scenes of animation which they display. I have never had my head examined by a phrenologist; but it is my belief that the

organ of *Interest in the joys and sorrows of children ativeness* will be found there, strongly developed. So much have I thought on the subject, that I have a rough draft of metre, alluding thereunto, which 'it is hoped may please.' I have adopted for it a plaintive air, now much in vogue in London, among the costermongers and sweeps, and in which, as in many of the choruses extant, there is a large amount of meaning. What a world of thought is hidden, for example, in those magic words, '*ai, ai, eu—ai, ai, eu!*' in Zurich's Waters! I have seen ladies nod their heads over pianos, and look as knowingly when they repeated these cabalistic monosyllables, as if they contained explanations of certain symbols in the Apocalypse. But to the metre. Stand a little back, Reader—here it comes :

THE LIFE OF YOUTH.

AIR : 'ALL ROUND MY HAT.'

THERE is a time when light, and air, and flowers,
Are shining brightly whereso'er we tread ;
When, from the passing of the swift-wing'd hours,
An atmosphere of love and peace is shed ;
When hope flits near us, on her angel wings,
And sweetly to the heart her anthem sings.

Then pleasant transports overcome the bosom,
And days in pictured guise go beaming by ;
A softer breath exhalet from the blossom—
A purer radiance gilds the open sky :
The hues of heaven are poured on every scene—
On the glad waters, and the fields of green.

All then is beauty ; from the gay clouds, waving
Whene'er the breeze their golden skirts may stir,
To the blue streams their bloomy borders laving—
The budding orchard, or the vernal fir :
A look of gladness beams where'er we move,
And fills the dancing heart with holy love.

With love for Nature, and for Him whose power
Glow in the noontide, or the blush of morn ;
Whose smile the waves receive—the tree, the flower—
The vine's rich tendrils, and the ripening corn ;
It wakes a Sabbath feeling in the breast—
A tranquil sense of harmony and rest.

This is *the Life of Youth!*—and oh, how fleeting
The glorious splendors of its morning be !
With changeful hues the wildered fancy cheating,
As moonlight smiles imprint the evening sea ;
While the fair sails sweep onward in their pride,
O'er treacherous waves that to dim whirlpools glide.

This is the Life of Youth ! Oh, could it linger

About us ever, as de Leon sought ;

Nor care, nor sorrow with effacing finger,

Destroy the magic web by fancy wrought,

This earth I could not then call stale and flat,

Nor the dark cypress wreath ' *all round my hat !* '

READER, I am cut short. I have received intimations (accompanied with expressions of complimentary and profound regret) that the space which I expected to replenish in the present number, has been unexpectedly circumscribed by the voluminousness (unlooked-for) of other matter. Wherefore, until next we meet, I say to you, as Wordsworth said to the companion of one whom I greatly esteem as an American and a friend — *Vive va-lete !*

NUMBER SEVEN.

November, 1835.

ONE thing is certain. There is an influence in Autumn which induces a most oblivious negligence of the time being, which transfers us from this 'ignorant present' into the very bowels of fairy land. I can scantily take heart-a-grace enough to deglute my daily provisions, make a morning call, or do any other thing most easy to be done. I could just sit down, and dream of the past from morn till dewy eve. Fancies, thicker than the multitudinous leaves of Vallombrosa, beleague my soul, and I am led captive at their will. It is a season — Autumn is — wherein to play the Looker On.

PURSUANT to this predisposition, I was recently enacting Spectator at a City Election. It is a glorious sight to see the People come up in their majesty and exercise their suffrages. How animated are the streets at night, on such occasions ! Hundreds of paper lanterns gleaming around the polls ; transparencies shining from the head-quarters of wards and parties, and glorious banners waving their stars and stripes in the gusty sky, over the humming multitude. I always feel proud of my country at such times. Surely there never was a better system of government adopted by man, than ours. Liable to misuse perhaps, but show me a nation on earth so essentially free as the American. In truth, we are become 'rather too free ;' we make bold to infract the laws somewhat too often. But where is the people that do not do it more ?

It must be confessed, though, that elections in the country are often burlesque and bombastic to the last degree. Undue importance is attached to small matters, little characters are stupendously magnified, and little events elevated into marvels. I have before me, for example, a late number of the Logtown Universal Advertiser and Entire-Swine Despatch. It presents the details of an unimportant inspectors' election, something as follows :

‘VICTORY!—VICTORY!—GLORIOUS VICTORY!’

‘WE hasten to lay before our numerous readers, and the country at large, the thrilling events by which yesterday was signalized in the annals of Logtown. The day opened big with the fate of principles *and* men. As the morn advanced, the throngs of golden clouds which shone in the East seemed to cast a smile of welcome, gorgeous and indescribable, o’er a long line of pedestrian voters, some in one-horse wagons, and all of them residing near our village, wending to the contest. Heaven looked on with interest and expectancy. Proud was the issue, and the result also, as the sequel will show. At last, the auspicious time arrived. The contest was begun—the onslaught was made. The conclusion was, that the immense eagle of victory sits on our banners, a-flopping her wide spread opinions, to the confusion and dismay of the vile horde of foul and corrupt miscreants, traitors to their country, and God-forsaken wretches, who attempted to stop the flight of the ahead-going bird. Their hopes are prostrated! There is every certainty that our townsman, *John Jones Smith, Jr., Esq.*, will go to the Legislature; and we can, with swelling bosoms, fearlessly assure the nation at large, and the friends of liberty everywhere, that Logtown is regenerated, and disenthralled—*erect, and sound to the core!* Henceforth let her be set down as one of the most Spartan communities on the face of the earth. ‘*Liberty or death!*’ was her war-cry: it prevailed, and she has conquered!

‘Of course, where such immense interests of a faction were at stake, bad passions will have play. We regret to say that several fights occurred, while the two parties were counting off. One loathsome ragamuffin, with a face black with anger and dirt, attempted but too successfully to pull the nose of our worthy magistrate and fellow-townsmen, Plutarch Shaw, while in the agreeable and inoffensive act of taking a pint of beer—‘thinking no danger, for he had no guilt.’ Blood flowed in torrents, but the estimable Shaw disdained to retaliate upon his opponent, who repaid his forbearance with a remark unparalleled for its ingratitude: namely, that ‘Shaw was too drunk to lift his fist!’ We forbear comment on such atrocious conduct. It is sufficient to record the fact—thereby holding up the offender to the scorn of the world. Contempt, indeed, is a powerful weapon. We had occasion, ourself, to use it yesterday. A miscreant, totally unbeknown to us, stopped us by the door of a tavern, where we had made ourself the recipient of a few oysters, and with his arms akimbo, inquired: ‘Are you the man as edits the Advertiser and Entire-Swine Despatch?’ We answered in the negative, ‘yes, that we were.’ ‘Well,’ said the villain, with a look of unutterable impudence, ‘I am glad I have got a sight of you. I have been a-wanting sometime to see the man as I considers the greatest rascal and the barefacetest liar in the district!’

‘Our reply was calm and dignified. We answered, by way of response, that we were glad he was gratified; and expressed a hope that, having seen what he wished, he would pass on. Our reply created much pleasant laughter at the time; though a few heated partisans of the opposite party at-

tempted to hoot and hiss us. Their malignant souls could not brook our magnanimity, and consequent safety of person. Poor, vile, contemptible assassins—from the bottom of our heart, *how we do* despise them!

‘P. S. Since writing the above, we have found reason to believe that the wretch who was led to address us by the tavern, was urged on by the upstart editor of the Logtown General Observer and Deluge of Reform. We do not doubt it. He is a paltry, low, we had almost said nasty, individual, and would feel honored by our scorn. Nothing but an insuperable objection to low epithets, could prevent us from speaking of this felon and caitiff as he deserves. But we forbear. *Argument*, not *personality*, is our battle-axe. We leave the conductor of the Deluge to wallow in the rottenness of that moral leprosy which has covered him all over as with a garment. He is an utmost wretch—a multitudinous puppy—perfectly ostensible in character, and venial in deportment, lacking not urbanity merely, but politeness likewise. With these sentiments we leave him to the vulture-fangs of his own filthy conscience. We have treated him tenderly in this instance—but let him beware! One more provocation, and we will gibbet him before a disgusted world, in terms which shall be remembered. *Verbal Sap*, as Homer says—‘a word is a sufficiency’—and we have done.’

It was glorious sport for me, in the ‘post prandial hours’ of my school days, when election time came. The student loves the season, for he *feels* the very spirit of liberty which the elections perpetuate and display. It is pleasant to see partisans, after election is over, mingling again together in unity and friendship. Half the speeches in political meetings are spoken for effect, and words are used to express ten times more than they mean. ‘Now, here is a point,’ said a young friend of mine, as he showed me some loose notes of a ward-meeting address, ‘here’s a place where I mean to get up a small lot of indignation; here I will make a touching appeal to patriotism, our forefather’s rights in jeopardy, and so forth. There are several fine fellows on the opposition ticket; I have to dine with a couple of them to-morrow; but I shall call them to-night, *politically*, all the varlets, traitors, and rascals, that I can lay my tongue to: and so will they me. But we all know what it amounts to—just nothing, as far as our social positions are concerned. Do what we will, in our self-government, we must be a happy people: but I like the excitement.’

How much by the way, there is in that one word, excitement! Of how many mad pranks and boyish adventures it is the source and soul! I once belonged to a fraternity of students y’clept ‘*The Snap-Dragon Club*.’ I was founded by one Harry Wilford, a harum-scarum youth as ever thumbed Horace, or meditated deviltries over the eloquent page of Cicero. Beshrew him for a mad wag! The list of the S. D. Society included all the clever fellows in the Seminary where it was formed; and the con-

stitution required that every member should consent to obey the commands of the President (in common with the whole corps), *whatever they might be!* Wilford was President: and truly he was a hard one. Sometimes he would issue orders by his Secretary to the Club, to resort to some rendezvous several miles from town, at three o'clock in the morning. No one disobeyed. How many times has he selected some cloudy, stormy autumn night, and issued his mandate for a convention of the Club, *without umbrellas*, in some open field, a league off, to hear one of the members, chosen by himself, sing a song! It was a curious, eccentric band as ever leagued together; and I cannot remember one instance of infraction of orders. We were situated somewhere near the centre of Western New York, distant about eight miles from the celebrated Cayuga Lake and Bridge; and not one romantic dell, or ridge, or stream, for ten miles round, remained unvisited by the Club. The President generally permitted us to rest in the winter season; for in that quarter the breath of old Hyem is like a blast from the glaciers. What was our astonishment, then, on a cold morning in February, 18—, on reading the following Dog-Latin notice in the village newspaper:

‘SYMPOSIUM RUMPO-DRACONIS:

Congregere in Pons Cayuguum, Februarius Sexdecim, nox media, pro
jocus et exercitatio, et animi relaxatio.

 OBJECT. — *Elevation of the Ancient Henry.*

HY. WILFORD, *Præses.*

*feb. 15 11.**

N. B. Preliminary Rendezvous. H. No. 3. R. No. 4.’

This notice—well understood by the initiated—created great sensation in the club. We huddled together, after evening prayers in the chapel, at Wilford’s room in the third Hall, Number Four.

‘Gentlemen,’ said Harry, ‘you are required to-night to do a signal and singular duty. The Club must be at Cayuga bridge at twelve, precisely. Every member is required to transport thither, in his hat, six crackers and one dried herring. The pocket of every brother must contain the pecuniary sum of one dollar. The design of the convocation is expressed in the notice.’

‘But, Mr. President,’ said a young member, ‘We don’t know what it means. What does it say we must do? What are we to *elevate*?’

‘Sit down, Sir!’ said Wilford, imperatively: ‘your education, as a brother of the Snap-Dragons, has been neglected. The

sentence to which you refer, is symbolically, or rather synonymically, expressed and put. It means that the object of our meeting is—to raise the old Harry! We are going to have a scrape.'

The explanation was voted satisfactory, and at the hour of nine we sat off, nineteen students, all in a body. Oh, what a bitter cold night it was! Not one of the party reached the appointed place without frozen ears and toes. But there was no flinching; every man stood his ground: and at the witching hour of midnight, fortified with punch, crackers, and the individual herring, we all stood on the middle of the bridge. Boreas! how the air swept down the lake, over the thick-ribbed ice! Here Wilford addressed us, in beautiful language, of which he was a perfect master; thanked us for our crucifixion of selfishness for the ends of the Club; expatiated upon the benefits of resolution and perseverance; and after a quotation of Ossian's Address to the Moon, ended with the following:

'Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!
Thou canst not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot;
Although thy breath be rude—
Although the skies thou warp,
Thou art not half so sharp,
As man's ingratitude!'

This quotation was the *finale*. We reached home somewhere in the vicinity of day-break, a weary set of wretches, and crawled to our beds, to enjoy the rich luxury of sleep, until the tintinnabulary announcement of *nine*, from the chapel bell.

Oh golden days of keen, but objectless adventure!—when we attached importance to every little achievement; when the snowy expanse of landscape shot past us like a dream, from the loaded sleigh, or the springing *pung*; when there was beauty every where, and in every thing; brown woods, and frozen streams, or the big lakes, where we wheeled on glistering heel! Days of excitement, of pride, of tumultuous thoughts, of deep affections, of burning ambition—whither have ye flown! Psha! I am becoming sentimental.

WELL—Harry Wilford after this gave the Club a respite, until the next Spring, when a camp-meeting occurred at a place about sixteen miles distant from our Seminary. All was bustle and confusion in the village; every body was going, and Harry's head conceived a luminous idea. He issued a notice that the Club should convene on the camp ground at nine P. M. on Sunday evening. The notice, which was distributed thoroughly

among the members, concluded with the following ominous line : 'From the President, who will precede the Club, *preaching*, from the pulpit, may be expected.'

Every one was astonished ; expectation was on tiptoe ; but *num* was the word. Measures were adopted for the procurement of a conveyance, but not one was to be had in the town. At last an old fellow, who brought turnips and cabbages to market, and lived a mile or two from the village, was prevailed upon to oblige us for a liberal compensation, with his cart, two venerable mares, and a couple of unbroken colts. These were brought together in double tandem, the maternal cattle acting as leaders. We started at the sunset of a beautiful day ; but Phœbus and Phaeton ! what a figure we cut ! The old turnip-cart creaked like a gibbet ; and though the colts were well enough, yet their parental precedents might have reminded one of the animals mentioned by the quaint old Peter Heylin, in his 'Compleate Uoyauge thorough France : ' 'As lean were they as Envie is in the Poet—*macies in corpora tota* being most true of them. Neither were they not only lean enough to have their ribbes numbred, but the very spurs had made such casements thorough their skinnes, that it had been no great difficultie for to have surveyed their entrails. A straunge kynde of catel in mine opinion, and such as had neither flesh on their bones, nor skinne on their flesh, nor hair on their skinne. All the neighing we cold heare from the proudest of them was onely an old dry cough, which I 'le assure you did much comfort me ; for by that noise I first learned there was life in them.'

We reached the camp-ground in due time, fagged and jaded. But the excitement of the scene put all our weariness to flight. When we entered the hedged area in the wilderness, and saw the assembled thousands in a waving mass beneath the torch-disclosed foliage of innumerable boughs, we could scarcely contain ourselves for admiration. As we were entering, we caught a glimpse of Harry Wilford. He was presenting a letter to a clergyman in a corner of the camp-ground. We were marveling what that could mean, when singing commenced. How sweetly it fell on my ear ! Every leaf that trembled to the breeze, seemed instinct with holy melody. There is nothing so heavenly and subduing, as the full-volumed gush of harmony which rises like incense from the lips of a primitive, sensitive congregation, chanting 'with spirit and understanding,' in God's first temple, the solemn forest. I felt overpowered.

After singing, there was a prayer ; and then a solemn-visaged man of GOD arose to announce that a young brother, in full

standing in a distant Conference, had been warmly introduced to him by letter, and would deliver his message. 'Brother Wilkins,' he said, 'I leave this flock in the wilderness to receive the manna of your ministrations.'

The young brother arose. It was *Harry Wilford!* His mouth was pursed up with an aspect like the aperture of a lady's reticule; his profusion of glowing brown locks had been *tallowed* down over his handsome forehead, with a most demure expression, and those mischievous eyes of his were chastened to a glance of peculiar sobriety. A benignant smile played about his finely-chiselled mouth, so faint, indeed, that it scarcely seemed a smile; and he had begirt himself in a coat 'of formal cut,' with a 'stand-up' collar, which, as I discovered at a glance, belonged to a lank, ungainly fellow who swept the halls of our little college, and rejoiced in the *soubriquet*, 'Professor of Dust and Ashes.'

I caught Wilford's eye twice, before he began his exhortation; and there was a lurking deviltry in the expression, as if it said: 'Keep your gaze on me, boys; I'm doing well; don't disconcert me.'

He selected his text from Acts xxvi. 29: 'And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds;' and never did I hear a more eloquent sermon. He ran rapidly through the history of Paul; he touched with impassioned fervor upon the lofty spirit with which he went bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, and gave with pathetic enthusiasm, the outline picture of his arraignment before Festus. 'Mark, my beloved brethren and sisters,' said he, 'the powerful contrast between the pride of sin, and the unadorned glory of the Christian! Behold the meek Apostle, standing before the imperial Festus and Agrippa, who with Bernice his wife had come with great pomp, accompanied by the chief captains and principal men of the city—brought forth by commandment—hindered with bonds, before princes and potentates, in gold and purple! He lifts up his voice; the trembling spirit-tones ring through the vast apartment where he stands; they thunder at the door of every heart; they bring the deluge of sensibility to many a cheek. The warm lip of woman quivers; her bright orbs grow dim with emotion; the silvered head sinks thoughtfully upon the breast of age; a Sabbath holiness lingers around; and as the travel-worn apostle speaketh on, the bosoms that surround him, thrill to the movement of his tongue. As he proceeds, he kindles; he seems to rise above the wall of dust that circumscribes his spirit; his corruption seems to put on incorruption; his mortal form seems

to expand into the bright dimensions of immortality. The voice of inspiration trembles around ; the words of grace fall like good seed, broad-cast among the multitude ; and as the prisoner in his bonds pleads the cause of love, and truth, and God, the agitated Festus, shrinking from the tremendous energy of his eloquence, exclaims, '*Thou art beside thyself!*' But with what firm benevolence and kindly meekness is his insult answered ! How calmly is it denied ! And with what yearning tenderness does the Pilgrim and Soldier of the Cross invoke for his judge all the blessings that filled his own soul—'except his bonds !' Wondrous benignity—fond outpouring of a spirit rapt and overflowing with the fulness of God ! Who would not rather journey with the saint in his pilgrim-sandals from prison to prison, from peril to peril, from stripes to shipwreck, than to dwell in the tents of sinful magnificence, or abide in the ephemeral tabernacles of luxury—to wield the sceptre of kings, or hold the reins of empires !' Here Wilford's cheek flushed, and his eye sparkled with enthusiasm. He saw by the uplifted hands, he heard by the groans and shouts around him, that his discourse was taking effect, and like an actor, excited with applause, he swept onward in his speech : ' Oh, *my* friends ! let not his great example be lost upon you. Follow in his footsteps ; walk even as he walked ; denying ungodliness, and crucifying the flesh, with its affections and lusts ; so that at the last, ye may shine in ga-loh-rah ! Mark what I tell ye ! *I* may be unworthy ; your preacher may be sinful, ignorant, and imperfect ; but *ye* must be watchful, prayerful, and steadfast : then shall ye shine at the last as the stars in the firmament, for ever and ever. Then, when the sun himself shall grow dim with years ; when his yellow hair shall no longer float on the Eastern mountains, or his golden banners tremble at the gates of the West ; when the ocean shrinks to its final ebb, and the mountains themselves decay with age, then shall ye stray amid the blissful fields of Paradise, enjoying pinultimately—mind I say *pi*-nultimately—those raptures of which, in this dull vale of misery, we have nor sign nor symbol.'

Here Wilford lowered his voice, and ended his discourse with a beautiful allusion to the scene around him. He was skilled in camp-meeting psalmody, and with his sweet voice 'raised' a tune, and led the singers in a hymn whose simple melody yet haunts my ear.

When the hymn was finished, it was followed by an 'exhortation' from some Western Brother, who had strayed into the Conference on a mission for supplies. His address was the strangest compound of pathos and bathos that I have ever heard.

Wilford, while he spoke, sat on the seat behind him, and I observed that it was with the utmost difficulty he could keep his countenance. The Preacher discussed the text of the good Samaritan, illustrating therefrom the great benefits of kindness and charity. But his discourse had no more connection with the text, than it had with the science of algebra. He talked of *every thing*—and oh, Santa Maria! what grammar he *did* use, to be sure! ‘Them kind of characters,’ said he—speaking of the selfish and avaricious—‘is not fit for to live, nor for to die. They hasn’t no bowels, no more than a statute. Poor deluded souls! they go through the world, without doing no good to nobody; and when they die, they go to their own place. *Hence we view*, that when the final judgment comes, they will meet with dreadful punishments. How awful will be that there scene! Then, all at onst, they will obsarve the heavens a-darkening, the seas a-roaring, the tombs a-bustin’, the mountains a-melting, and the cattle and sheep straddling about to keep their places!’

He went on in this strain, until his voice became thick and husky, and he complained that ‘his lungs was a-givin’ in.’ Here his tones sunk to a low and plaintive pitch; and he closed with sentences that fell like music upon my ear, and brought a flood of tears to my eyes. He spoke of the dangers that had beset him in the far West; and of the benignity of that Power which had sustained him through every trial. ‘Often,’ he said, ‘*how* often, have I swum my horse across midnight rivers, carrying the glad tidings of salvation to settlements in the wilderness, when the fearful cry of wolves rung in my ear, and the watch-fires of the hostile Indians blazed beneath the giant pines! How often have I wandered through the tall grass of the Prairies, day after day, with my over-coat for my evening pillow, and the star-gemmed vault of heaven for the curtains of my rest! I was sad, but I was comforted; I was thirsty, but my spirit had refreshment; I was weary, but the arm of Omnipotence sustained my fainting footsteps, and I laid my head upon the bosom of peace. I was far from man—in silence—alone; yet *not* alone, for my God was with me!’

Words could not describe the thrilling effect of this simple yet sublime conclusion. It banished completely from my mind the preceding absurdities of imagery in which the preacher had indulged, and left me filled with emotion. I did not mean to be impious, as I made the observation, but I did not reflect that it might apply to both ends of his sermon, when I said, as I departed with my fellow Snap-Dragons, ‘Never man spake like *this* man.’

About an hour after the conclusion of his maiden sermon, Wilford met the club, entire, as agreed upon, 'at the *first* tavern from the ground.' He had on an enormous pair of false whiskers; his hair was brushed up in his usual free, airy style; his coat had been changed, and his hat placed jauntily on one side. I never saw a fellow so full of spirit. We had a fine supper, and Harry staid longer than all. When I left, he was saying to the landlord: 'Come, show your charge for the company; what's to pay? Bring in your bill, as the honey-suckle said to the humming-bird.'

Poor Harry! His mad-cap career, *as* a mad-cap, was short. He is now a devoted missionary of the church, at a far western station; and I recently heard an old lady who knows him there, say that 'A piouser creeter, nor a devouter, never was seen, nowhere!'

TALKING of old women, makes me think of young ones. I see by an article in one of the late English magazines, that the palm of superior beauty is frankly awarded to the ladies of the United States. This is just. Who can walk through the streets of any of our principal cities—New-York or Philadelphia for instance—never forgetting Baltimore—without being struck and *smitten* with the rare loveliness of the damsels therein? It is like walking through a splendid gallery of animated pictures. How many fairy forms, and 'wreathed smiles,' and dove-like eyes! I care not if the observer of these be an elder brother of Methusalem—he must be moved—he must admire: for

'Who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of Beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?'

But there is a pestilent pack of fellows in New-York, who are potent wine-bibbers and fortune-hunters, that spend their days and nights in *scoundrelizing*, to use a term of their own. A member of this clan will pay his devoirs to a lady, giving her every reason to believe that he is serious in his intentions, and overflowing with affection, when he is only worming from her a few secrets respecting her goods and chattels, present and prospective. These varlets have a cabalistic language of their own, of which I will endeavor to give the reader an idea. I overheard a pair of them conversing not long ago in Broadway, and having previously acquired the key to their dialect, I understood it perfectly.

'Well, Bob,' said one, 'were you at Miss ——'s *soirée* last night? It was expected to be superb.'

‘Yes, I was, Tom; but my good fellow, it was scarce an object. It was hardly worth the perfume that I unctuated my whiskers withal. There were several sweet, virtuous young ladies there; modest, exemplary, lovely. But they were some engaged, and the rest were ‘minus the brads’—paupers, all.’

‘But Miss Van Blank was there, wasn’t she? If so, I say there was Heaven. Which way she turns is paradise, and her smile would improve the sunshine in Eden. There is retiring, bashful, rose-like loveliness for you.’

‘Granted, Tom—she *was* there—and all you say is true: but my dear boy, she has no *moral character*. Her reputation is bad. Now who do you think was the very nucleus of the company? Why, that rich and ugly Miss ——. They say she is *improving*, every year, and egad, I think so. She has persons enough in her employ, amending her face and frame, to beautify the Witch of Endor. Look at her hand; why it is as large as the hand of Providence. She has got a better smile than she was wont to have—and *I know who sold it to her!* I saw that same smile last year, in a glass case, at the exhibition of the American Institute. It cost her money—and really it has done execution. That great walking porker, Frank Rumminson, has asked her hand, and won it, and nobody knows it. The money-hunters flock around her, as the fish do round a fly. Frank will have a great *prize* with her; but the worst of it is, she is immortal. I believe she must have descended from the Wandering Jew; and I’ll wager a dozen of champagne that she will live till doomsday, and be the first to hear the angel Gabriel give his *solo obbligato* on the trumpet.’

‘Hush, Bob—you are getting blasphemous. This won’t do. Who else was there?’

‘Why Miss ——, the younger. You know she was thought quite rich, and the fellows scoundrelized about her very extensively, until they found their error, when they retired in shoals. I asked one of them last night what had become of her property. ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘my fine boy, we were misinformed. She has no property to become of.’

Thus they went on; but I must explain their lingo. When these varlets wish to inquire among themselves respecting a lady’s fortune, they interrogate under the synonym of an inquiry as to her *moral character*. If affluent, it is ‘*excellent*’; if middling, she ‘has a fair reputation’; if without any funds they call her ‘perfectly abandoned, with no character at all.’ So they go; playing evermore the same mercenary and scoundrel game. Out upon them! They ought to be hanged, and then be pulled by the

nose. The damsel of whom the young *partyzan* spoke, with all her plainness, is deluged with compliments and love-letters. As Frank Rumminson is the elect, she burns most of these scrawls without reading.

By the by, how much tact and genius it requires to write a good love-letter. Most persons are ill at these amorous scriptures. I encountered one the other day, in an ancient tome, (the Extravagaunt Shepherd), that pleased me mightily. Here it runs :

‘MY DEAREST DEER :

‘SITHENCE that love, which is the lightest bird in the world, hath nestled in my bosom, it hath proved so full of egg, that I have been forced to suffer him to lay there. But sithence he hath laid it, he hath sate upon it a long tyme, and at length hath hatched this little pullet which I now send you. The breeding of it will cost you little; all the food it will require will be caresses and kisses. And withal, it is so well taught that it speaks better than a paraqueto, and so will tell you my sufferings for you. It hath in charge to inquire of you whether or no you are yet displeased with me, and to let me know your mind, not by a pullet so big as this, but by the least chicken you please, if I may have your favor; with this promise, that if you have laid aside your rigor, I shall send you no more pullets, but present you with full-grown birds, full of valor and affection. LYSIS.

‘Flowers,’ saith Shakspeare, ‘are love’s charactery;’ and I dare be sworn he never thought that passion, or the record which confessed it, could be symbolized by so familiar a fowl as a pullet. However, Miss Landon declares that ‘Love is full of phantasies,’ and the *billet doux* of the Extravagant Shepherd prove it. If the nestling fowl was kind, it is probable that Lysis very soon engendered barn-door birds enough to stock an aviary. Doubtless the pastoral youth could have said, with Godfrey of Bulloigne :

‘Ah, cruel Love, that slayeth us equally,
Where worm-wood thou or honey do dispence;
And equal deadly at all seasons be
Mischieves and medicines that proceed of thee.’

I HAVE been looking for several evenings with great earnestness at *the comet*. Whether I have seen farther into it than my contemporaries, I can not tell. I have observed enough, however, to convince me that this Stranger in our sky is a very ‘eccentric character. It wanders about *ad libitum*—shedding the light of its countenance wherever it listeth—free and independent—the Democrat of the air. ‘Success to its wand’rings, where’er it may go!’

Many sensible things have been said of comets. Old DIED-

RICH KNICKERBOCKER—heaven rest his soul!—expressed his fears, on the *ipse dixit* of certain philosophers—and his modest pen blushed while he did so—that the comet would one day ‘turn tail upon the earth, and deluge it with water.’ But that was founded on a false hypothesis. It is cheering to believe that a better destiny awaits it.

Levity aside; is it not a grand and vast conception, that this wan and misty orb has been travelling swifter than the swiftest cannon-ball, through the dim realms of space, since our SAVIOUR slept in the manger at Bethlehem, and the Star in the East lit its fires for the Wise Men’s eyes? Is it not like Divinity, that power of Astronomic prophecy, which pierced the curtains of the future, and foretold the advent of this blazing world? Looks it not like sharing attributes with Omnipotence, and ‘circumventing God?’ And when this generation shall be slumbering in the dust, that predicted orb will again stream its ‘horrid hair’ across our sky. When the lover who has now looked at it with his mistress shall become a patriarch among his children; when the child now lisping its early inquiries of the wandering star, shall tell the tale in after years, to some grand-babe throned on her knee—then the comet will come again! What changes, what revolutions, what convulsions of states and empires, will chance ere then! My soul expands into a sense of sublimity, as I reflect on the vast world of events between. How many ties will be severed—how many hearts be broken—how many tears be shed! Yet while on earth these vicissitudes will advene and vanish, in that far element above and around us this luminous globe shall wander with its train, flashing and glowing through the fields of immensity. Thought itself—Imagination in her boldest flight—sinks with wearied wing, unable to grasp the stupendous, boundless theme! Truly said the ancient minstrel; ‘When I survey the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, then I say, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?’

What a pity it is, that we have no great telescopes in our country, to survey the skies withal. There was, during the last winter and spring, a locomotive astronomer—doubtless of Yankee extraction—who paraded of evenings about the streets of Philadelphia, with a large glass stationed on a frame. He sold small parcels of astronomy, at sixpence a-piece. I bought three shillings worth of him in the course of the season. He was door-keeper to the heavenly bodies; and had all the realm of sky—*Airshire*—as his own. I got the worth of my outlay every time. I saw Jupiter, Saturn, the Rings, and the revolving satellites, all

for a *fi'pennybit*. I shall never cease to thank this surveyor of celestial lots for the glimpses of heaven that he gave me. I formed, while looking through his immense *lenses*, some idea of the swiftness, the tremendous energy, with which this earth revolves on her axis. The old *'alma mater* has in truth a restless time of it. Notwithstanding the immense distance of the stars observed, the glass, resting on the solid earth, would glide by them in a moment. The eternal dance of planets went on, each sphere rolling in its own atmosphere, with worlds on countless worlds beyond; surrounded with infinity, and making melody to God!

I care not how I come by such thoughts as these, but it is very queer to see a person peddling sublimity by the glimpse, and snacks of astronomy at so much the squint, or, as it were, by the quintal. Nobody but a member of the Universal Yankee Nation would have conceived this stellar enterprise. '*Dinumeras stellas, si potes*,' was said of old: and I will wager my opera-glass, that some ingenious American will take, ere long, an ethereal census. Mr. Clayton, with his thirty-passenger balloon, is destined to put out the first celestial *feeler* in the business. By St. Paul! we can do *anything* in this country. I believe, with a lamented friend, if Mount Ætna were sold to an American Stock Company, that money could be evoked from the transaction: 'Enceladus would be made to roar by contract, and the natural fire-works be exhibited for a consideration!'

How pleasant is a lovely thing, a *little* out of season! Just now a humming-bird came fluttering about a few dahlias that are blushing in my window, through the yellow sunshine of this warm October day. He lingered for a moment, 'like atom of the rainbow, glittering round,' and then balanced his beautiful pinions for flight. His tiny form is just fading, in the direction where the many-colored foliage of Washington Square is twinkling to the breeze:

THOU fairy bird, whose golden wing
Mounts on the west wind's stealing sigh:
For thee the flowers profusely fling
Their last aroma through the sky

Go on rejoicing; but take heed that thy flight be not in the winter. Ours is a changeful climate, Master Cobweb.

This incident has revived in my mind three perfect stanzas, from a pen once wielded by a hand now mouldering in the grave. Nothing can be sweeter or purer. They breathe the very philosophy of Faith, and soul of Song. The strain was suggested to the author on seeing a butterfly resting on a skull.

CREATURE of air and light !
 Emblem of that which may not fade or die ;
 Wilt thou not speed thy flight,
 To chase the south wind through the glowing sky ?
 What lures thee thus to stay
 With silence and decay,
 Fix'd on the wreck of cold mortality ?

The thoughts once chambered there,
 Have gathered up their treasures, and are gone ;
 Will the dust tell us where
 They that have burst their prison-house have flown ?
 Rise, nursling of the day,
 If thou wouldst trace their way—
 Earth hath no voice to make the secret known.

Who seeks the vanished bird,
 By the forsaken nest and broken shell ?
 Far hence he sings unheard,
 Yet free and joyous, mid the woods to dwell !
 — Thou of the sunshine born,
 Take the bright wings of morn !
 Thy hopes call heavenward from yon gloomy cell.

‘No more at present,’ dear Reader, from your faithful

OLLAPOD.

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THAT was a good inscription which Byron desired should be recorded on his monument—‘*Implora pace!*’ Delicious peace ! I love thee as I do sleep. Thou insensible Dove, that waftest upon thy soft and fragrant pinion the odors from the gardens of the Hesperides, and Islands of the Blest ! I love thee for the rich reveries in which my soul is steeped when thou art nigh ; whether thou comest in gusty Autumn, in the solemn stillness of a starry winter’s night, in the glow of Summer, or the balm-breathing loveliness of Spring. It is only the idea of its peace, which reconciles us to the *grave*. When the hurly-burly of life is over, it is sweet to believe that there is rest in the tomb. The heart shrinks indeed from its breathless, pulseless, and ‘cold obstruction ;’ but there is comfort to the care-worn bosom in the thought of its repose. When the ‘fitful fever’ of earth has frenzied heart and brain ; when the sad breast is surcharged with groans and sighs ; it is not melancholy to believe in the rest of the grave. When bitter images take possession of the mind ; when friends

are faithless, and love inconstant—then the wearied one sighs for tranquility, and saith with Otway :

‘Oh, for a long, long sleep, and so forget it!’

Thus Socrates reasoned, it may be, when he raised to his lips the chalice of oblivion, and quaffed his deadly hemlock.

I HAVE thought on this wise, from reading the numerous instances of suicide that have occurred in our country within the year. But alas! the majority of the cases were perpetrated by those to whom even death itself could afford neither refuge nor remedy; to whom eternity could have seemed in prospect but a perpetuity of horror; and with whom the thought of futurity was but the prolonging of guilty principles and ever-during remorse, those dark and gloomy curtains that invest forever the chambers of the soul.

It is worth observing, that the majority of suicides occur among men. Indeed, when I inspect the annals of crime, I have no great partiality for my own sex. Who fill our prisons? Men. Who throng our criminal courts, to receive the public smittings that fall from the arm of Justice? Principally men. Who is it that may be said to grow sick the ofttest of life, and so rush into the world of spirits? Mostly men. Who are uncompunctious in pulling the fatal trigger, or assaulting the jugular with shining steel? Men—men! Can any one deny this? I trow not. There is a reason for it, too. Woman, in her worst estate, is purer than man in *his* worst. Sensibilities, which are worn away among men, in their intercourse with the world, linger and play about her heart, even when the fountain of virtue in her bosom has been turned to bitter and polluted waters. The lingering principle of human affection sometimes warms her cheek and bedews her eye, even when the holiness of rectitude has become a forgotten quality, and a hateful thing. The divinity within—the earliest gift of Heaven—continues to reflect itself upon the face from the soul, until at last the faint image of goodness becomes imperceptible; and the brazen front of shameless vice has lost the beauty of its morning, and the image of its God.

The crimes of women, when they do commit crime, arise from some tender source at first, which gradually hardens into desperate wickedness. It is long before she surrenders herself to the suggestions of vice :

‘But when she falls, she falls like Lucifer,
Never to rise again.’

The true being and end of womankind is *love* ; and from this, if I may so speak, all their sorrows, if they pervert that holy and heavenly passion, directly proceed. I reverence the principle of love in woman. It seems, indeed, the atmosphere in which she lives, and moves, and has her being. The arms and wings of her spirit seem ever reaching and panting to clasp to her bosom, and brood over, some object of human affection. In the smile of her lip, in the glance of her eye, in the soft and bewildering melody of her voice, we find but the semblances and echoes of the Spirit of Love. She delights to minister to our comfort ; to invest our pathway with the roses of delicate enjoyment ; to lend sunshine to the hearth, and repose to the evening hour. I have never thought upon the gentle and unobtrusive influence of woman, without feelings of the deepest admiration. *She seldom hates*. When she is wronged, she is forgiving ; when destroyed, she still turns with an eye of earnest regret to that paradise of innocence from which her passions have driven her ; and in solitude, by day or at evening, ‘she waters her cheek in tears without measure.’

In woman, all that is sacred and lovely seems to meet, as in its natural centre. Do we look for self-denial ? See the devoted wife. For resolute affection, struggling through countless trials ? Behold the lover. For that overflowing fulness of fond idolatry which gives to things of earth a devotion like that which should ascend to God ? Behold the mother, at the cradle of her infant, or pillowing its drowsy eyelid on her bosom ; supremely blest to see its fair cheek rise and fall upon the white and heaving orb, where it finds nourishment and rest ! *This* is woman ; always loving ; always beloved. Well may the poet strike his lyre in her praise ; well may the warrior rush to the battle-field for her smile ; well may the student trim his lamp to kindle her passionate heart, or warm her dainty imagination : she deserves them all. Last at the cross and earliest at the grave of the SAVIOUR, she teaches to those who have lived since His sufferings, the inestimable virtue of constant affection. I love to see her by the couch of sickness ; sustaining the fainting head ; offering to the parched lip its cordial, to the craving palate its simple nourishment ; treading with noiseless assiduity around the solemn curtains, and complying with the wish of the invalid when he says :

‘LET me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed ;
But blooming roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brow instead :’

disposing the sunlight upon the pale forehead, bathing the hair with ointments, and letting in upon it from the summer casement the sweet breath of Heaven! How lovely are such exhibitions of ever-during constancy and faith!—how they appeal to the soul!—like the lover in the Canticles, whose fingers, when she rose to open the door to her beloved, dropped ‘with sweet smelling myrrh upon the handles of the lock!’ No man of sensibility, I take it, after battling with the perplexities of the out-door world, but retires with a feeling of refreshment to his happy fireside: he hears with joy the lisp of the cherub urchin that climbs upon his knee, to tell him some wonderful tale about nothing, or feels with delight the soft breath of some young daughter, whose downy, peach-like cheek is glowing close to his own. I am neither a husband nor a father; but I can easily fancy the feeling of supreme pleasure which either must experience. Let us survey the world of business: what go we ‘out for to see?’ The reed of ambition, shaken by the breath of the multitude; cold-hearted traders and brokers, traffickers and overreachers, anxious each to circumvent his fellow, and turn to his own purse the golden tide in which all would dabble. Look at the *homes* of most of these. There the wife waits for her husband; and while she feels that anxiety for his presence which may be called the hunger of the heart, she feeds her spirit with the memory of his smile; or perhaps looks with fondness upon the pledges of his affection, as they stand like olive-branches round about his table.

Reader, on my honor I do not wish to be prosy; and as I have no one to advertise me on that point, I must trust my own judgment. Ollapod sometimes elongates a subsection; but he shortens others. So I must e’en discourse more upon this theme of woman; for I have some events which I wish to interweave herein; events that cast no particular credit upon the scurvy gender to which I belong.

I say all this in behalf of woman, however, with a mental reservation, which I will promulge anon. At present, I leave essay for narrative.

A FEW days ago, as I was taking my accustomed morning’s walk, in a mild October morning, in the suburbs of the city whereof I am a denizen, I found myself, on a sudden, in the open country. The melancholy landscapes of Autumn stretched around; and the bright hues which had characterized the season were beginning to disappear. Nothing disturbed my meditations, except the passage of some early market man or woman, hieing.

with their little world of cares and hens to the mart of the town. I wandered unconsciously onward, until I discovered that I was, as it were, in the midst of a crowd, fronting a low, time-worn tenement. A few vehicles were drawn up around it, and seeing a medical friend whom I knew, I inquired the cause of the assembly. He informed me that a young girl had committed suicide, and was then lying dead in an upper apartment. Moved with sorrowful curiosity, I complied with his request to enter. In one apartment were several females, in tears and distress; in another, the witnesses, and members of the coroner's jury. Ascending a staircase, I found myself in the presence of the Dead; of One, who, before the first dark day of nothingness had swept the lines of beauty from her features, was lying on a pallet of straw, pale in dissolution. The sight was mournful and solemn. Her face had lingering about it all the features of beauty: its ensign was still floating above the voiceless lip, and the deep-sealed eye. Heavy masses of rich auburn hair lay in waves on each side of her snowy temples; a faint hue lingered about the cheeks; but the foamy and purple lips indicated how violent was the death she had died. By the bed-side lay a half-eaten apple, and a large rhomboid of corrosive sublimate. Particles of this deadly poison were still upon the fruit. Thus the life-weary taker had ended her days. I looked out upon the gloomy waste of country over which she had gazed her last, at twilight, the evening before, and tried to realize what must have been the depth of agony which possessed her spirit then. How must her bruised heart have throbbed with misery!—how dark must have been her soul!—like that of the Medea of Euripides, when she prepared the deadly garments for her rival, and dedicated to death the children of her womb. Thoughts of the cause now agitated my mind. She had confided, and been betrayed. Cruelty and abuse had been her lot; but amidst all she had been constant and devoted. Her hands were clasped as if in prayer; and the potent poison had overcome her system ere she could disunite them.

There are moments when the mysteries of eternity throng so rapidly upon our imagination, that we live years of contemplation in their little round. This was the case with me. There lay the prostrate form of one whose only crime had been, that she had loved, not wisely, but too well; one who, stung to the heart by the destroyer of her peace, had determined to lay down her aching head and sorrowful bosom in the rest of the grave.

As I stood gazing at the lifeless object before me—interrupted only by the pitying ejaculations of the few that were present, or

the sobs of those who were below—I was requested by the surgeon in attendance, as a personal favor, to go in his private carriage to the house of the father of the deceased, and apprise him of the fatal occurrence, of which he was still ignorant. Receiving my directions, I went. I drove up to a handsome dwelling in a distant street, and was ushered by a servant into a beautiful drawing-room, where a glowing fire was burning in the grate. Every thing around betokened ease and plenty, if not opulence. The folding-doors of the parlor soon opened, and the warm air from an adjoining elegant apartment came in from another fire.

The father stood before me. He was a respectable looking person, but bore about him the marks of violent passions, and an indomitable will.

It was by slow and painful degrees that I communicated to him the horrid death of his child. When I had unburthened my mind and heart, he seemed to stand like a statue of marble for a moment; then, sinking upon an ottoman, he gave way to the agony of his soul. His chest heaved with his deep-drawn sighs, his lip faltered, and tears, stern tears, ‘like the first drops of a thunder-shower,’ came to his eye.

I saw him stand, a few moments after, by the corpse of his daughter. Words cannot describe the scene.

THE history of her sorrows and fate may be briefly told. Her father had emigrated, with a lovely and engaging wife, from a foreign country. She was their first-born; beloved—idolized. When brothers and sisters were growing up with and around her, she was the favored of them all.

At last, her mother died. She was just budding into womanhood, when this sad event took place. After the funeral rites, she found that she was destined to fill her mother’s place, so far as the guardianship and care of her young brothers and sisters were concerned. She knew the stern disposition and headstrong passions of her parent, and she strove to the utmost to meet his wishes and oblige his will. Soon, however, his demeanor began to change. He insisted that she was unable to perform the duties required, and a house-keeper was procured—one, it seems, not dissimilar to the celebrated Original mentioned by Byron. She was overbearing and vulgar. By degrees, the daughter perceived too surely, that her mother’s place was filled to the utmost, in all its relations, by a dishonest and unholy woman. She suffered in silence; she blushed at her own degradation, through the recklessness of her parent, but she breathed not a word. At last her silence was imputed to insubordinate anger;

she was pronounced incorrigible, and driven from her father's house—an *outcast*.

Hitherto she had been worthy and innocent. But evil examples, and a just filial anger, fired her soul. She sought the house of a friend, a close intimate of her mother's, where she lived as an assistant in the lighter and more elegant duties of a household. By degrees, her beauty attracted the attention of a youth, the son of her protectress. She loved; she was beset with solemn vows, and an unbroken train of temptations; until, finally, she was betrayed; and unable to battle against her own remorse, and the thousand shames that rained on her defenceless head, she sought the drug and the grave!

Now that for which I do somewhat abate my admiration of women, is this. They condemn all derelictions from duty, without discrimination. In a case like the present, they make no distinction; they see the bruised heart sink into the dust, with scarce an expression of regret, and hear the report that a sister spirit has rushed, unanointed and unannealed, into the presence of its God, without one throb of pity. Why this inexorable judgment? Why this absence of extenuating reasons? Why is it, with them, that

'Every wo a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame?'

I pretend not to tell; but if their opinions are severe, *what* shall be said of those fiends in human form, who poison the fountains of virtue in the innocent bosom; whose lips breathe the black lie, and the broken vow? Is there a punishment too great to be inflicted upon the villain who approaches the fair fabric of virtue only to leave it in ruin and desolation? Is *hell* too much? No! To repay the love which one has himself awakened with disgrace and scorn; to drive the spirit one has polluted, into the presence of that CREATOR from whom it came bright and unsullied; what guilt can be greater, in all the annals of crime?

My heart burns with indignation, as I dwell on the theme. How many a very wretch, among the youth of our cities, is dashing in the *beau monde*, whose true place is the penitentiary; whose only relief from its walls, is the prodigal *love* of some violated virgin, who has suffered long and is kind! These are solemn, but almost interdicted truths. There are some whom I *know*, of this detestable class; men who will bow, and sentimentalize, and flourish at *soirees* and assemblies, at operas and theatres, who have valiantly spent years of their worthless and spend-thrift lives, in daily and nightly endeavors to compass the dis-

honor of some lowly and lovely One, whom 'nature made weak, trusting her defence to man's generosity;' whose happiness was the end and aim of loving parents, and whose brow her dishonor has laid in the tomb!

Let me not be understood as the apologist of guilt. I reverence the sweetness and majesty of virtue, but I love the sway of justice. I would warn the tender sex against the easy prejudice which leads them to visit the sins of the voluptuous offender of the moral law upon the victim whom only years of systematic villany could bring within his toils; who makes the holiest passion subservient to the establishment of the unholiest; until at the last, honor, conscience, hope, all that was worth possessing, is banished from that breast which he found pure, and left corrupted and in shame.

TALKING of shame: I wonder if a young woman ever made a better defence of her lover than did Juliet for Romeo, before that garrulous old nurse of hers:

NURSE.—Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET. Blistered be thy tongue

For uttering that word! Upon his brow

Shame is ashamed to sit.

It is a throne where Honor should be crowned

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

I admire that glorious play of Shakspeare's. It abounds with such gushes of heavenly tenderness—such delicate expressions, such delicious passages, that I revel in its perusal. It is a thing to read at Summer twilight, or at the close of a soft, mild day in Autumn. True, I would not much affect the hearing of it from the lips of your rouged and periwig'd players; but it is sweet to read. I doubt whether there is more excellent music in any composition, more mellifluous and touching, than the following lines. Just note, dear reader, how the rich *liquids* melt and mingle with each other; especially in the lines I have italicised:

JULIET.—Wilt thou begone? It is not yet near day:

It was *the nightingale*, and not the lark,

That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear:

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO.—It was *the lark*, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds, in yonder East:

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops:

I must be gone and live—or stay, and die.'

I know nothing in the range of English composition, except two or three verses in Gray's *Elegy*, superior in harmony to these. America, however, puts in her claim. It has been reserved for a bard of this republic—some inglorious Milton of the West—to approach the divine original. Reader, elevate thine ear and listen. The verse now to be quoted, is from a love-letter, indited by a youth who was recently *indicted* for a breach of the marriage promise, and mulcted in many shekels. Thus he vents his plaint, and *spell* of wo :

‘Don’t you hear yanders tirkle dove
A-morning upon yanders tree ?
It is a-morning for its true love,
So do I morn to be with thee !’

There is said to be ‘a coincidence in great minds ;’ and really these last quoted verses would seem to prove it. Juliet and her Romeo speak of the lark and nightingale ; *our* bard changes those sweet fowls to the ‘*tirkle-dove*,’ and causes it to roar you gently, as if it were yet unweaned. But we will let him go.

It is strange what a wonderful power we have in *every one* of our senses to awaken associations ! The taste of some well-flavored apple, such as I used to eat in other days, will open upon me a whole volume of boyhood. Sometimes, too, there are tones in a flute, deftly discoursed upon, that arouse within my spirit a thousand recollections. They convoy me back to better times, and I find myself hiding with my young playmates among the ripe strawberries of the meadow, listening the while to the ‘sweet divisions’ of the bob-o’lincoln, as it sang in the air ! Little paroxysms of puerility such moments are ; but I would not exchange them for the plaudits of the multitude, or the voice of revelry. Something I had then about my heart—some light ærial influence—which has since been lost among the hollow pageantries of the world. I admire that song of Hood’s, in which, while recapitulating the memories of his boyhood, he says :

‘I REMEMBER, I remember
The pine trees, dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky ;
It was a childish ignorance—
But now ’tis little joy
To know I’m farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy !’

In truth, if one wishes to preserve the true wisdom of nature, he must keep about him the childhood of his soul. That was a

pleasant feature in the character of Chief Justice Marshall. I have seen it related of him, that, not many years before his death, he used to be found in the neighborhood of Richmond, Virginia, with his coat off, playing at quoits with the youth of that region. He lacked no wisdom; but he knew what was good for the spirit, and had a relish for fun.

APROPÓS of fun: there are many who wish to be grave and dignified without the 'power of face!' I knew a little bandy-legged comedian once, who, finding his profession insufficient for his wants turned *undertaker*. Here was a change! He carried into his new business his old merry smirk, and the roguish twinkle of his eye; insomuch that when patrons called to get his hearse, or a coffin, he seemed evermore laughing at their sorrows. He finally gave up his fresh calling in despair. He said his cursed facetious mug would be the ruin of him, in any serious vocation. He has now betaken himself to the art and mystery of tailoring, in which he hopes to thrive. Perhaps he may; but he has taken a wrong course for it; because

His speculative skill
Is hasty credit and a distant bill;

two most dubious specimens of enterprise.

BY-THE-BY — how ambitious students do make this class of artisans suffer! I remember a fellow, Bob Edwards by name, whom all the scholars loved, and all the landlords hated, who used to patronize these thread-and-needle citizens, until he nearly ruined several of them. He was an adroit rascal, yet one of the funniest, gleeesome dogs alive. He once founded in the institution a train of *soirées*, called 'Baked-Potato-Parties,' and right pleasant ones they were; for all the appurtenances of wine, butter, bread, and everything good, were smuggled by 'Dust and Ashes' to grace the feast. These revels occurred every other night, among the students of the different halls. One afternoon, when it came Edwards' turn to play the host, it chanced to be a dismal day; there was a fine, drizzling rain coming down upon the damp and heavy snow. He determined, to cheer his spirits, after recitations, to anticipate the evening's glee, with one or two boon companions. Accordingly he despatched to my apartment the following:

'VERO ILLUSTRISSIMO JOHANNO OLLAPODIO:

'SALUTEM!

'VENE meo cubiculo hoc post meridiem quartem horam vel dimidium horæ post. Hoc est damnatus dies pluvialis, et habeo ceruleos diabolos, similis Tartaro.

'Forsitan possumus habere conversationem plenam jocunditatis, et superfusam optimorum jocorum — si inclinationem habis ire indivisum Porculum, vel elevare Antiquum Henricum, in hanc viam, Sperabo videre meum excellentissimum amicum Ollapodianum, horam ante scriptam.

Pax Vobiscum.

'*Die Januarii, vigesimo secundo, anno Christi,* }
millessimo, octingessimo, vigesimo secundo.' }

'ROBERTUS.'

In compliance with this mysterious and classical summons, I repaired speedily to Edwards' apartment. He had made ample preparations for his 'party;' but he was desirous to exceed the usual hilarity of the occasion. I found him surrounded with good things. A basket of grape champagne in one corner; in another, a bushel of potatoes, poured out upon the floor; a bake-pan in the midst, and a glorious flame in his fire-place. In our anticipatory proceedings, we became exceedingly jolly; so much so, indeed, that I forgot entirely how the time passed when I *should* have been at my ordinary supper with the fellows of my mess, at our boarding-house. By-and-by, the members of the party began to arrive; and the apartment was soon crowded almost to suffocation. But the wassail had scarcely begun. The 'boys' continued to crowd in; until at last there was a perfect jam. A pretty girl from our quarters had been engaged to act as general attendant, and she was never treated with more respectful deference than on that memorable evening.

At last, the time came to 'serve up.' The baked potatoes with all their luxurious condiments, were *dished*; and when our repast was finished, we were dished. Few, indeed, of our large symposium could tell his elbow from his chin, or any other portion of his anatomical system. We became obstreperous. As Charles Lamb says, 'There was *too much* fun.' By degrees, however, we came partially to ourselves, and I happened to remember that there was a ball in the neighborhood, to which nearly all of us had been invited. An old sleigh was procured; we ferreted out four horses, and a negro named Apollo, to drive them; and off we started in high glee, on our saltatory enterprise.

I hastened to my room, when our plan was decided, and hurriedly completed my wardrobe. We embarked *en masse* in the sleigh—and *how* we went! In a shorter time than I can describe, we were at the festive resort. We heard, as we were *rigging*, the music from the hall.

WE entered—Jove knows how. I remember being struck with the gay appearance of the ball-room, and the large assemblage of pretty girls. I stepped up to one—the daughter of a Judge, and a member of Congress. She was one of your

plump, rosy-faced creatures, buxom and pleasing. 'She was a being of loveliness; nature had compressed and concentrated in her dumpy form, the attractions of a dozen. Her face was bright and expressive—her figure, of course, was perfect—O, quite so!'

To this damsel I addressed myself, and solicited her hand in the dance. She assented; and with my brain reeling with fancies of wine and women, I really thought, for the moment, that she 'did me proud.' I flourished my 'kerchief, restored it to my pocket, and proceeded to encase my digits in gloves.

THE dance was beginning, I took my place, and drew my silk *gants* hastily over my hands. The black fiddler had stamped—we were near the head—and there was no time to be lost. 'I seized my partner,' as commanded by the sable Apollo, and went ahead. When we reached the bottom of the row—for it was a country dance—I was all in a glow; and drawing my *mouchoir* from my pocket, essayed to mop my perspiring temples. As I did so, I was partially 'ware of a general *snicker* through the room. What could it be for? I looked around; every one looked at *me*. I looked down—then at my hands. The sight was quite enough. For a handkerchief, I had flourished a common *dickey*, the strings whereof fell to my feet—long as the moral law. For gloves, I had selected from my trunk a pair of short silk pump-hose, 'well saved' by numerous emendations that had been required by sundry previous scrapes; all these I had displayed *on* and *in* my hands, before the multitude!

Words are but poor types of my chagrin. One haw-buck dancer—a fellow whom I caught in several vulgar attempts to achieve a 'pigeon-wing'—came up to me with an impudent air, and thus right eloquent, said:

'Mister, I think them gloves o' your'n must be so'th'in rather new. Dare say the're fresh from 'York. They are *darned good*, any how; any body can see that.'

'I say,' yelled another biped of the same genius, 'is that the last go for han'ker'chers? They can't steal them, can they, with strings to 'em. That's a right smart contrivance.'

THERE are *some* matters of the Past, upon which I do not look back with any special complacency—and this is one.

But 'the longest night,' as well as the longest day, 'maun ha' an end.' I was too jovial to comprehend exactly the ridiculousness of my whereabouts in the ball-room; but its memory accompanied my head-ache the next morning most vividly.

The worst of the affair, however — setting aside all the *désagrémens* of creeping through our cold halls to bed somewhere about three in the morning — had not yet come. Edwards' beautiful Latin letter to me had been dropped in the great hall, and some officious puppy, who disliked either him or me, had conveyed it to the president. No man ever showered a more humiliating lecture upon another, than did that worthy functionary impart to Edwards, before all the members of the institution, after morning prayers. He inveighed against his insubordination, his profanity, and his general looseness of character, in terms altogether too harsh, and quite disproportioned to his offence.

Edwards was cut to the quick, and he determined to have some kind of satisfaction. He sent for me at noon to come to his room. I found him boiling, over his grate, a kind of *ollapodrida*, composed of mashed potatoes, tar, and brimstone. His eye twinkled as he pointed to the 'mess of pottage.'

'Slab and good, isn't it?' said he laughing.

'What in the name of wonder,' replied I, 'are you going to do with that stuff?'

'Never you mind, my boy — *nous verrons*. I am going to make a pair of gloves for a friend of mine.'

I could get no other clue to his intentions. All that he required of me was to help him carry the kettle at midnight to an adjacent creek, and to keep dark on the subject.

I promised — for Edwards could always persuade me to anything — and I kept my promise.

The next morning the president came down from his room, in the second hall, (to which he always ascended for a few moments after coming from his home), slipping his hands along the banisters, as his manner was, and entered the chapel. As he closed the door, his hand stuck to the knob thereof. He pulled it away with gentle violence; and looking at his dexter, found it begrimed and black, with a specious of sombrous gray pudding. His brow flushed with anger, as he ascended to his desk on the rostrum.

'Students!' he said, lifting both his hands in a mock-heroic attitude, 'I have been the object of some one's narrow spite. The bannisters leading to the second hall have been covered with an adhesive and unclean substance, the component parts of which I could not analytically recognise on a cursory inspection, but which are doubtless unsavory and displeasing to the last degree. This mingled substance, composition, or compost, has been placed there, as an insult to me. I ask, earnestly, who is it that has done this thing?'

No one answered, but a subdued titter ran through the chapel. 'I ask,' he repeated, 'who is the author of this outrage? Who had a hand in it?'

'Please, Sir, nobody knows,' said one Tom Hines, a friend of Edwards; 'but it is thought, Mr. President, that *you* have had the greatest *hand in it*. It certainly appears so!'

'Silence, impertinent youth!' said the president, loftily waving his dingy hand; 'your conjectures are needless. I shall leave no stone unturned to ferret out this mystery. Let us pray.'

This, however, was the last of the marvel. I kept Edwards' counsel; the kettle was under the ice—and his room told no secrets. The wisdom of our noble principal never fathomed the wonder which so troubled him. The interpretation of it was never made known. If he is yet alive, and this sketch should meet his eye, he may find a clue to the 'occulted guilt' of Edwards.

WE had a great passion in those days, when we sleighed in the vicinity, for exciting the surprise of the rustic publicans thereabout, by what we called *lingual embellishments*. Edwards set this novelty afloat. I remember a pung-ride one evening to an inn, a few miles distant, (the sign of which, swinging from a pine bough over the door, bore the name of 'The United States Hotel, and North American Mansion House'), where Edwards entered in quest of some sweet potatoes for a supper. It was an esculent much affected by us all.

'Landlord!' said he, as he entered, cracking his whip, 'can you enable us, from your culinary stores, to realize the pleasure of a few dulcet murphies, rendered innocuous by igneous martyrdom?'

'I don't know *them* dishes,' answered Boniface; 'I'll jest ax my wife.'

'Oh, go the unadorned English, Edwards,' cried we all; 'ask for what we want in the mother tongue.'

'Well, here goes; in other words, landlord, can you bake us some sweet potatoes?'

'Oh, *sartingly*! Walk in the other room—walk in—walk in,' said the publican, as much relieved as if he had been reprieved from the gallows—for he felt mortified at his want of comprehensive scholarship.

Poor Edwards!—he died in India. A propensity for voyaging overcame his soul; and for years he strayed about the world, just for the excitement. He closed his pretty law-office, after he

had graduated, to go to sea before the mast; came home in his tarpaulin hat, and with hands hard as stone. On the strands of Asia, Africa, and Europe, he trode; and finally sunk under a fever on the banks of the Ganges. His cousin, who was his idol, died, as I believe of a broken heart. Many a foreign ship brought letters from him to her hand; and it was ever his fond hope to return, and, when his wanderings were over, to settle in his native village—make her his bride—go gently with her down the declivity of years—and ‘die at home at last.’

She never smiled after she heard of his death; but sank calmly and sweetly to her dreamless repose.

Poor Emily Egerton! I admired thee, that thou wast my friend’s best friend; and for his sake, thy beauty pleased me; and thine eye was brighter, that its sweetest glances were for him. Alas! for the dust that has fallen upon those lips, once so musical and now so dumb—for the smile that Death has broken—for the hopes that were buried with thee! But when such as thou vanish from the world, who shall repine?

I KNOW thou hast gone to the place of thy rest
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up, and is glad;
Where Love hath left off, in the land of its birth,
All the stains it hath gathered in this;
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.

NUMBER NINE.

January, 1837.

READER—do you skate? Have you ever enjoyed the exulting sense of standing upon some wide, ice-bound river, having your loins girded about, and your feet shod with the preparation of that pleasant pastime? If not, then hath the culture of your understanding been grievously neglected. With me skating is a passion. When the winter air is mild and bracing—when there are no clouds about the zenith, but a few quiet, golden ones, hanging like a rich curtain all around the horizon—then to step with your glittering heel upon an expanse of congelated crystal, and outstrip the wind—there is *rapture* in it. It is the quintessence of life and ‘free moral agency.’ You can go *where* you list, and *as* you list; fast or slow; gliding or shooting over the area where you are disporting, until it is with lines ‘both centric

and eccentric scribbled o'er,' and you feel that you have done wonders. I love to push onward in a straight line, or to wheel in curious circumgyrations; forming parallels and circles on my bright high-dutchers; leaving droves behind, and feeling at my heart the fiery glow of the skater's ambition; until the city, with its spires and flags flouting the sky, disappears in the distance. There is nothing like it, for it is, next to a sleigh-ride, the very soul of existence. Nature to me is very beautiful in winter. How pure is the air! What loveliness, surpassing even the spring-time, rests on the landscape! The hills, rising pale and blue afar; the vales and plains, dotted with farm-yards, where the herds are huddled 'in their cotes secure,' and the yellow straw or green hay marks the place of their pleased imprisonment. From the barn, you hear the hollow-sounding flail of the thresher; from the street, near and far, the cheerful jingle of bells; and all around you, when you gain some eminence, you behold the shining lakes and mountains, bright as silver in the beams of the sun! Then again, winter is so perfectly salubrious. Sanctified and enshrined in its atmosphere, 'the dog, the horse, the rat,' though never so defunct, are inoffensive for months; whereas, in the solstice, they would directly fill your nostril with indignation, and demand prompt exequies. I say I like winter, and I care not who knows it. He that differs from me, may go his ways. His taste mislikes me.

Charles Kemble is probably one of the best skaters in the world. Jehu! how he used to 'go it' on the Schuylkill, until he seemed, not an aged, wig-ensconced man, in lean and slippered pantaloons, but a creature of the elements, endowed with the power of out-chasing the very lightnings of heaven. His elementary instruction began on the Serpentine, in London; it was completed in Germany; and he now stands before the world, accounted a superior skater—oh, very much so! But he is very dull in Macbeth.

WINTER gives energy to everything. A full city, in sleighing-time, is a perfect carnival. Whew! how the cutters, pungs, and fours-in-hand, sweep over the pavé! How the bells tintinnabulate! Woman looks sweeter then, than ever. The demoiselle in her boa, with her muff and fur-shoes, presents a picture of warmth and comfort, that you can not too much admire: At this season—perhaps in this I am peculiar—'high mountains are a feeling.' How I should like to have been with Napoleon, when he crossed those wintry Alps! to have shared in the excitement—the danger—the triumph! Never, in all his brilliant career,

did he perform an act more sublime and powerful, in my eyes. This alone, had he achieved nothing more, would have stamped him the greatest Captain of his age.

APROPOS of Napoleon. I remember hearing from somebody, or reading in some book, or pamphlet, or newspaper—bear with me, kind reader, in this incertitude, for I have forgotten all the particulars—an anecdote of him that seems to me worth preserving, or, perhaps, I should rather say, rescuing, from the oblivion to which it is rapidly hastening. It finely illustrates one portion of his infinitely-diversified character; and I marvel that it has escaped the notice or the researches of all his biographers, eulogists, critics, and censors. I must be forgiven, if, in recalling it, I should be guilty of a lapse from historical accuracy; I am a sad bungler at dates, and my library boasts not a ‘Chronology.’

Thus ran the tale. One of the *deténus*, whom the abrupt resumption of hostilities after the short peace of—Tilsit, was it?—found a wanderer upon the French soil, for his greater misfortune, was an Englishman of large fortune, and some rank above that of a mere private gentleman; but whether knight, baron, or baronet, is more than I can remember. He was a widower, with an only child, a daughter. He had become personally known to the Emperor; when First Consul, and a certain degree of friendship had sprung up between them. This friendship was in some sort renewed, when the Englishman became an involuntary resident of the French capital; the rigors of detention and *surveillance* were much softened in his behalf, and he was often a partaker of the Emperor’s hospitality; not, indeed, at the formal *levées* and *soirées* of the palace, but in private and familiar visits, of which Napoleon was fond, and to the enjoyment of which he appropriated as much of his time as could be spared from the immense number and magnitude of his burdensome imperial occupations. The Englishman was discreet, and the monarch condescending; their *tête-à-têtes* were, therefore, not infrequent, and both parties seemed to take pleasure in their repetition.

The child of the Englishman had been placed at a school in one of the provincial towns; but he solicited and obtained from his imperial friend permission for her to join him in Paris. He received intelligence of her setting out, accompanied by a faithful domestic; but days passed away, and she came not to lighten his solitude. His anxiety and alarm gained strength, day after day, until at length they drove him almost to phrensy. He implored leave to proceed in search of her, and it was granted; but

the search proved unavailing. He was enabled to trace her some distance on her journey to the capital, but at a certain point, all indications disappeared, and he was driven to the miserable conviction that, in some mysterious and unaccountable manner, she had perished. He returned to Paris, almost heart-broken.

The morning after his arrival, he was astonished by a sudden visit from an officer, at the head of a body of *gens-d'armes*, who arrested him in the name of the Emperor. His first emotion was astonishment, his second indignation; and this was not a little heightened, when the officer, with an unusual degree of harshness and *brusquerie*, announced to him that he was accused of conspiring against the life of the Emperor, and that he was to be confined, *en secret*, until the day of his trial before a military commission.

His temper was naturally quick and ardent, and it vented itself in reproaches, exclamations, and perhaps a few oaths; but as they were uttered in English, they seemed to produce no effect on the officer. He was placed in a carriage, the blinds were drawn, and the horses started at full speed.

After riding some distance, but in what direction the prisoner could not determine; by reason of the closeness of the vehicle, it stopped suddenly, a bandage was drawn over his eyes, and he was led into some building; but whether the Conciergerie, or the Bicêtre, he could only conjecture. After traversing various passages, in silence, but brooding over his wrongs, and almost bursting with indignation, his progress was arrested, the blind was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in presence of his *friend*, the Emperor. His first glance conveyed mere wonder; but those which followed it, were glowing with anger, which increased at every moment. The brow of Napoleon wore a gloomy frown, but the heart of the Englishman was too full of wrath to quail even before that fearful sign; it was but reflected from his own bold front. 'Tyrant!' he exclaimed, but before he could add another word, a door was flung open, and his blooming child bounded, all life and loveliness, into his arms. Amazement and happiness made him dumb; and Napoleon, smiling as none but him could smile, turned to leave the room, with the single remark: 'Joy and surprise would have turned your brain; it was better to prepare you for the shock, by rousing you to anger.'

The surpassing skill of Fouché's myrmidons had been called into employment by the Emperor's command, and had succeeded in discovering the child; but how, or where, I have forgotten.

POOR NAPOLEON! I can never think of his brilliant career, and desolate end, without feeling the sublimity of Massillon's

ejaculation over the dead body of his monarch, as it lay in state before him, in the church of Notre Dame. ‘*God alone is great!*’ He commissions Death, with his cold shaft, and the mighty are fallen. The cemetery is sublimer than the battle, or the coronation. *There* speaks a power which is beyond all others; there, in the rustling grass, or whisper of the cypress, we hear the knell of nations, and the prophecy of that to which they all must come—to dust and silence! I am tempted, here, to transcribe one of the noblest poems ever written in our language. It may be familiar to some of my readers, but it is worth a hundred perusals; while to those who have never seen it, I convey a treasure and a talisman—a *memento mori*. The author, Herbert Knowles, wrote it at twilight, in the churchyard of Richmond, England. Shortly afterward, ‘he died and was buried in the flower of his manhood,

THE DEAD.

‘METHINKS it is good to be here: if thou wilt, let us build three tabernacles; one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias.’
THE BIBLE.

METHINKS it is good to be here:

If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?

Nor Elias nor Moses appear;

But the shadows of evening encompass with gloom

The abode of the Dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!

Affrighted, he shrinketh away;

For see, they would pin him below,

In a dark narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,

To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey

To Beauty? Ah no!—she forgets

The charm that she wielded before;

Nor knows the foul worm, that he frets

The skin that but yesterday fools could adore,

For the smoothness it held, or the tint that it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride—

To the trappings that dizen the proud?

Alas! they are all laid aside;

For here’s neither wealth nor adornment allow’d,

Save the long winding sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

Unto Riches? Alas!—’tis in vain;

Who here in their turns have been hid,

Their wealth is all squandered again;

And here in the grave are all metals forbid,

Save the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures that Mirth can afford?

The revel—the laugh—and the jeer?

Ah! here is a plentiful board;

But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love ?
Ah no ! they have withered and died,
Or flown with the spirit above ;
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow ? *The dead* cannot grieve ;
Not a sob, nor a sigh, meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve ;
Ah sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, nor fear—
Peace, peace is the watch-word—the only one here..

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow ?
Ah, no !—for his empire is known—
And here there are trophies enow ;
Beneath the cold head, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise :
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled,
And the third to the Lamb of the great Sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both, when he rose to the skies !

SOME one of our countrymen has written : ‘ I never shun a grave-yard. The thoughtful melancholy it inspires, is grateful rather than displeasing to me.’ Here we differ. I *do* shun it ; and I hope a good Providence will keep me out of one for a long time. I desire not a freehold in any such premises. I like the liberal air, the golden sunshine, the excursive thought ; and I pray Heaven to detain me long from that ancient receptacle, where my kinsmen are inurned. Give me the vital principle below the sun ; and though I cannot be astonishingly useful to my fellow beings, or carve my name, just now, high on the records of fame, I can at least enjoy the luxury of fancy, feeling, and respiration—to say nothing of the pleasing enjoyment of dreaming, which is in itself worth a dukedom—and the rapture of eye-sight. I love not your sackcloth misanthrope, whose whole life is darkened by the fear of its inevitable close, and embittered in the mazes of metaphysics.

SPEAKING of metaphysics, reminds me of Bob Edwards. Reader, thou art already acquainted with Bob ; thou hast had a touch of his quality in the *potato* line, and hast borne him company in sundry expeditions from the sacred groves of Academus ; thou hast seen, that, by deeds of valiant daring, he had built up for himself a fame which extended far beyond the terrestrial.

limits that were allowed us for the exercise of our corporeal functions, by the individual who instructed the youthful creatures of our imaginations in the use of fire-arms, or, in the language of the immortal poet,

‘Taught our young ideas how to shoot.’

He was the plague of the farmers, the glory of the jollifiers, the terror of the mothers, and the passion of the daughters, ‘all over the world, for thirty miles round.’

He was an uncommon youth, was Bob—O, quite so!

Bob had a philosophical turn of mind, and was looked up to by his satellites with unspeakable reverence. By tacit consent, he was vested with an appellate jurisdiction in the little common wealth. He sat in judgment upon all questions of law or equity, arising between its juvenile members. He delivered his opinion like the Oracle of Delphos, and his decrees were final.

It was winter; the length of the evenings were remarkable for the time of year, the frigidity of the circumambient atmosphere was—very considerable. A thought smote Bob.

He called his associates together, he made a speech, in which, with all the alternate fire and pathos of his Heaven-born eloquence, he described the trying position in which the severity of the weather had placed them. He spoke of the physical enjoyments of the human race as empty vanities, which an all-wise Providence, for his own good purpose, had qualified with pains and penalties. He adverted, in melting terms, to the uncommon scarcity of game, by which, for a time, they were debarred from the dignified and soul-ennobling pursuit of hunting foxes. He went on to observe, that the improvement of the intellectual faculties was one of the first duties of man; and after enlarging with great talent upon this incontrovertible position, he proposed to his auditors that they should organize a society for the discussion of subjects involving questions of abstract science. (By the way, there are plenty of such discussions and societies now-a-days, of which *cui bono* should be the motto, but whereof I would not for a ton of gold be supposed to speak lightly. Oh, by no means!) He proceeded to explain his views at length, and his purpose having been received with a unanimous approval, the constitution was signed, the officers were elected, and Bob was placed in the Presidential chair of

THE METAPHYSICAL SOCIETY.

And now, reader, Bob was in his glory. Many were the discussions held by that erudite body, and numerous were the eluci-

dations of the scientific mysteries which had baffled the mightiest intellects of past ages. I do especially remember me of one discussion in which our venerated President himself largely participated. It was deemed of much interest to the cause of learning, that the debates of the society should be preserved on record; wherefore, the office of Grand Stenographer had been instituted, into which responsible station I had been sworn, with great solemnity, a short time previous to the period to which I refer.

It had been determined to hold a grand debate upon a question of grave importance. The President's proclamation had gone forth,, with an imposing aspect. Three gigantic hand-bills were indited by his private secretary. One of these was fastened with ten-penny nails upon the portal of the *Interniculum Frumenti*, (as the corn-crib was classically denominated;) a second on the vestibulem of the Temple of the muses, (or, as it was termed by the common people, the Pig-pen,) and the third was emblazoned on the academic Stabulum.

I subjoin a true copy of the document, taken from the records of the Society.

‘SOCII SOCIETATIS METAPHYSICÆ.

‘Convocabunt in ædibus Academiæ C—æ, dimidium horæ post septimum, die Jovis, vigesimo Januarii.

‘Orationis argumentum est maximi momenti, quia involvit casus scientiæ, antea nunquam agitados.

‘Quamobrem, nos, Præfectus hujus Societatis eruditæ, per hoc mandamus omnibus sociis, fautoribus Metaphysicarum, congregare accurate ædibus ante dictis.

‘Questio quæ proponitur argumento, ut sequitur: ‘*An chimera, bombinans in vacuo, devorat secundus intentiones.*’

‘In hac re, nusquam aberramini, sub pœna sexdecim caudarum gallorum.

‘ROBERTUS EDWARDUS, Præs.’

Such was the manifesto of President Bob; and it may not be improper to annex, for the benefit of the general reader, a true rendition into the vernacular, of the question on which the Metaphysical Society was to exercise its intellectual energies.

This, then, was the subject of discussion: ‘*Whether a chimera, ruminating in a vacuum, devourerth second intentions.*’

The erudite reader can not fail to perceive the importance of the occasion, and its tendency to create an irrepressible interest in the republic of letters. I pass over the various speculations on the subject which had agitated the philosophical world previous to the assembling of this august body; and, deeming that the preceding remarks sufficiently introduce the main object, I plunge at once, *in medias res*.

On the twentieth day of January, in the year of grace one

thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, a grand meeting of the Metaphysical Society of C — was held in the academic buildings of that ilk. At thirty minutes and seventeen seconds past seven o'clock, post meridiem, the great door of the ante-room was thrown open, and the President, supported on the right by the chief Curator, Jehoikim Smilax, and on the left by the Censor-general, Eliphalet Flunk, entered the hall, with a dignified step.

The members rose in respectful silence, and the President, acknowledging their salutations with gracious condescension, passed on to his official seat. The attendant officers sat in their respective places, on either side of the Presidential chair, and the Grand Stenographer, JOHN OLLAPOD, surrounded by the insignia of his station, occupied his accustomed conspicuous position.

The hall, which was of large dimensions, was brilliantly illuminated with five dipt candles, of a superior quality, tastefully arranged in porter bottles, of a sea-green hue. The whole scene presented an imposing aspect, and was calculated to inspire the beholder with feelings of solemnity and awe.

My space will not permit me to extract from the records the whole of the President's address, which followed an unbroken silence of three minutes, one quarter, and some odd seconds. I subjoin only these observations :

'MY BRETHREN : You are assembled to give to a subject which has heretofore confounded the wisdom of man, the infallible test of your deliberations. *The eyes of all Europe are upon you*; and you occupy an altitude before both hemispheres, calculated to call forth your undivided energies. Comment from me were useless.

'Now, therefore, brethren, invoking the aid of our blessed Minerva to your righteous endeavors, I quaff this *smaller*, otherwise called cock-tail, to the victory of truth, and the downfall of error.'

He spake, and taking from the custody of the Grand Treasurer, who was in waiting by his side, a tin cup of considerable capability, he transferred the generous fluid contained therein, to the interior of his abdominal regions. His replenished corpus sank gently into the official receptacle, where, after recovering his natural equilibrium, he signified to the brethren his pleasure that the discussion should commence. Whereupon Mr. Elnathan Rummins arose, and thus addressed the assembly :

'MR. PRESIDENT : In getting myself up to discourse to this learned body on the affirmative side of the question submitted to our decision I feel a diffidence commensurate with the stupendousness of the subject. Yet, having bestowed upon it much studious research and attention, I feel imperiously bound to express it as my decided opinion, that a chimera, ruminating in a vacuum, *does* devour second intentions. I will briefly submit my reasons.

'*Firstly*: I will take leave to premise, that after serious and mature deliberation, I have brought my mind to the settled belief that Metaphysics is considerable of a science; that all the ideas we have, are derived from two sources, viz: sensation and reflection; and that the latter is the root from which all abstract ideas are generated.

'I am discussing this question, Mr. President, upon the supposition that the doctrine of abstract ideas is fully established. In my mind, it is entirely so, and therefore I shall not argue this disputed point. If my *premises* are false, my *conclusions* will collapse, and my learned opponent must benefit by the error.

'What is a *chimera*, in the modern philosophical sense? Sir, we can derive no idea of it from our senses; the faculty of *abstraction* must be resorted to for a definition; the mind must be withdrawn from the contemplation of external objects, and wrapping itself in the solitude of its own originality, must frame from its own exclusive resources, an idea of this singular being.

'But notwithstanding this *apparent* difficulty, there is, in fact, nothing more easy than a description of this idea. My own reflections have led me to the conclusion, that a *chimera* is an *immaterial, incorporeal, intangible, and invisible essence, having no local habitation, and possessing neither form, extension, nor substance*. Thus I may indulge the pleasing hope, that I have, in a very *simple* manner, conveyed to the Society a clear apprehension of the nature of this abstraction.

'From this description, it will be perceived, that a chimera possesses no *incarnate* attributes, but it is the emanation of a spiritual essence, and therefore must be eminently endowed with the faculty of thought, or, in other words of *rumination*.

'Having thus briefly pointed out the abstract idea of a chimera, and proved its implied powers of rumination, I proceed, secondly to show that it possesses the undoubted capability of ruminating in a vacuum. To this end, let me very properly show the *nature* of a vacuum. Little need be said on this subject.

'According to some modern philosophers, there are several species of *vacua*, but the *vacuum cacervatum* is that to which I particularly refer: this is conceived as a space entirely destitute of matter; and, in my apprehension, its existence was successfully urged by those illustrious men who professed the Pythagorean, the Epicurean, and the Corpuscularian philosophy; but as the human mind is composed of discordant principles, the spirit of opposition (for I cannot imagine it to have been anything else) induced the advocates of the Cartesian doctrines to deny its existence. They urged, that if there be nothing *material* in an enclosed space, the walls of the enclosure must be brought into contact; thus insisting upon the principle, that *extension is matter*. But the Corpuscular authors, with much promptness, refuted the arguments of the Cartesians and Peripatetics, by the existence of various circumstances; and they instanced planetary and cometary motion, the fall of bodies, the vibration of the pendulum, re-refraction and condensation, the divisibility of matter, etc.

'Now permit me to observe, Mr. President, that it is altogether impossible to effect *motion* in a *plenum*. I do not wish to make this position depend for support upon my bare assertion; I am borne out in it by the dictum of Lucretius, thus: '*Principium quonam cedendi nulla daret res—undique materies quoniam stipata fuisset*.' Although I might well rest here, Mr. President, upon such mighty authority, I will nevertheless enter upon the proofs which go to the establishing of this principle.

'*First*. All motion is in a straight line, or in a curve which returns into

itself, as, for example, the circle and the ellipsis, or in one that does not return into itself, as the parabolic curve. *Second*: that the moving force must always be greater than the resistance. Now it is perfectly clear from this, that no quantum of force, even though increased *ad infinitum*, can produce motion, where the resistance is also infinite; consequently, it is not possible that motion can exist, either in a straight line, or in a non-returning curve; because, in either of these cases, the amounts of force and resistance would counterbalance each other; that is, they would be infinite.

'You will therefore perceive, Mr. President, that there remains only the motion of a revolving curve practicable; and this must either be a revolution upon an axis, or an annular motion round a stationary body; now both of these would be impossible in an *elliptic* curve, and consequently, all motions must be in circles geometrically true; and, the bodies thus revolving must either be spheres, spheroids, or cylinders; otherwise the revolution in a plenum would be altogether impracticable. But, Sir, *such* figures and motions have no existence in nature; yet we know, from the evidence of the senses, that motion, in a non-returning curve, does exist; therefore a *vacuum* must exist.

'Having now shown that a chimera is a creature of the imagination, and that therefore it does not require the inhalation of atmospheric air to support life, and having shown the nature and existence of the vacuum, it is of course evident that a chimera may *ruminate* in a vacuum.

'I proceed, in the next place, to demonstrate, that a chimera thus ruminating, does devour second intentions.'

AT this stage of his speech, Rummins exhibited symptoms of exhaustion, and on motion of Mr. Jeremiah Tomkins, the question was postponed until the next ensuing meeting. Whenever I feel disposed to make my reader bolt a few *solids*, among his intellectual edibles, I shall fling in a scrap from the 'Society.' I think I can demonstrate thereby, that a great deal of plausible argument can be used, to demonstrate a small amount of fact, mingled with an immensity of error. Metaphysics, now-a-days, can not be deemed a very *clear* science. Muddy brains have elucidated it to death. That was not a bad description of the art given by the Scotchman: 'Metaphysics, mon, is where the hearers dinna ken what the speaker is talking anent, and he does na ken himsel'; but the following definition of one of the metaphysical tribe, by my friend Norman Leslie, is perhaps as good a one as can be found: '*Metaphysician*: Encountered a Doctor.'

IS IT not singular, how one thought brings on another! Now this slight discussion of metaphysics and abstraction, reminds me of a bachelor, an accidental and slight acquaintance of mine, who remains in single blessedness, because, he says, he has always been accustomed, 'e'en from his boyish days,' to look at women *in the abstract*. Fine eyes he regards merely as filmy globes of water, that shut their coward gates against an atom;

lips he deems but horizontal lines of flesh, constituting the aperture into which beef, pork, potatoes, and other eatable substances periodically enter. The bloom on the cheek of woman, he considers superfluous blood, prophetic of speedy decay; smiles, in his esteem, are merely the effect of nervous excitement; and frowns, he thinks, are the proper elucidators of the human heart, especially woman's, which he says has always a small portion of discontent and anxiety predominant therein. Holding such notions, he is, of course, somewhat unhappy; but he dissipates his *ennui* by a copious reception of vinous fluids; and is, moreover, a potent eater of oysters. I am half inclined to believe in metempsychosis, and to suppose that the souls of these testaceous articles, if souls they have, ascend him into the brain, and give the *impetus* to his present opinions. At any rate he is quite a dolt. I always cut him in the street. His reckless life has undone him, as it were. He owes every body; has been often in jail; and those who keep his company, are in something such a situation as one would be at sea, in a leaky boat, they must be evermore 'bailing him out.' I think he has come to his present sentiments in consequence of the treatment he receives; every body, females especially, considering him a nonentity; while he looks at *them* in the *abstract*.

TO-MORROW will be Christmas. Happy day! How I envy the young hearts that its advent will cheer! whose elastic and bounding affections it will revive and strengthen! Would to heaven I were a *millionaire*, for to-morrow only! There should not be a rosy face in the Union that should not be the brighter for my benefactions. I would distribute presents to every urchin and miss I met; and that holiest of all pleasures, *benevolence*, should nestle warmly in my bosom. God bless the children! unsullied by the guileful contacts of the world; fresh in their feelings, simple in their desires, fervent in their loves, they are the emblems of blessedness and peace. Truly of such is the kingdom of Heaven; and sweetly did the characteristic meekness of our SAVIOUR appear when he said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me!' Would that I were a boy again! Would that I had my few years to live over again! I would enjoy the present, as it rolled on the future; I would revel in the light of sparkling eyes, and the smile of lips, that the grave has closed and sealed for ever! I would sing, and shout, and fly my kite, and glide down the snowy hill on my little craft, as in days of yore. I would enjoy the spring, as I used once to do; that pleasant season, as William Lackaday, Esquire, observes in the

play, 'when the balmy breezes is a-blowin', and the primroses peeps out, and the little birds begins for to sing;' and I would make it a point to have *no enemies*. I would do this without being a Joseph Surface, too; for I hold insincerity to be the most detestable of all the vices for which men go unhung.

It strikes me that Christmas is not celebrated with such soberness and godliness as it was wont to be. People drink more than formerly; they do not become devout over the deceased turkey, or adolescent hen, that lies in solemn lifelessness before the eater; but they meet in clubs, and consort with publicans and sinners. If Christmas happeneth toward the close of the week, they 'keep up' the same until Sunday hath gone by; and it is not until the even-song of the second day of the week ensuing the festival, that they can bring themselves to cease from their wassail; and even then they do it with much—oh! considerable—reluctance, exclaiming, as they ruminate bedward, '*Sic transit gloria Monday.*'

BEFORE I close with Christmas, let me relate a little story, just now told me, connected in some degree with that glorious holyday.

Publicans are classed in the New Testament, with sinners, as though there were something demoralizing in the business of keeping open house; but if the conjunction be not an error of the translators, I know of at least one exception to the rule. The individual is hereby immortalized.

Some twenty or twenty-five, or it may be thirty years ago, the landlord of the Bush tavern in Bristol, England, was so far a benevolent man, that on every Christmas-day he used to set an immense table, at which whosoever would was at liberty to sit and replenish his inner man with as much roast beef and plum-pudding as he could dispose of, a privilege of which, it may well be supposed, the poor of that ancient and by no means elegant city were not backward to avail themselves. But the dinner alone, flanked as it was by an *ad libitum* distribution of stout ale and cider, could not appease the generous propensities of mine host of the Bush; he was in the habit, also, of giving away a score of guineas, upon the same anniversary, which were bestowed in small sums of from five shillings to twenty, upon such of the free guests as appeared to stand most in need of something more than a dinner.

It had been observed for some weeks toward the close of a particular year, which I do not remember, that an elderly personage, whom nobody knew, was in the habit of stepping into the

Bush every day, and taking a single glass of brandy-and-water, with which he contrived to dally so long as was requisite for the thorough perusal of a London paper, brought down by the guard of one of the night coaches. A London paper was a great thing at that time, in Bristol. The gentleman was elderly, as I have said ; and moreover, his person and garb, as well as his habits, gave token of poverty. He was thin, and apparently feeble ; his coat was seedy, his hat rusty, his nether habiliments thread-bare, and otherwise betokening long and arduous service ; and his expenditure never exceeded the sixpence required to pay for the one glass of brandy-and-water. Nobody seemed to know him ; and after a few of his daily calls, he came to be recognised by the waiters and landlord, with that happy adaptation of names for which English landlords and waiters are remarkable, as ‘The poor gentleman that reads the paper.’

If any doubts existed as to his poverty, they were dispelled when Christmas-day arrived, and the poor gentleman was seen taking his place at the long table, and demolishing an ample allowance of the beef and the pudding, for which there was nothing to pay. ‘Poor fellow!’ soliloquized the landlord of the Bush ; ‘I’m sure he can’t afford that sixpence every day for his brandy-and-water ; I must make it up to him again. His measures were accordingly taken ; John the waiter had his instructions ; and when the poor gentleman handed his plate for another slice of the pudding, a guinea was slipped into his hand, with the whispered, ‘Master’s compliments, Sir, and says this will do to lay in some winter flannels for the children.’ The poor gentleman looked at the coin, and then at the waiter ; then deposited the first in the right hand pocket of his small clothes ; and then drew forth a card which he handed to John, quietly remarking : ‘My thanks and compliments to your master, and tell him that if he ever happens to come my way, I hope he’ll call upon me.’ This was the card :

THOMAS COUTTS,

59 STRAND,

LONDON.

The ‘poor gentleman’ was at Bristol, superintending the erection of some thirty or forty houses, which he was building on speculation. What afterward passed between him and the landlord of the Bush, is not recorded ; but this much is known, that

the said landlord soon after engaged very largely in the coaching business; that his drafts on Coutts and Co., the great bankers, were always duly honored; that he was very successful, and became one of the richest men in Bristol. And it is farther said, that the identical Christmas guinea is still in the possession of the 'poor gentleman's' widow, her Grace the Duchess of St. Albans.

AND now, Reader, peace be with you! This salutation by
the hand of me, OLLAPOD.

NUMBER TEN.

February, 1836.

THERE is a pensive, melancholy feeling, which overpowers the heart of a resident in a city, when he goes at twilight from the scene of his business and his cares to the fireside of home. As he passes along the crowded thoroughfare, jostled by the hundreds that meet him; as he looks forward through the uncertain atmosphere, to forms and dwellings dimly descried, by twinkling lamps in the distance, and sees damp walls and streets receding from his footsteps; he falls into a train of musing. How many deeds does the night bring on! How many an unsuspected and impatient eye watches the golden sun go down into the glowing bosom of the West; how many hearts beat high with suspense or disquiet, while the wan twilight deepens into evening, and the stars, one by one, glittering like diamonds through the infinite air, 'set their watch in the sky!' The affianced bride waits for her lover, counting the footsteps that fall upon the pavement, and taxing the discipline of her ready ear with the task of decision whether they be *his* or no; the church-goer longs for the bell, whose voice proclaims the hallowed hour of prayer, and lingers in fond solicitude for the moment when the chapel-ward step shall be taken. In unnumbered bosoms are kindled the emotions of praise; and they are pure and holy. Nothing can exceed the beauty of a truly calm and chastened affection. It is alike lovely when bestowed on God or man. The relinquishment of self; the trusting dependence on the Great Power of Nature; the fond aspirations for better enjoyments; these are the true solace and hope of mortality.

For one, I am a deep lover of the 'poetry of heaven.' Delicate and perfect indeed is the 'glitterance of the stars.' I love to

watch their birth in the depths of the evening firmament ; and to see the moon walking in their midst ; the Queen of the Evening, whose blue pathway glitters with the fadeless jewelry of the universe. Some of these glorious spheres spring with their holy lustre upon the sight with the quickness of thought, blessing the eye with their sweet radiance, and almost haunting the ear with that music which seems to echo from that dim period of the past, when the morning stars sang together. When I behold them, devotional feelings possess my heart ; and I go back on the wings of memory to the far away scenes of my boyhood. I think again, as I did then, that all created things make melody to their God, and, singing as once I sung, I say :

Ask of the ocean-waves that burst
In music on the strand,
Whose murmurs load the scented breeze
That fans the Summer land ;
Why is their harmony abroad,
Their cadence in the sky
That glitters with the smile of God
In mystery on high ?

Question the cataract's boiling tide,
Down stooping from above,
Why its proud billows, far and wide
In stormy thunders move ?
It is that in their hollow voice
A tone of praise is given,
Which bids the fainting heart rejoice,
And trust THE MIGHT of Heaven ?

And ask the tribes whose matin song
Melts on the dewy air,
Why, like a stream that steals along,
Flow forth their praises there ?
Why, when the veil of Eve comes down,
With all its starry hours,
The night-bird's melancholy lay
Rings from her solemn bowers ?

It is some might of love within,
Some impulse from on high,
That bids their matin-song begin,
Or fills the evening sky
With gentle echoes all its own ;
With sounds, that on the ear
Fall, like the voice of kindred gone,
Cut off in Youth's career !

Ask of the gales that sweep abroad,
When Sunset's fiery wall
Is crowned with many a painted cloud,
A gorgeous coronal ;

Ask why their wings are trembling then
O'er Nature's sounding lyre,
While the far occidental hills
Are bathed in golden fire ?

Oh ! shall the wide world raise the song
Of peace, and joy, and love,
And shall man's heart not bid his tongue
In voiceful praises move ?
Shall the old forest and the wave,
When summon'd by the breeze,
Yield a sweet flow of solemn praise,
And *man* have less than these ?

No one, I fancy, can regard the wonderful mechanism of the heavens, or the revolutions of this goodly frame the earth, without emotion. I at least cannot. When I behold the moon, coursing her sweet and mysterious way through the azure vault of evening, or the sun, mounting from his golden tabernacle of morning clouds, to smile from the zenith upon a beautiful world, I am filled with wonder and admiration. The coming on of Spring, the advent and departure of Summer, are to me scenes and themes of amazing thought. Then, how solemnly does Autumn come on ; rustling his fallow leaf, and shaking his withered spray, in token that Winter is near ! telling the heart, as Wordsworth does the eye, that

'Summer ebbs; each day that follows,
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows,
Where the frosts of Winter lie.'

I VALUE every season as it affords me subjects for reflection. New-Year's day is fruitful of thought. Standing upon the threshold of a cycle, we look forward with questioning eyes into the unknown future, wondering what it may bring to us of weal or wo. Merciful is the cloud that hangs over that untrodden way ; grateful the uncertainty which begirts its uninvestigated span. Methinks it adds a fresher glow to that social communion wherewith we greet the opening year ; that it gives to love a holiness, to friendship a charm. I would that the time-honored custom of Gotham might be extended through the Atlantic cities ; that friends might be gathered together around each other's fire-sides at the morning of the year, there to renew the sweet feelings and generous sympathies of life.

It is the renewal of precious and holy feelings, that makes the new year in New-York so delightful. The citizens bid a truce

to care ; and the generous principle of friendship comes fully into play. To tell the truth, the custom begins to *radiate* from the commercial metropolis, and its delights, 'like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,' are already springing up in other towns. I had a taste of them at the commencement of this present year, in the Rectangular City ; enough to convince me that the mode is germinating freely, and will soon abundantly fructify. It fell on the day that I had some dozen friends to visit ; and the employment was truly a New-York affair, altogether. One hospitable household, well known for the kindness of its members, and the regal bounty of its domestic appointments, conducted the matter in veritable Gotham style. On a table which groaned—if mahogany *can* groan—with its burden, were placed all sorts of rich edibles, and copious excellences of great variety, in the way of potation. Many were the pleasant-tasted things that reminded me, through the interpretation of the palate, that I might consider myself in New-York ; and as, for the nonce, 'I drained huge draughts of Rhenish down,' I can assure the reader that the American London was 'in my flowing cups freshly remembered.' Great, however, is the stability of my brain ; and so it was, that I escaped without injury ; though I do religiously believe, that should 'some persons' imbibe thus much of things spiritual and substantial, their footsteps would indicate a knowledge of the curvilinear zig-zag.

It is right wholesome to me, to perceive the effect of the new year, on an old bachelor. His forehead wears less wrinkles then, and that part to which phrenologists assign the organ of benevolence, seemeth to bulge, as it were, with a preternatural expansion. He becometh frisky ; 'takes much to imbibe,' and thinks seriously of changing his condition. I never knew but one, that the new year could not revivify, and he was a biped whom long years of 'scoundrelizing' had indurated, in the region of the heart, to perfect ossification. The sarcophagus of a mummy, or the flesh of a patriarchal turkey, the cock of his peculiar walk of life, could not be harder. I met him, 'the first of last January was a year,' as they say in Brotherly Love. 'Well, Tompkins,' said I, 'your bosom friend Jones has been swept away, within the past year, into the vortex of matrimony.' 'Yes,' said he, with some such a grin as Satan may have shed upon Ithuriel in Paradise ; 'yes ; Tom has gone, and I am *glad of it*. I don't know why I *should* be, though ; for he never did me any injury !' He sported this remark for a new year's original ; yet, like his wig, I believe it was not natural, but borrowed for the occasion.

It is diverting in the extreme to observe the pompous grandiloquence in the advertisements of the amusement-furnishing public, about Christmas and New-Year. Sublimity glares from the theatrical hand-bill, and the menagerie *affiche*. Curiosities, then, have a 'most magnanimous value.' I remember, not long ago, that I desired a lovely lady, a French countess, to accompany me to a Zoological Institute, to behold *an American Eagle*. I was pleased at the expressed wish which led me to make the invitation, and proud of the prospect of showing a living emblem of our country's insignia to one who felt an interest in the subject. The bills of the institute set forth, that 'the grand Columbia's Eagle was the monarch of its tribe, measuring an unprecedented length from the tip of one wing to the other, in full plumage, and vigor.' The countess had never seen but one eagle, in the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, and that was a small one, and ungrown; so that her anticipations of novelty were as great as mine. We went, and with interesting expectancy, asked of the president of the institute, who was engaged in the noble pursuit of feeding a sick baboon with little slips of cold pork, to discover to us 'Columbia's eagle.' He marshalled us to the other end of the institute, past the cages of lions, bears, libbards, and other animals—among which was a singular *quadruped*, with six legs—to the cage of the eagle. 'There,' he exclaimed, with professional monotony, 'there *is* the proud bird of our country, that *was* caught in the West, and *has* been thought to have killed many animals *in* his life-time. He *was* five hours and twenty-three minutes *in* being put into the cage, *so* strong *was* his wings. Look at him *clus*. He'll bear inspection. Jist observe the keen *irish* of his eye.'

An involuntary and hearty laugh from us both, followed the sight, and the announcement. It was a dismal looking bird, about the size of a goodly owl, with a crest-fallen aspect, the feathers of the tail and wings dwindled to a few ragged quills; and the shivering fowl, standing on one leg, looked with a vacant, spectral eye at his visitors. Nothing could be so perfectly burlesque, and we enjoyed it deeply and long. I shall never be deceived by show-bills again. —

APROPOS of *holidays*. To the young and light-hearted, they are what they seem. To those who have passed the purple and flowery boundaries of minority, that 'infancy' of law, they are forbidden gardens of pleasure, whose fruitage is only for the eye. To the adult, it is a season of preparation for the payment of bills—or, *williams*, as they should be more classically denomi-

nated—that fall due on or about the first of the year. These absorb his soul. The mercer, the *bottier*, the manufacturer of those glossy receptacles which environ the chamber of the soul, all such send in their accumulated williams, until the sight thereof astounds the receiver. Forthwith he sets about defraying the same; and great is his satisfaction when he says *eureka!* of their end. I have a ‘contemporary,’ if he be yet alive, sojourning in foreign lands, who was once visited, about Christmas, by the senior of the firm of ‘Wright, Wright and Wiggins, mercers, drapers, and fabricators of good habits.’ The elder of the house—a fat and burly biped, with a turnip countenance, and nose of extraordinary redness—bore to Wilkins his bill. Wilkins was oblivious.

‘Can you tell me, my dear Sir, where you have ever seen me before?’

‘Certainly—yes, Sir—I can. You are a customer of ours, at — street, 27. Here’s your bill.’

‘Ah—so it is: Wright, you are right. But, my dear Sir, there is one trifling circumstance connected with this bill, which makes it a little awkward. I have not the wherewithal to settle it. This is the only obstacle in the way, at present. I do not quote often; but you will perhaps allow me, on this occasion, to observe, in the language of the cockney to Mathews’ cab-driver: ‘I han’t not got no money whatsomdever; on the contrary, it is quite the rewaase.’ Beside, my friend, I have a plan from which I never depart, in the cancelling of my leger-liabilities. I pay my blank-book demands *alphabetically*. Your firm is Wright, Wright and Wiggins. The plan strikes you, I see, visibly; and its propriety is as clear, seemingly, to you, as the light on a lily, in the spring-time, or the glow on the red side of a bursted peach, in October. The divine thought touches you nearly, and you acquiesce, evidently. *Adios*, my friend: as soon as I reach your name in my payments, some ten months hence, I will advise you promptly. I say this, with a difficult nerve; but I trust you twig me decidedly. I mean as I say. Good morning—good morning!’

READER, since I last communed with thee, the despot Sickness has held me in subjection. I have had dull days, and weary nights; but my books have been companions, and I have had, beside, friends and newspapers. I mention this thing, partly to excuse my brevity, and lack of variety, and also as a prelude to this piece of advice: *Lend not thy umbrella*, nor suffer thou it to be stolen from thee. In this wise, did I procure my indisposi-

tion. The night was dark, the rains descended; the floods came, and beat against me; the umbrella was loaned—it has never come home. Heaven forgive the borrower! There are some who do not even borrow this in-rainy-weather-much-to-be-desired-and-requisite article. They *steal* it, without compunction. I lately heard a man of God, at a Wesleyan conventicle, deliver the following speech from the altar: ‘I would ad’nonce to the cod’ngregation, that, probably *by mistake*, there was left at this house of prayer, this morning, a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and tear, and of an exceeding-*ly* pale blue color, in the place whereof was taken a very large black silk umbrella, new, and of great beauty. I say, my brethren, it was probably by mistake, that of these articles, the one was taken and the other left; though it is a very improper mistake, and should be discountenanced, if possible. Blunders of this sort, brethren and sisters, are getting a *leetle* too common!’

Pas encore, à present, cher lecteur.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

March, 1836.

GLORIOUS BELLINI! I have been listening for many pleasant evenings past, to the sweet creations of that composer’s mind. How sad that he died so young! Only twenty-eight, when the shroud was wrapped around his bosom, and his tuneless ear laid beneath the coffin-lid! But the harmonies he conceived, will linger in holy sweetness, while taste shall last; and many an unborn enthusiast will yet live to bless his name. How touching and beautiful are the tender sentences that drop in melody from the lips of Count Rodolpho, in *La Somnambula*! With what a divine diapason do the following words, and the chorus that accompanies them, fall on the ear! They are the by-gone thoughts of one who has long been absent from his youthful home, on again finding himself amidst the well known scenes of his dear native village. Filled with melancholy rapture at the sight of that which he has gained, and troubled with recollections of what he has lost, he exclaims:

‘SCENES of Beauty! full well I know ye —
Many moments of joy I owe ye;
Of pleasures banished,
Of days long vanished;
Oh! my breast is filled with pain,
Finding objects, that still remain,
While those days come not again!’

I know not how it is, but that last line haunts my ear continually. Reader, if you are now old, you have once been young; if young, you know what I mean, when I speak of that Golden Age, our early days. Time, as we pass onward to that outer gate which swings open into eternity, may give us many enjoyments, but they are *satisfaction* merely; tame, passive satisfaction. Troubles fall upon us like a *brutum fulmen*; incidents that would stir the young heart to sympathy and sorrow, occur to the middle-aged without notice or distress. How often have I read, with supreme delight, that beautiful poem of Gray's, suggested by a survey of his boyhood's school, and the scenes it embraced, at Eton:

‘Ah! happy hills—ah! pleasing shades,
 Ah! fields, beloved in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second Spring.’

For my own part, I love to renew the memories of my fresher hours, at all times. I am glad to escape from the present to the past; for we know what we have been in happiness, but not what we shall be. Give me a draft on the great bank of by-gone time, rather than on the future. Truth to say, however, a country life is no scene in which to gain a taste for music. I know this well. The splendid opera, the gay assembly, the intoxicating waltz, are there almost unknown. How imperceptibly does our admiration of an opera grow upon us! Sound after sound, solo after solo, duet after duet, fall upon the ear as if they were trifles; by-and-by we love them; they adhere to our thoughts—we deem them divine. They associate themselves with early recollections: we think of the golden evening sunlight that played upon the landscapes of youth; of early affections and hopes; of the loving ones that are distant—the dear ones that have died. Precious in the human soul, is the fountain of remembrance!

BUT a taste for music may be carried too far. I hate your singing bore, your man of crotchets and quavers, with big eyes, who is evermore seeking an opportunity to execute his song; who troubles diners-out for their insincere applause, and mistaking jest for praise, tunes his throat anew, runs up his voice

into the affected falsetto, and discourses ill-timed harmonies, in the tone of 'the eunuch's pipe!' I hate such bipeds, *ab imo pectore*. I dislike, also, discordant associations for music. They are like Thespian societies—great afflictions. I once had a friend—a highly respectable youth, of excellent family—who acquired a *penchant* for doing the Roscius, in a small dramatic volunteer company. He did enact many parts, and was sometimes vehemently applauded by the free-admission boobies who flocked to such exhibitions. At last he became stage-mad, stepped incontinently into the buskin, made a western tour, and returned to his native city, a legitimate loafer, with all the external credentials of that multitudinous tribe. I encountered him not many months ago, negotiating with the landlord at a hotel, where I called to greet a travelling friend, in the following words: 'I say, publican, mayhap you know me not. I am every inch a king. As Shakspeare says, 'I am myself alone,' and was n't Shakspeare a screamer? What I wish to say, can be told shortly. 'Much misery can be let on in a few words,' as Mrs. Haller says in the Stranger. I am a little confused just now; for truth to tell, I have taken a little potation this morning: but though I seem confused, I know you will look it over, from one who is really 'more sinned against than sinning.' What I wish to say is this. You know me. I am the son of General —, a well known, but not a 'greasy citizen.' I wish to make arrangements with you for the purchase of a glass of *cau de vie*, at a liberal credit. I throw myself upon your indulgence, and solicit straight for the privilege of 'running my face' for the liquor aforesaid. Will you comply? Do for once—just for grandeur.'

The publican, after complimenting the father of the prodigal, respectfully declined, and the votary of Thespiis abdicated.

SPEAKING of the music which is apt ordinarily to greet one's ears in the country, the tuneful Beattie, in his Minstrel, discourseth thereupon with most melodious unction. It is indeed sweet, as he avers, to listen to the harmonies of morning, when the sun sits upon the highmost hill of journey; when the freshness of night mingles with the bland atmosphere of the day; when the groves are vocal, and the floods clap their hands. But there is much more music in a city, notwithstanding we miss therein that magnificent organ-sound of commingling woods and waters which give their voices to the gale; that grand and viewless instrument, whose ventiges are governed by the fingers of the Eternal. The denizen of a metropolis must have indeed a busy

ear, to devour all the musical discourse with which the air at morning is rife around him. In the town of Brotherly Love — I speak to those who know — what sounds vibrate upon the tympanum ! Who has not heard the sable vender of ground corn exclaim : ‘ Come and buy my ho-mi-ny — oh, ye-ep ! ’ — or the improvisatore who sells

‘ Brick-dust from Brandywine,
Both ni-i-ce and fi-n-é ! ’

Or that peripatetic individual who goeth about with his axe and wedges, keeping time as they strike together, to the sonorous ejaculation : ‘ Ah ’split-wood ! ’ These are familiar minstrels ; and those who pass them in the street — especially if they are interested — listen attentively while the speech drops upon them.

MANY chapters have been written against early rising in cities. I like it much in theory, but it is detestable in practice. In the country, ’t is a joy to rise early. Once, under some casual inspiration, from this cause, I scribbled thus. Reader, take it for better or for worse :

STANZAS.

‘ *Awake psaltery and harp : I myself will awake early.* ’

Wake, when the mists of the blue mountains sleeping,
Like crowns of glory in the distance lie ;
When breathing from the South, o’er blossoms sweeping,
The gale bears music through the sunny sky ;
While lake and meadow, upland, grove and stream,
Smile like the glory of an Eden dream.

Wake while unfettered thoughts, like treasures springing,
Bid the heart leap within its prison-cell ;
When birds and brooks through the pure air are flinging
The mellow chant of their beguiling spell ;
When earliest winds their anthems have begun,
And, incense-laden, their sweet journeys run.

Then, psaltery and harp, a tone awaken,
Whereto the echoing bosom shall reply,
As earth’s rich scenes, by shadowy night forsaken,
Unfold their beauty to the filling eye :
When, like the restless breeze, or wild-bird’s lay,
Pure thoughts, on dove-like pinions, float away.

Wake thou, too, man, when from refreshing slumber,
And thy luxurious couch, thou dost arise,
Thanks for life’s golden gifts — a countless number —
Calm dreams, and soaring hopes, and summer skies :
Wake ! — let thy heart’s fine chords be touched in praise,
While the pure light of morn around thee plays !

BUT much as I love the *waking* of the morning, I love also its rest. Of all visions, those are loveliest which come upon our imaginations in the morning watch. Already fresh and invigorated with rest, the mind *revels* in its fanciful creations. How many golden cities, and glorious landscapes, and worlds of changeful waters, flecked with green and blue, have I seen in my dreams! Oh delicious Sleep! Thou art indeed the world's Spanish cloak, and with thy sister Night, thou wrappest the careworn bosom in indolent repose. Republican and Democratic Sleep! Thou hast no predilections for parties. Thou descendest as soon upon an old Federalist, as his opponent—upon a Mason or an anti-Mason, as upon the tabby that slumbers by the farmer's fire. Thou hast no balm for favorites, save that thy wing is spread the soonest over the brow of the husbandman, and the heart of the weary. Thou art terrible alone to the over-rich and the over-guilty. To the dyspeptic maid, whose nights are spent in the dissipation of parties, and amidst the hot air of crowded assemblies—to her thou art a burden. To the young, the gay, the country-born, thou art altogether delightful.

THERE is one place where sleep is uncomely—namely, in a church. But, dear reader, there are some somniferous men of God, whose words fall upon you like so many poppies. Their languid sentences come from the 'ancient nose, all spectacle-bedstrid,' with such a drowsy twang, that they are irresistible stupifiers. I listened of late to such a one. *He never finished a sentence.* 'My friends,' he would say, 'I wish to address you upon the importance *of*. It is a subject of great importance; and it is one *which*. When I say that it is subject of importance, I mean to infer that it is important to the individual *who*. And when that individual declines observing this subject, he has reached that state of moral turpitude, *when*. Hence we view, that he becomes associated with those *that*, on account of the deceitfulness of the world, are corrupted *by*!'

If you do not doze, reader, over that last sentence, I shall be prepared hereafter to repay your lively spirit with better things. This cold winter has congealed all my better thoughts. I shall thaw into soul and sentiment, when the spring-time comes.

NUMBER TWELVE.

April, 1836.

I CONCEIVE it a great plague to be one's own hero, and to be the describer in the first person singular of individual adventures. Those two great personages, Says He and Says I, are no particular favorites of mine. They are great draw-backs in these my sketches; for, reader, I am, at bottom, a modest and retiring man. Therefore should I desire in papers like these, were it right practicable, to sink the personal, and expand into the general. Reflection convinces me, howbeit, that this would not *do*. What I have to say, or to sketch, would then be without form and void. No; give me my way; let me disport as I will, and I warrant me there shall be *something* in what I write, which will warm the heart, or light the eye of him that reads me.

TALKING of a man's making a hero of himself, reminds me of an old friend of mine, who is fond of telling long stories about fights and quarrels that he has had in his day, and who always makes his hearer his opponent for the time, so as to give effect to what he is saying. Not long ago I met him on 'Change, at a business hour, when all the commercing multitudes of the city were together, and you could scarcely turn, for the people. The old fellow fixed his eye on me; there was a fatal fascination in it. Getting off without recognition, would have been unpardonable disrespect. In a moment, his finger was in my button-hole, and his rheumy optics glittering with the satisfaction of your true *bore*, when he has met with an unresisting subject. I listened to his common-places with the utmost apparent satisfaction. Directly, he began to speak of an altercation which he once had with an officer in the navy. He was relating the *particulars*. 'Some words,' said he, 'occurred between *him* and *me*. Now you know that he is a much younger man than I am; in fact, about *your* age. Well, he '*made use of an expression*' which I did not exactly like. Says I to him, says I, 'What do you mean by that?' 'Why,' says he to me, says he, 'I mean just what I say.' Then I began to burn. There was an impromptu elevation of my personal dandriff, which was unaccountable. I didn't waste words on him; I just took him in this way,' (here the old *spooney* suited the action to the word, by seizing the collar of my coat, before the assemblage,) 'and says I to him, says I,

‘You infernal scoundrel, I will punish you for your insolence on the spot!’ and the manner in which I shook him (just in *this* way) was really a warning to a person similarly situated.’

I felt myself at this moment in a beautiful predicament: in the midst of a large congregation of business people; an old gray-headed man hanging, with an indignant look, at my coat-collar; and a host of persons looking on. The old fellow’s face grew redder every minute; but perceiving that he was observed, he lowered his voice in the *detail*, while he lifted it in the worst places of his colloquy. ‘You infernal scoundrel, and caitiff, and villain,’ says I, ‘what do you mean, to insult an elderly person like myself, in a public place like this?’ and then, said he, lowering his malapropos-voice, ‘then I shook him, *so*.’

Here he pushed me to and fro, with his septuagenarian gripe on my collar, as if instead of a patient, much bored *friend*, I was his deadly enemy. When he let go, I found myself in a *ring* of spectators. ‘Shame, shame! to insult an old man like him!’ was the general cry. ‘Young puppy!’ said an elderly merchant, whose good opinion was my heart’s desire, ‘what excuse have you for your conduct?’

Thus was I made a martyr to my good feelings. I have never recovered from the stigma of that interview. I have been pointed at in the street by persons who have said as I passed them, ‘That’s the young chap that insulted old General ———, at the Exchange!’

THIS same venerable gentleman once troubled me with his *augur*-ies, in the following manner. He accosted me, up town, a mile, I suppose, from the Exchange. ‘My good friend,’ he said, ‘I wish you to go with me to the City Reading Room, and look at a contribution that I have published in one of the newspapers. I dare say it is open to criticism. Mind you, I am not a man of letters. I am doing a snug, winding-up business in my latter days, and I cannot serve two masters.’ I accompanied him: he sought out the paper file, and after much research, turned to the following:

‘SHAD.—Now landing, several barrels of Shad. The barrels is new, and the shad are fresh. For sale by ———, No. 85 ——— street.’

‘Now,’ said he, ‘will you tell me whether ‘barrels *is*’ is right? Don’t you think I ought to have used the subjunctive mood in the future tense, and said ‘the barrels *are*,’ and cetera? I don’t feel sure, myself; I just want your opinion. I *know*, you know; but I want to be *positive*.’

I elucidated the matter to him as plainly as I could, and left him; only resolving, that if ever I saw him approaching me in the street again, I would take to my heels and run like an express to get out of his way.

I SHOULD like to write a chapter on *boreds*. There are distinct classes of them, and it requires a philosophical mind to furnish proper analyses of the varying *genus*. The man, for instance, who meets you going to bank, or to dinner, and begins to talk to you of matters and things in general, whereunto you are, for politeness' sake, compelled to listen, what a plague he is, to be sure! He has no heart. He listens to the loquacity of your diaphragm with perfect composure, though it speak of wants unsatisfied, and viands in expectancy. He holdeth converse with nonentity; he keepeth you in suspense, by leaving his sentences unfinished; and he taxeth your imagination with wonder as to what the devil he will have to say next. You go home to a late and cold dinner, with your whole body in a state of grumbling dissatisfaction. You feel as if you could knock down your grandfather. In short, you feel as every man does, when he has been bored. It is an awful sensation. Sea-sickness is pleasure to it. Should I hereafter describe this class, I fear I shall give them a Rembrandt coloring; for I am confident, from the wrongs they have done me, that I could not speak of them with my customary coolness and impartiality.

BY-THE-BY, the word impartiality reminds me of a legal biped, who possessed this quality 'to a degree.' Reader, you don't know the Hon. Abednego Babcock, do you? Taking it for granted that you do not, I will describe him to you. Like Wouter Van Twiller, he is about five feet six inches high, and six feet five inches in circumference. He *potatoes* considerably, and in that way has nursed for himself a nasal organ of most scarlet rubicundity. It is a sign, as I call it, of '*grog* manifest in the flesh.' He is a man of many friends among pot-house lawyers and small politicians. He has never been known, I believe, to give a decided opinion on any subject. I once heard him charge a jury something after this fashion:

'*Gentlemen*: This is an action brought by the plaintiff against the defendant. You have heard the evidence on both sides, and the court know of no points of law that you may not be supposed to understand already. The case is a very plain one; and if, upon a careful review of the testimony, you should think the

plaintiff entitled to a verdict, the decision must be in his favor ; but if, on the contrary, it should appear that the defendant ought to be the plaintiff in this suit, you will please bring in a bill to that effect. I believe that is about all that is to be said in the matter. If you can think of any thing else that I ought to say, I have no objection to mention it. It is now my dinner hour. Swear a constable.'

This was the usual impartiality of Abednego Babcock, Esq. He would sit for hours on the bench, feeling the customary blossoms on his nose with his affectionate fingers ; an employment which evidently gave him great satisfaction. They do say that whenever a flatulent attorney speaks before him, he drops right to sleep. He says a hundred yards of *gab*, as he classically calls it, could not change his mind, when he has it made up. He despises every thing high-flown, or, as he sometimes terms it, *hypherflutenated* ; and thinks that, in nine cases out of ten, a cause can be best decided by hearing only one side.

APROPOS of the bar. What a deal of bad oratory there is about it ! I have one or two good friends among the lawyers in Gotham who could depict these grandiloquent attorneys to the life. How much verbose pomposity of language, too, do you find in the pulpit, where, of all other places, it is most out of place. A few days ago, I heard an unhewn 'Ambassador from the court of Heaven,' as he *credentialized* himself, who had taken the far west in his route to the church where I heard him, use the following *burst*. He was speaking of Judas and Benedict Arnold ; worthies whom he compared together. 'Arnold,' said he, 'was a traitor, of whom you may have heard, who tried for to sell his *ked'ntry*. It was the ruination of him, and for what he *done*, he will be rewarded with infamy ; for his name will sertingly go down to the most remotest posterity, kivered all over with Hell's arsenic !' Here he looked round upon his audience with an air of pride, as if he would say, '*There's a touch for you !*'

SPEAKING of clerical oratory, bids me think of an event I witnessed lately in an Episcopal conventicle. The morning service had been said ; the rich tones of the organ were mellowing away into silence, when the speaker arose, and named his text, in these simple words : '*Jesus wept.*' He spoke in a strain of touching simplicity ; he painted the sorrows of the SAVIOR at the death of Lazarus ; and he described in beautiful language the propriety

of his grief, by enlarging upon that inevitable condition of mortality which causes all to grieve. By and by I heard a faint moan. A young and tender-hearted mother, who had but a few weeks before buried a blooming daughter, the darling of her love, overcome by her feelings, had fainted away. But it was no boisterous or harrowing language, that thus stirred within her the holy fountain of a mother's affection. It was the words of simplicity that fell upon her ear, and trembled in her bosom. The circumstance revived in my mind the memory of a sermon—the offspring of untutored genius—which I heard in early youth. The preacher was an unlettered woodsman, but he spoke with correctness, with eloquence. The occasion was the funeral of a child. The boy, a lad of four or five years old, lay on the bier before him; His fair cheeks had not lost their rosy red, and his little form, so decently composed in the white garments of the grave, looked far too dainty for the earth to cover. The speaker took his text from the touching story of Gehazi and the Shunamite. I forget the place where it is to be found. ‘And he said to the mother, Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child? And she answered, *It is well.*’ He went on to show his hearers, that in the case before them, it was ‘*well* with the child:’ and beautifully did he prove it. My heart swells yet, at the mere remembrance of that sermon. ‘Mother,’ he said, ‘do you mourn for the child that has fallen like a blossom from your arms? Weep not, for *it is well.* He has escaped the darkness of earthly sorrow; the clouds that day by day would have rolled gradually over his spirit; the crosses of existence; the gloom that follows after that golden age, ere the life of life begins to fail and fade; he has missed all these, and in that ‘better country,’ where *his* FATHER and *our* FATHER smiles upon him, his innocent spirit is at rest. Fond mother! distrust not thy God. Lift thy heart-warm prayer to HIM in the night-watches; and as thou implorest consolation, thou mayest ask thy God, ‘Is it well with my child?’ and soft as Heavenly numbers, sweet as the music of an angel’s lyre, HE will answer, ‘*It is well.*’

I HAVE remembered this sermon, fondly and long. The preacher was such a man as William Wirt once described, only he was not blind. He was tall, and of goodly presence, with a venerable snowy head, and an eye that beamed with benignity and good will to men. Upon returning home, with my heart full of the discourse I had heard, I wrote thus:

THE EARLY DEAD.

'WHY mourn for the Young? Better that the light cloud should fade away in the morning's breath, than travel through the weary day, to gather in darkness, and end in storm.'

BULWER.

If it be sad to mark the bow'd with age
Sink in the halls of the remorseless tomb,
Closing the changes of life's pilgrimage
In the still darkness of its mouldering gloom;
Oh! what a shadow o'er the heart is flung,
When peals the requiem of the loved and young!

They to whose bosoms, like the dawn of spring,
To the unfolding bud and scented rose,
Comes the pure freshness age can never bring,
And fills the spirit with a rich repose,
How shall we lay them in their final rest;
How pile the clods upon their wasting breast?

Life openeth brightly to their ardent gaze;
A glorious pomp sits on the gorgeous sky;
O'er the broad world Hope's smile incessant plays,
And scenes of beauty win the enchanted eye;
How sad to break the vision, and to fold
Each lifeless form in earth's embracing mould!

Yet this is Life! To mark from day to day,
Youth, in the freshness of its morning prime,
Pass, like the anthem of a breeze away;
Sinking in waves of Death, ere chilled by Time!
Ere yet dark years on the warm cheek had shed
Autumnal mildew o'er its rose-like red!

And yet what mourner, though the pensive eye
Be dimly-thoughtful in its burning tears,
But should with rapture gaze upon the sky,
Through whose far depths the spirit's wing careers?
There gleams eternal o'er their ways are flung,
Who fade from earth while yet their years are young!

CHILDREN are queer subjects to write about. I know several little friends of mine, that I can never believe will be grown up wrinkled men and women. Will that little beauty become an old woman? I'll not believe it. Will that boy, now shooting his marble, or drawing his sled in winter, will he become a portly-looking man, with a stern temper, a fat abdomen, and a big bunch of watch-keys hanging just beneath his waistcoat? Will he wear spectacles, and a cane? It seems impossible, but it must be. There must be an end to every thing; to youth, to its tastes, and its associations.

READER, I do not wish to twaddle ; but there can be no harm in announcing to you, that in my meridian the 'spring time of the year is coming.' There is a soft, bland influence in the air, which comes over the spirit like the rush of an angel's wing, filling it with fresh and happy thoughts. I can see the trees from my window, bursting into verdure ; and the thousand voices of the city seem sweeter to my ear. We have had a stormy winter and a long ; and those were horrid North-easters that blew along the Atlantic coast, what time, vexed with our Yankee euroclydon, (and we occasionally get up a passing good one,) 'the sea wrought and was tempestuous.' But now, the winter is over and gone ; the flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of the birds is come ; and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land : not the 'torkle upon yander's tree,' of which I made a late quotation from a bard of Pennsylvania ; but those which *william* and coo, with their beautiful necks, on the house-tops. (I hate the word *bill*, for many reasons.) The chimney-sweep stays longer in the quiet sunshine on his brick tower ; the spirit of spring is in his brush, and his song is louder. Commend me to Spring. It is the gem of the seasons ; beyond dispute.

TALKING of disputes, sends into my mind the thought of a good-hearted acquaintance, who really thinks that he is immense in controversy. He will overcome you with words, and though they have but little argument in them, yet I have never known a person to commence a colloquy with him who was not 'worsted.' He will go from Dan until thou come to Beersheba, just to compass a hard word, which he lugs in as a *puzzler*. If his opponent tells him he does not know what he means by such words, he will come down upon him with the sweeping conclusion that such ignorance is a proof that he is not a fit antagonist. Lately, he was riding in the stage with a motley collection of passengers, in the interior of a neighboring state. By degrees the party became chatty, and our friend was not backward in the lingual exercise. The conversation turned upon the merits of Christianity and unbelief. There were one or two infidels in the vehicle, who took up the cudgels for their side, with more zeal than truth or discretion. They began to circumvent our traveller, when he stopped them short by saying : 'Gentlemen, it is no manner of use for you to attempt an argument with me. I have out-talked many of your way of thinking ; and I may say, that I never met with one yet, who was not glad enough, before I had done with him, to get off by crying *copavi* !' He thought this the choice Italian for *peccavi*. It is needless to say, that after this, by common

concession, 'he had the floor.' But bless me! reader, now I think of it, it is time that there should be an end to the present number of the lucubrations of your honest friend, OLLAPOD.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

July, 1836.

MOST people travel a *leetle* every Summer through these United States, in sundry portions and quarters thereof; and yet how very few of those who go down upon the sea in ships, or along the rail-road or the canal, seeing the sublimities and oddities of existence, make any record of them? Therefore, gentle reader, do I propose to enlighten thee, not with sketches of travel, but with beneficial hints, whereby thy omnipresent whereabouts, as thou journeyest, may be regaled.

WE are passing up the Hudson. The low clouds from a hundred steam-boats are staining the sky in the direction of New York, which has long since faded in the distance. The peripatetic colored man, who summons oblivious passengers to 'the capting's orifice,' to disburse the swindle for their transit, has not yet gone his rounds: there is only the low gurgle of the waves ploughed aside by the bow of the steam-boat; the half-awakened company are promenading the deck, and the poetically-disposed are looking at the Palisades, whose dark shoulders rise on the west bank of the river, as if those barriers could never be removed, even by the voice of the archangel, and the final trump.

BY-THE-WAY, speaking of the last trumpet, makes me remember the reply of a veteran old charcoal man, of Philadelphia, well known to the citizens thereof for the sonorousness of his tin horn, and the excellence of his commodity. Honest JIMMY CHARCOAL!—he is removed from among the quick, and numbered with those who have jumped from the shoal of time into kingdom come. He was a cheerful, good-hearted citizen; and though he certainly did not move in the first circles, yet he spread light and heat wherever he went—not by his person, however; for if ever there was a man who looked like a plenipotentiary fresh from the court of Tophet, Jimmy was that individual. Well, as I have said, he had a most vociferous horn, and unremitting were the blasts which he protruded through the same upon

the general ear. At last, some evil-disposed citizens, having no taste for music, went to his honor the Mayor, and lodged grievous complaints against the distinguished *hornist*, (I use a musical term,) setting forth that he disturbed the public bosom with his soul-stirring instrument. After such an accusation, he was brought before the great municipal functionary, and received a stern and awful reprimand. Jimmy stood the rebuke as if Satan had not only allowed him his own color, but also his courage. His reply was cogent and conclusive: 'Look here, your honor,' said he, 'I ha'n't no disposition, by no means, to complain of them 'ere people as has complained of me. Folks in my line can bear upwards of considerable in the way of epithets, without changing color, or gettin' mad. But I *do* say, that I axes them as charges me with making too much noise in the world, why they have got up such an antipathy ag'in' my horn? And I should like to know, if my little tin affair troubles them so now, *how they will feel when they come to hear the big trumpet, that is to be blew at the day of judgment*; calling them, just as likely as not, to a coal-hole a mighty sight blacker than the one I come from?'

The Mayor was non-plussed; and the coal man went twanging on his ways. The officer could no more stand his logic than his opponent could his horn.

BUT I digress. Let us get back to the Hudson. Stop, ye who travel, one day at West Point. That Cozzens gives noble dinners; his wines are superb; and the man who likes not creature comforts, is a bad member of society. Go thou likewise to the Catskill Mountain House, whence you shall look down beneath the clouds on smiling counties, and towns and cities, spread forth as on a map, at your feet. 'There,' said Natty Bumppo, 'you can see—*creation!*' The Hudson like a ribbon; the boats and sails on its blue and gleaming breast not much larger than buoys and handkerchiefs. Oh, 'tis a noble scene!—and when the plains beneath are sweltering in the fervors of Summer; when the snake creeps forth on the rock in the sunshine, and the cattle in a thousand meadows consort together under the trees, to breathe the air that gathers from the sleepy landscape into their branches; then, at the Mountain House, 't is calm and cool. I say, reader, be sure to go there; and if it is somewhat too cold in June, it must be nice in July and August.

MAGNIFICENT are the Catskills, as seen from the Hudson. How their 'broad highland regions' swell and roll in sublime and solemn undulations against the sky! How profuse the gushes

of glorious sunlight that chase each other along those lordly ridges ! As the boat glides along, these peaks are sometimes hid from view ; but like great men amid the strifes of parties, or the changes of time, they must almost continually impress us with their presence, and stand like distant guardians of one of the finest rivers in the world, observable, for countless inland leagues, overlooking streams, villages, and the grander Hudson, for hundreds of miles.

ALBANY is a capital city. If you are a quiet person, enamored of ease and comfort, go to Cruttenden's, mine host of the Eagle. Most delicious is his coffee ; neatest of the neat are his rooms ; his bread is like snow ; his viands done to a T ; and there is nothing equal to his own personal courtesies. Pleasant things drop continually from his lips, and your ear may drink wisdom and wit from them, 'as the honey-bee drinks from the rose.' He is the best possible sign of the excellence of his own fare. His cheeks are full and healthy, and though his nose is not bedecked with those sumptuous red carbuncles which are usually supposed the insignia of a true Boniface, yet his figure is portly and commanding, and 'his belly is as a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor,' as the wise man observes in his Canticles.

LET me not be an out-and-outer, as touching Albany, I would that my praise should be properly modified. The lower, or business parts of the city, except in the region round about the Eagle, are not particularly attractive ; but in the upper quarters, near the Capitol Square, and along State-street, few towns in our country 'can with it compare.' I know of no place to which, in some respects, could be better applied the lines of Byron :

'FOR whoso entereth within this town,
That sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
Mid many things unsightly to strange e'e.'

But ascend you to the dome of the City Hall, in Capital Square, and look forth upon the scene ! It is beautiful ; that's the word. Look at the landscape to the North, heaved up in the glory and grandeur of Summer against the sapphire walls of Heaven ; varied with meadows and harvest-fields, and rural mansions ; observe Troy, with its Mount Ida, and the affluent valley of the Hudson ; likewise the distant Cattskills ; also the city beneath, with those numerous 'white swellings,' or domes, of the steeple genus, which have broken out ambitiously all over the town ;

look at these, and at the whole sweep of Capitol Square, and you shall meet with great rejoicing of eye. But beware of a person whom you may observe in the streets, perambulating about with a basket on his arm, vending the sweet-flag root, and barks of prickly-ash and slippery-elm. The latter, especially, should you partake of it, will cause you to remain a day beyond your time. Wonderfully slippery is that article, indeed; and you would think, to hear its owner talk, 'in the way of trade,' that his tongue was made of the same material.

THE route to Schenectady is dullish; but I advise the reader, if that personage be a male, to take the outside of the car, (by courtesy from the powers that be,) and survey the country round. He will see the eternal Catskills bounding the horizon for near two-thirds of the way; rising like pyramids, blue and lofty into Heaven:

'Where clouds like earthly barriers stand
Or bulwarks of some viewless land.'

I am discoursing now to the traveller on the Niagara route, and therefore I would fling in a word or two of advice to him. When thou comest to Schenectaday, thou wilt be grievously athirst, if the weather be warm; but I beseech thee, buy no soda water in Old Esopus. One 'lean apothecary' who dwelleth hereabout, has an apology for the article; but drink it not! It is indescribable; tastes like bad champagne, vinegar, and brimstone. A tumbler full of the Dead Sea would taste sweeter. Neither be thou tempted by the boys who vend nuts and apples by the packet boat landing. Dishonest, and peddling urchins—their commodities are awful!

THE contrast between the spacious cabins of the Hudson steamers, and the low narrow boats on the canal, even those of the better sort, is unhappily too striking. When you enter the latter, resign yourself to fate. You will find captains or superintendents, who verily believe that there are no other places on earth but Schenectady and Utica, and that the rest of creation is of small account. They are stupendous persons, on a small scale. The idea of having some fifty or sixty individuals, by compulsion, in their power every day, gives them a sense of their own importance, which nothing can annul; and the air of grandeur with which they help you to a half-boiled potato, or a stunted radish, would befit princes. But do not offend them. On the contrary, cause them to believe that you suppose them incomparable; their fare rich beyond description; their charges

no swindle; and that you have no exalted opinion of the new rail-road to be open in August, and destined to carry passengers three times quicker, and you will get the best they have; they receiving, at the same time, a draft on your eternal gratitude. I do not wish to flatter these varlets; but I do say, that their bills ought to be made payable in *slow notes*; namely, paper, payable, the first instalment when the debtor *dies*, and the last half when he *rises*.

It is rumored that important improvements are in contemplation by these great men; among others, a novel mode of making the public mouth salutary, 'from North to South.' This was suggested by the following circumstance. A captain was helping himself to the tooth-brush of a respectable passenger, who said to him: 'What the devil are you doing with my brush and powder?' 'Why,' said the captain, 'I am using it because I thought it belonged to the boat, and had been furnished by the company, for the use of the passengers!'

WHEN you come to Utica, do not be in haste to depart. You may kill twenty-four divisions of the common enemy; nay, forty-eight, very agreeably there. Trenton Falls are not far off; though it matters little whether you see them *before* you go to Niagara, or on your return.

But soft; 'a word or two before you go.' There is a drug-shop, kept by an Italian, near the canal, on the right of Genesee street, as you proceed to the West, where you can obtain soda powders, and eke Seidlitz, of unimpeachable excellence. Buy several boxes. They will serve you well on the road to the Great Falls; where, dear reader, you shall meet me anon.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

September, 1836.

OH thou who lookest over this page of mine, who participatest in the 'portance of the travels' history of OLLAPOD, listen to me. Wouldst thou journey with comfort through the west of New York, *avoid the canal-boats*. At first, when you embark, all seems fair; the eleemosynary negro, who vexes his clarionet, and governs its tuneful ventiges, to pay for his passage, seems a very Apollo to your ear; the appointments of the boat appear ample; a populous town slowly glides from your view, and you feel quite comfortable and contented. As yet, you have not gone below.

'Things above' attract your attention—some pretty point of landscape, or distant steeple, shining among the summer trees. Anon, the scenery becomes tame, and you descend. A feeling comes over you as you draw your first breath in the cabin, which impels to the holding of your nose. The cabin is full; you have hit your head twice against the ceiling thereof, and stumbled sundry times against the seats at the side. Babies, vociferous babies, are playing with their mothers' noses, or squalling in appalling concert. If you stir, your foot treads heavily upon the bulbous toes of some recumbent passenger; if you essay to sleep, the gabble of those around you, or the noisy gurgle of a lock, arouses you to consciousness; and then, if you are of that large class of persons in whom the old Adam is not entirely crucified, then you *swear*. Have you any desire for literary entertainment? Approach the table. There shall you find sundry tracts; a copy of the Temperance recorder; Goldsmith's Animated Nature, and Plutarch's Lives. By and by dinner approaches: and oh! how *awful* the suspense between the hours of preparation and realization! Slowly, and one by one, the dishes appear. At long intervals, or spaces of separation from each other—say five for the whole length of the boat—you behold tumblers arranged, with two forlorn radishes in each. The butter lies like gravy in the plate; the malodorous passengers of the masculine gender draw nigh to the scanty board; the captain comes near, to act *his* oft-repeated part, as President of the day. Oh, gracious! 'tis a scene of enormous cry and scanty wool. It mendicants description.

I WAS walking on the deck after dinner ducking my head every moment at the cry of '*Bridge!*' when the captain joined me, and began to relate the perils that he had encountered, during his experience on the 'deep waters' over which we were gliding. 'It is not for every one,' said he, 'to appreciate the perils of an official station like mine. That little lad who stands beside you, and who, though a stranger to you, seems to have a desire for your company, that urchin, could he stay with me ten years, would be a *sailor* like me, and could relate like me his hardships. Every year is fruitful of incident. Last year—it was in the fall—*this canawl* was visited with a gale,—and *such* a gale! Do not discredit me, when I say, that, owing to the violence of it, nearly a dozen boats were compelled to hug the shore; and believe me, too, when I tell you, that for twenty-five minutes this very boat rested upon a sand bank, caused by the entrance of a creek. Judge of my feelings at that awful moment! I ordered

on deck the cook, the steward, and the rest of the crew, together with such passengers as were not sound asleep, insensible of their danger, and with as much coolness as I could command, under the circumstances, I bade them prepare for the worst. Two venerable persons of the female sex—old women, as one wild young man, whom no danger could appal, denominated them—escaped safe to land. Dire terror ruled the hour. The winds blew; the awful ripples dashed against the prow, as if they were mad; and one distracted lady rushed about the deck, inquiring if I had seen her husband, Mr. Smilax Waterhouse. Answering her in the negative, I bent my way to what is vulgarly called the tail end of the boat. What a sight here met my eye! The two ladies, it is true, had escaped safe to land, but they were in a woful plight—one of them having lost her shoe in the water, and the other her night-cap. On horrors' head horrors accumulated; and I was on the eve of sinking in despair, with no hopes of ever getting off the sand-bar, when deliverance came! A swell from the lock, a few rods above, lifted us from our fearful situation, and restored us to safety and comfort.

BUT the grand charm and scene of a canal packet is in the evening. If on your way from Schenectady to Utica, the sun goes down into the rosy west, just after you leave that beautiful gorge in the Mohawk mountains, where you see the towering pines on one side, rising precipitously near three hundred feet above you, and on the other, the gentle river, calmly gliding through the vale below—forming the only tolerable scene on the route. Well, you go below; and there you behold a hot and motley assemblage. A kind of stillness begins to reign around. It seems as if a protracted meeting were about to commence. Clergymen, capitalists, long-sided merchants, who have come from far, green-horns, taking their first experience of the wonders of the deep on the *canawl*, all these are huddled together in wild and inexplicable confusion. By and by the captain takes his seat, and the roll of berths is called. Then, what confusion! Layer upon layer of humanity is suddenly shelved for the night; and in the preparation, what a world of bustle is required! Boots are released from a hundred feet, and their owners deposit them wherever they can. There was one man, OLLAPOD beheld him, who pulled off the boots of another person, thinking the while—mistaken individual!—that he was disrobing his own shrunken legs of their leathern integuments, so thick were the limbs and feet that steamed and moved round about. Another tourist—fat, oily, and round—who had bribed the steward for two chairs

placed by the side of his berth, whereon to rest his abdomen, amused the assembly by calling out; 'Here, waiter! bring me another pillow! I have got the ear-ache, and have put the first one into my auricular organ!' Thus wore the hours away. Sleep, you can not. Feeble moschetoës, residents in the boat, whose health suffers from the noisome airs they are nightly compelled to breathe, do their worst to annoy you; and then, Phœbus Apollo! how the sleepers snore! There is every variety of this music, from the low wheeze of the asthmatic, to the stentorian grunt of the corpulent and profound. Nose after nose lifts up its tuneful oratory, until the place is vocal. Some communicative free-thinkers talk in their sleep, and altogether, they make a concerto and a diapason equal to that which Milton speaks of, when through the sonorous organ 'from many a row of pipes, the sound-board breathes.' At last, morning dawns; you ascend into pure air, with hair unkempt, body and spirit unrefreshed, and show yourself to the people of some populous town into which you are entering, as you wash your face in canal water on deck, from a hand basin! It is a scene, I say again, take it for all in all, that throws description upon the parish, and makes you a pauper in words. '*Ohe jam satis!*'

You may meet with much edification on board one of these craft, in observing the working of what is called *human* nature. At dinner, a sour old bachelor, who had been once a supercargo to Smyrna, and then a merchant in a small way—one who had all the stiff formality of a half-cut gentleman, without the education or tact necessary for the composition of even such a personage—procured from a basket, which he was taking with him on his journey, a bottle of warm champagne. A country friend, with whom he was accidentally travelling, was solicited to imbibe the vinous beverage with him. This friend was one of those *malàpropôs* characters, who, with the best intentions, are always saying something wrong. On renewing his glass, he said: 'Well now, this 'ere tastes *like* something—this arn't like the *sour* cider we get in the country, is it, any how?'

'I hope you don't mean,' said the fidgetty host, 'that there is anything wrong about it?'

'Oh, not by no means whatsoever. I reckon that it is good. Let me give you a toast. Success to *American Manufactures!*'

'Sir,' respondent the ci-devant supercargo, 'what do you mean? Why do you give *that* toast, of all others? I ask you candidly, *is* this wine like American manufacture?'

'God bless you, neighbor, I didn't mean nothing of that kind;

and I say, let's drop the subject. Were you ever in *Newark*?

The face of the old fellow assumed the hue of scarlet. Fire stood in his eye. He sat down his glass, and looking daggers at his friend, observed :

'I don't know what your object is — but you are evidently trying to insult me. What has *Newark* to do with this champagne? Do you suppose it is *made* there? Sir, your conduct is outrageous.'

The countryman sank back against the boat-side, observing that he 'wouldn't' never attempt to get up a variety in his conversation again.'

THIS reminds me of a scene told of Lockport. A clown there walked up leisurely to the stall of one of those small traders who furnish canal-tourists of limited means with 'wittles and drink,' and just as he was on the point of vending a large lot of sausages to a hungry-looking traveller, which were to last him until his arrival at Buffalo, the vagabond, looking suspiciously at the article, and addressing the seller, said :

'Is them good sassenges?'

'Yes, they *are* good sausages, you ignorant ramus. You would like to keep me from selling 'em, if you could fix it that way, I don't doubt.'

'No I wouldn't,' responded the loafer; 'I don't know nothing 'special about them sassenges; they *may* be good sassenges; I don't say they *a'nt* good sassenges; all I *do* say is, that where-soever you see them kind o' sassenges, *you don't see no dogs!*'

'I guess, on reflection,' said the traveller, 'that I won't negotiate for them articles. That man's last remark has gi'n me a dislike to 'em.'

Is it not pleasant to revisit the scenes of one's early days? So silently questioned OLLAPOD himself, as he journeyed toward the West, what time the sun was sinking in the occident, leaving his last rays on those dark forests of pines and cedars which begird the lake of Oneida, in the Onondaga country. The 'exclusive extra' performed its locomotive office with wonderful rapidity and effect; the cattle attached thereunto having only the labor of drawing 'wife, self, and servant.'

Pleasant was it to rise at S —, in the morning, and walk about, gazing at familiar scenes, unvisited for years. Nature, sweet nature! was still the same; and as I journeyed hurriedly round and round, looking upon the pigmy doings of man, compared with the scenery fashioned by the hand of God, the Spirit

of the past came by, and fanned me with her fairy wings. A thousand recollections filled my mind as I perambulated, until I chanted, in my trance of memory, a part of a beautiful poem by a native bard :

‘I STAND upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that in the southern sky,
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie.’

How many events come before the mind like the shadow of a dream! Such was my sojourn in ‘the place where I was born.’ It was short but sweet. I found my heart filled with teeming recollections; everything was new to my eye, but I felt that my bosom was unchanged. I have, and I thank my God for the possession, feelings and sensibilities, untainted and *unworn*. In my spirit, I can still experience that *newness* of delight which is said to wear off easily by contact with the world. It is not so with me. A poem or a scene; the lapse of a beautiful river, or the sheen of a rich woodland or field; can yield for my mind the same fruitage of contentment which it felt and relished in other days. For the perpetual presence of this capacity, I am deeply and devoutly thankful. I would not exchange it for worlds.

‘SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of!’—and so forth. Every body knows the quotation. Charming were the hours we passed therein, with beloved friends. If I ever felt a political predilection—which I *never* did—I could have wished, as we closed the embowered gate of our hospitable friend S——, and his assiduous household, that he had been elected Governor of the Empire State.* Auburn *was* lovely; but saving the premises of the above-mentioned, and a very few of the same character, it has sadly changed from ‘the olden time.’ I say sadly, because I deem that the improvements in tenements and marts of stone, which the town has been garnished withal, are but continuations, as it were, of the State’s Prison. However, the least said is the soonest mended. The *effect*, to the traveller, on entering the place, is certainly pleasing, and indicative of great improvement. A superb hotel y’clept the AMERICAN—I love the latter word—is there; and in the scenery round about, there is much to please, and much to see.

READER, have you ever journeyed in the Genesee country?

*TIME and large majorities confirmed this wish, on two subsequent trials.
EDITOR.

If you have not, how much have you lost! I speak not to those who pass the wonderful works of God with unobservant eyes, but I talk to those who find sermons and good in every thing. To such, I would say, 'Surely you were charmed with the Skaneateles, and the region round about Cayuga?' There the country is healthy to live in, and lovely to see. Passing the lake of Cayuga, you can not well omit to notice the peculiar *greenness* of the waters. They seem to the eye as if the grassy banks which surround them had been *melted*, and transfused into liquid emerald. If you should ever visit Cayuga—I speak now to any one who has neglected the western tour hitherto—you will perceive the truth of this present writing.

It is wonderful how all the western towns flourish which possess 'water privileges.' How extraordinary, for example, is the growth of Seneca Falls! Not long ago, it was a mere hamlet, beside a little stream; now it is almost a *city*; while its whilome more pompous neighbor, Waterloo, seems dwindling to decay, or at least not perfectly kindled with that fire of improvement which generally distinguishes the West.

'BEAUTIFUL exceedingly' is the terrestrial vestibule of the Genesee! As we journeyed westward from the blue distances near the lake of Cayuga toward that pleasant region, I could not but seek to compare in my imagination the country we were nearing, to the country we had left. The first had been charming to our eyes—could the remainder exceed it? The far-off uplands, over which the winds from the south-west went freshened from the Cayuga; the green waters, that danced and eddied along the piers of the bridge; *could* they be transcended by any thing to come? In that predicament of the fancy, 'ignorance was bliss.' We could only say '*Nous verrons*,' and watch the fitting landscapes, or the plunge of the wheels of the 'extra,' as they sank, with a heavy gurgle, in the rugged road.

CAPITAL, and most delectable to see, is the lake of Geneva, and that beautiful gem of a town which crowns its crystal wave, above a strip of emerald verdure, and gardens flowering in the sun of June! 'How sweet the day beams on those banks repose!' As we neared them, toward the going down of the sun, methought I was like the pilgrim of Bunyan, approaching the glorious regions of the land of *Beulah*, and that I could discern the spirits of the blessed 'walking in white' along its romantic terraces. It seemed 'a fairy city of the heart;' and for one

short but delicious moment, I felt overcome with that enthusiasm engendered by the eye within the mind, and deserving that striking observation of Madame de Stäel, 'the superfluity of the soul,' thinking the while of PERCIVAL'S noble lines to the Seneca waters :

'On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.'

WHO was that anonymous herald of mine, who recorded beneath my signature, as we proceeded toward the sunset, at every town where we paused to give breath to our cattle, the name of OLLAPOD, with many compliments in the Latin tongue? Whoever he was, I stretch forth to him the hand of fancy. Thou *Grand Inconnu!* touch thy dextral digits in thought; consider thine own vehemently squeezed; and remain, if thou wilt, the kind Unknown; at once corporeal and yet spiritual; a creation insubstantial; an entity, yet intangible; '*umbra, civis, nihil!*'

No OFFENCE to the turnpike company whose duty it is to superintend the roads betwixt Geneva and Canandaigua; but candor compels me to say, they are a set of negligent varlets, deserving the anathemas of 'all who travel by land or by water,' especially those who abandon the cheating extras, and adopt the *Telegraph*. What right have these individuals to keep the holes in the turnpike so deep, and yet so treacherous! One looks out with anxious eye to see what is 'going to come' in the way of thoroughfare, and lo! distance lends enchantment to the view. The gilded pool seems dry; the deceitful pudding of clay has a look of solidity; but anon!—*spush!*—down drop the wheels in front; creak! rings the tried and doubtful axle; '*He'ep!*' d—nation! saith the driver; 'Oh!' says the timid lady within; 'Ha! ha! that was a screamer!' ejaculates the western speculator, filled to the brim with animal spirits! 'An oncommon deep 'ole!' says the English emigrant; 'I thank God! we are out!' says the politician; 'Uh, umph, whe-e-ze!' ejaculates the dozing and uncertain passenger, who has been travelling day and night for a week; and thus the time goes on, until the day is well-nigh spent, and you see the farewell light of day playing over the sweet waters and Elysian bowers of *Canandaigua*.

RICH and bountiful Ontario!—called by politicians the 'infected district,' by poets the garden of the state—the affluent

partake of every thing good for man, or nutritious for beast. The sheen of thy waters is yet in my eye; the breath of thy clover fields yet regaleth my nostrils; I seem, (here in this crowded home, with the liveried coaches rattling in my ear, and the city's voice booming about me,) I seem to be stealing flowers from the demesnes of some unknown Peri, or partaking the hospitality of friends and brethren. Beautiful country!—thou art the *rus in urbe* of my thought! In thy mansions I have been seated, with all those culinary appliances and varied wines which smack of the city, over hearths beneath which repose the bones of unnumbered Indians, with no circumstance to tell me of the country, save the hallowed stillness; the distant wheat fields waving to the breeze of summer; the rural spire crowning the distant hill, or the bleating of sheep, huddling together from the heat of the day, in the shade! Precious hours! They throng back upon my memory with influences of peace; with the hum of bees, the voice of waving branches, the tones of childhood, the prattle of running waters, and with the glow of the lake, which seemed to expand as the twilight drew near,

THAT, smiling from the sweet south-west,
The sunbeams might rejoice its breast.

One of those still and peaceful lakes,
That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky.

He who, having seen thee once, can easily forget thee, is fit for treason.

TO THE unobservant eye, doubtless there is much in the Genesee region that may seem dull and tame. To the enthusiastic, the close-viewing, or the romantic, it is not so. The villages are thriving and neat; the country rich in every thing; and 'the rising generation,' the children, are lovely specimens of juvenile humanity. We saw them, in almost every meadow we passed, up to their knees in strawberry-vines and clover, gathering the blossoms of the one and the fruits of the other. Pleasant beyond description, too, are the white dwellings in the towns, embowered in the honey-locust tree, or lifting their pale chimneys behind the tall and melancholy poplars which whisper around.

A LUDICROUS incident occurred at Batavia. There is a creek in the neighborhood, which makes 'upward of considerable'

noise, after night-fall. The English passenger, who reached the town before us, by leaving the stage and walking on foot, imagined it to be the Falls of Niagara, from which we were then between fifty and sixty miles. He went out and listened. 'My God!' said he, 'what uncommon roaring falls them is! They must *ey-ther* be very 'igh, or else the winds is riz.' The mistake was not corrected, and the fellow retired to rest, with his stupic cranium firmly impressed with the belief that his long ears had caught the sound of the Great Cataract.

TRAVELER!—as thou wendest toward the West, if thou art within some fifteen miles of Batavia, and thinkest of pausing for the night, rescind the mental resolution, and post on to that town. There shalt thou experience a good bed, and delicious rest, with the murmur of the Tonnawanta breathing upon the night air thy quiet lullaby. Do this; to the end that, rising in the morning, thou go to Richville, and there to breakfast, which is an hospitable town, and hath an hotel whose superior is not to be found, whether thou go to the south-west or north-west, or indeed to any point of the compass. Comfortable and expeditious BLODGET! The voluminousness of thy periphery indicateth the epicure; upon the pullets thou sacrificest, are the pin-feathers of youth; thy warm cakes are done deliciously brown; thy yellow butter, thy irreproachable eggs, thy unimpeachable coffee—my mnemonic palate remembers them all. *Murder Creek*, too, is in thy vicinity; and as it goes moaning onward under the rude bridge that spans it, the reflection of bright red mills upon its shore, as they give back the sunbeam, gives its murder's proper hue and 'damned spot.' The tradition is, that a poor crazy old man was killed here by the Indians, many years ago, in the early settlement of the country:

'MAY be be true, may be be no so;
We 'll grant it is, and let it go so.'

At any rate, (BLODGET, I thank thee for the sentence,) if Richville hath the memory of death, it hath likewise, and in full profusion, the means of life.

It is anti-agreeable to post over a road which looks like a *river*, and where the course your conveyance is to take is indicated by stakes implanted in the solid part of that 'undiscovered country' over which you are rolling as it were in a ship. Such was our experience through a part of the Genesee region. But I caught *one* view from the window of our coach, which I shall not

soon forget. Along the distant uplands of the Genesee there lay a long plain of mist, with irregular indentations, like the bays of a lake; above them arose a gorgeous array of clouds, and between both, a wide stretch of verdure. The mist looked like an ocean; the fragments that sailed by themselves, or hung in motionless masses in the air, appeared like towers and temples. The effect was indescribably magnificent.

TEN miles to the east of Buffalo, I looked out from our conveyance, filled with anxious expectation. For the most part, the day had been a day of wind and storm; but the tempest had passed over, the winds had gone back to their caves, and the sun looked forth from the west, with features of unutterable beauty. A vast curtain of clouds rolled up from the north and north-west, leaving the clarified sky so darkly and serenely blue, that it almost approached the purple. It was that part of the heavens which bent its unfathomable arch over the expanse of Erie and Niagara, on its resounding journey to the Ontario. Far as the eye could reach, on every hand, save the rising road toward the west, all the region round about was level as the floor of a city saloon. But the radius embraced by the eye was small, from that very circumstance. The only evidence we had of our proximity to those great inland oceans, just mentioned, was traceable in the bending heads of those distant forest trees which were higher than the surrounding monarchs of the wild. These, with the orchard trees on both sides of the way, inclined to the east at an angle of three horizontal to one vertical foot. There were the symptoms of approach to Old Erie. There the constant winds from the west had howled their winter anthems, and wailed in praise of the strength and grandeur of Omnipotence. As I was saying, I looked forth from our vehicle; and becoming too much excited with expectation to remain within, a gentleman, who knew my impatience, counselled me to wait until we reached a slight eminence beyond, where he told me I should in all probability behold a sight worth seeing. This vague announcement sharpened my curiosity. At last, the trivial eminence was reached, and my friend bade me cast my glance to the north-west. I looked, and beheld, rising above the level distance, apparently thirty miles off, a spiral pillar of steamy mist, against the perfect sky, uplifting itself with slow and solemn movement, ending in a column of faint, and quivering, and beautiful crimson.

‘What do you think that is?’ said my friend.

Quite unable to answer the question, I confessed my ignorance in the phraseology of Polonius: ‘By the mass, I cannot tell.’

‘That,’ said he, ‘*is the spray from the Niagara!*’

I felt my blood rush quicker, and tingle through my veins, at the mere mention of the name. I mounted on the outside with the driver, and surveyed every object near and far with the intense delight and quick sense of novelty which I have cherished from my youth.

‘How high is the sun?’ I inquired of the postillion, after the seeming lapse of a few moments, as the great orb appeared rapidly nearing the horizon, ‘and what is the distance from Buffalo?’

‘The sun is two hours up yet, Sir, and I expect we are a mild and a half from the city—jest about’—answered Whip.

It was not without a laugh at his idea of calling Buffalo a city, that I buttoned the over-coat which the freshening wind from Erie, yet unseen, had rendered requisite, and abandoned myself to the intoxication of my expectant thoughts. Shortly, we began to ascend a rise of ground; higher sweeps of landscape rolled upward from afar; smokes, as from distant steam-boats, arose heavenward; bright domes appeared; and all at once—beautiful sight!—the ‘city,’ with its spires, and squares, and streets, lay at my feet; a magnificent thoroughfare, *Old Main*, as the Buffalonians call it, stretched for miles before my eye; *palaces* were around me; the thick spars of innumerable ships streamed their colors on the breeze; water-craft were hastening to the Canadas, lying greenly and beautiful across the bay; and beyond all, Lake Erie stretched its tremblingly blue expanse toward the West, with shadows of golden clouds trailing over its bosom, and ships melting afar off into nothingness, toward the chamber of the evening sun! Reader, Buffalo is a wonder and a marvel. Approach it as I did, in summer, and on Sunday. To its various portals, as did the strangers to old Rome,

‘Cast round thine eyes, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in;
On embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits, on the Appian road,
Or on the Emilian.’

THE whole of the Genesee country is but a tame, yet it is a beautiful prelude, to those splendid pictures in that magnificent scenery of the West, of which Buffalo forms the opening view.

‘Tell me,’ said I to my Jehu, ‘what is the population of this ‘city,’ which we are approaching?’

‘It is nigh to twenty thousand, *friend!*’ ejaculated the dispenser of *impulses* to the cattle before him, with an evident feel

ing of pleasure that he was showing wonders ; ' and what's more, stranger, we shall soon be at the *Eagle*. Jest let me ask you, ' *Squire*, did you ever see any thing like that ' are ?'

I turned to the direction of his whip, to the south-west, where a bay of Erie bent into the woodlands, stretching for miles.

' What is that ?' I inquired.

' Why, it's *Buffalo* ! You see the streets of the outskirts, marked out in the edges of the woods, several miles off ; you see the white buildings among the green trees, where the *stumps* is n't yet *grubbed* up ; and where they *do* say, that sheep and deer is enclosed in the cellars of the houses, built to nearly the second story ; and yet they say, and I believe it, that there is n't a house in all Buffalo, *fur* and *nigh*, *out-skirts* and *in-skirts*, that has n't more tenants than can be disposed of.'

I continued to gaze in the direction he had pointed ; and truly the sight was beyond the blazon of tongue or pen. It seemed to my eye as if more than half of the city of Buffalo had been but yesterday redeemed from the wilderness. A town of brick, large, stately, and imposing in itself, was encompassed on all sides by extending tenements of white, sufficient in number to form a dozen country villages ; in the middle of the town were country seats, surrounded with parks, through which the deer bounded, as in those early days, not long ago, when the shores of Erie were forests, and the lake was crossed only by the adventurous canoe of the daring Indian ; when if a young Pale Face came to tempt them, he was admonished by the Red Skins to forbear :

Son of the stranger ! wouldst thou take
O'er yon blue hills thy lonely way,
To reach the still and shining lake,
Along whose banks the west winds play ?
Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile ;
Oh, seek not thou the Fountain Isle !

Bright, bright, in many a rocky urn,
The waters of our deserts lie ;
Yet at their source, the lip shall burn,
Parched with the fever's agony ;
From the blue mountains to the main,
Our thousand floods may roll in vain.

Even there our hunters came of yore,
Back from their long and weary quest ;
Had they not seen the untrodden shore,
And could they midst our wilds find rest ?
The lightning of their glance was fled,
They dwelt among us as the dead !

They lay beside the glittering rills,
 With visions in their darkened eye;
 Their joy was not amidst the hills,
 Where elk and deer before them fly;
 Their spears upon the cedar hung,
 Their javelins to the winds were flung.

They bent no more the forest bow,
 They armed not with the warrior-band;
 The moon waved o'er them, dim and slow —
 They left us, for the Spirit Land!
 Beneath our pines, yon green-sward heap
 Shows where the restless found their sleep.

FOR the rest, wherein is narrated the visit of OLLAPOD to the Great Cataract, and to those divers points of interest which are to be found by the way, as the returning traveler journeys toward the Atlantic sea-board, is it not all recorded in the diary, of which the foregoing is but a little part? Of a verity, dear reader, Providence permitting, thou shalt hear again, anon, from 'the man of many wanderings.'

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

October, 1836.

SONOROUS and stirring are the sounds of the bell at the *Eagle*, in Buffalo, which summons the wayfarer to the bolting of his meridian, nocturnal, and matutinal meal! Wo to him, the education of whose jaws, in the swift movements of mastication, has been neglected! It were better his mother had not borne him, than to have him seated at the table. However, I say nothing to this point. Eating is earthly and sensual; and the knife-and-fork system of pursuing it, especially where you cannot select your own hardware, is devilish. Commend me to the Turk. I could not eat with satisfaction at the *table d'hôte* of any inn in the country, (some *ten* excepted, which it would be invidious to name) did the table groan with a feast like that which covered the parental board of Katrina Van Tassel, that Dutch *beau idéal* of our beloved Irving.

TALKING of WASHINGTON IRVING. I take it for granted, good reader, that you have never encountered him; for be it known, except in the elevated circle where he moves and shines, he is one who loves not to be 'seen of men.' He hates your

pointings-out in the streets, and greetings in the markets: these he leaves to be struggled after, with painful yearnings, by the flimsy fry which injudicious friends would inflate to his capacity and standard. It is a year ago since I had the pleasure of repeating the pleasure of discernment and intercourse with this genial, affectionate, and noble man. I have for IRVING—and I am willing to confess it—a kind of love. His veracious books, comprising the History of New York, have created more risibility under my waistcoat, than any volumes from the past or of the present. I read them regularly once a year. There is about them such a transparent flow of wit—such glorious satire—such happiness of expression—such more-than-meets-the-eye phrases—that, take them up when and where I will, they violate my sobriety, and seduce me into a hearty guffaw. As *Geoffrey Crayon*, I am charmed with him; as an historian, I honor him; as a patriot and a gentleman, I thoroughly revere him. What a style is his! None of your shallow tinsel, your unnatural emblems, your forced conceits, your windy tropes: all is truth, gentleness, nature. God bless the *gentleman*! Well, as I was saying, 't is now about a year since I saw him last. It was a bridal scene. Sweet was the gusto of the Marcobrunner upon the lips of my friend G—— and his comrade OLLAPOD, when the splendid coach flashed its whirring wheels between the green walks of the Park and our apartment at the *Clinton*. (As yet, famed *Astor's* was not.) 'Considerable if not more' were the oglings we received, as our satin-lined coats fluttered their white aspects around the door of the *cárriage*; and the flowery favors I bore, elicited envious looks 'from each pedestrian churl,' as we rolled along Broadway to —— Square.

IMAGINE it a few moments after sunset, in a superb drawing-room, a few steps from a famous *plaza*—'I think they call it.' The rosy lingering of a June sky enable you to discern yourself surrounded with grooms and bride's-maids, some half a score. Carriages bustle up beneath you, freighted with beauty; the harp rings from the hall; the sweet perfume from a hundred *bouquets* float through the apartment. The past and present meet together. Warm hands are in your grasp; fair smiles and happy laughter beam and echo around. 'Where,' one could not but think, 'may we all be within the year! Some, now around me, will be on the ocean, in the service of their country; some in Italy—some in Egypt—some in Greece.' And so they are.

DESCEND with me to the bridal saloon. There stands the

holy man. We proceed, 'in order due;' and forming that 'open line,' which never looks so beautiful as on such an occasion, hear the vows that bind together two loving hearts. Silks rustle, kisses echo, diamonds gleam—fairy voices murmur around. By the way, that kissing is a pleasant business. It is highly commended of St. Paul; and though I may, as that worthy apostle once said of himself, 'speak as a fool,' yet I am going to make a hitherto unattempted literary effort. I trust it will be well 'got up.' I am going to do what Solomon said could not be done; namely, describe something new. 'This is the age of improvement. 'Ladies and gentlemen, stand back, and you will see'—*a kiss on paper*. Do n't be incredulous. I will give you the sound in types. Listen! When two pairs of affectionate lips are placed together, to the intent of osculation, the noise educed is something like the ensuing—*epe-st'weep'st-e'e!*—and then the sound tapers off so softly and so musical, that no letters can do it justice. But this is a digression. If any one thinks my description imperfect, let him *surpass* it, if he can!

'Who is that gentleman, standing by the pier-table, in the other drawing-room?' said I to a friend. 'I am oblivious of his name, but his countenance is familiar. He has a noble forehead—a discerning eye—a most goodly presence. How the organs of humor expand in his temples! What a benevolent smile plays around his lips!—and he seems, too, the focus of all eyes.'

'Yes,' I was answered, 'and he deserves it. That is WASHINGTON IRVING.'

The remembrance of the face struck me in a moment. We had met before, but not as acquaintances; and the pleasure of an introduction offered by my friend, a long-trying compeer of CRAYON, was accepted with prompt alacrity. My memory of that interview, and the prolonged colloquy to which, from circumstances, it gave rise, is really among the most pleasant of my life. Irving had unknowingly done me sundry favors abroad, when Secretary of Legation at the Court of St. James, by the transmission of letters for me to America, through the department of state. For these I thanked him cordially. A stoup of wine followed; and how numerous were the excellent sayings that went forth from his lips, over those gouts of floating gold we quaffed together! Geoffrey seemed almost disposed, for the nonce, to eulogize the Benedict. 'The rustling of silks and the creaking of shoes betrayed his fond heart to woman.' A gleam of genuine pleasure laughed in his eye. In dress simple—in

manners gentle, and easily entreated—he takes the hue of the time and the taste of his company so gracefully upon himself, that you think you have known him for years. And if you are a reader, so you have. I wondered at the verdict once given me respecting him, by Fanny K——, that at the aristocratic dinners of London he was quite reserved, and sometimes *sleepy*. Methought (as he passed on from subject to subject without impediment—from the changes in the city of his heart, since the days of Stuyvesant and Van Twiller—correcting now and then, with right good will, my erroneous pronunciation of some of those jaw-sundering Dutch names) that there was something in the atmosphere of home, and the sweet pomp of a bridal scene, which won upon his affection, and sent a genial glow to his inmost heart. Would that the properties of social life might permit a transcript of the constant felicities which he then and there diffused into the porches of mine ear! Thoughts, common perhaps in themselves, clothed in such exquisite and *telling* expression; fancies evoked from every-day facts; happy terms and phrases innumerable. Could I record them, how much would they enrich this my fifth subsection of number fifteen!

REVENONS A BUFFALO. He who would form a just appreciation of this wonderful city, let him, as I did, (if he have literary acquaintances and comrades of the mind, but personally unknown,) take the arm of a friend, and as the twilight comes on, go down through Main-street to the Erie pier. What a sight! It is one which makes the heart of the observer swell with pride that he was born an *American*. 'It was a Sunday evening,' as Southey would say, when I coursed with my friend along the crowded quay of Buffalo. The sun had gone down beyond the far headlands toward the occident, and a track of quivering gold stretched for leagues to the west, over the dancing waves of that inland ocean; Erie—portraying the ruddy brightness of the day-god's car. Inspiring music filled the atmosphere; the streamers of steam craft, (ready, like a mighty war-horse, to burst their tether, and pawing the waves with impatience,) flouted the sky; the tramp of unnumbered feet echoed along the pavements; the church-going bells rang from afar. I stopped for some minutes to gaze upon the face of a beautiful Indian girl, of the Seneca tribe, as she offered me her gay-colored moccasins. I would not buy—but I could not go. I waited, therefore, with pleased delay, affecting not to understand her broken English; watching, the while, how her voluptuous lashes rose and fell over those dark, surprised, and dewy eyes. She was perhaps sixteen;

graceful beyond words, yet stately as Juno, and her form moulded in the fulness of youth. There was such a world of intelligence in her glance, and in that soft blush, half olive and half ruby, which glowed on her cheek, that (I might as well own it) the bosom of OLLAPOD was marvellously troubled. Laugh not, reader—but to that bright remnant of a perishing race the enthusiastic Benedict kissed his hand! Yes, and the tawny digits of the fair Seneca went to her lips, and a smile, bright as a line of unsullied sunlight from the pearly gates of Eden, beamed upon the parting glance of OLLAPOD. 'T was evanescent—but how nice!

I HAVE no idea of being statistical: my limited acquaintance with DABOLL, and other arithmetical gentlemen, forbids me from dabbling in figures. But, if any one desires to see practical *multiplication*, whether in persons or in property, let him go to Buffalo. 'Where are those steamers bound?' asked I of my friend, as we stood upon the pier which, in front of warehouses for many a rood in extent, was covered to the height of fifteen and sometimes twenty feet with unhoused merchandise, for which the houses themselves, glutted to the overflow, had not admission.

'Oh, only a few hundred miles up the lake.'

'*A few hundred miles!*' I exclaimed astonished: 'In the name of aquatic locomotion, how far *can* they go? Do you pretend to say they can proceed farther to the west than I have come from the south-east?'

A hearty laugh followed this observation, which startled the bystanders. Just at this moment a steamer got under way. She moved majestically along the side of the pier, passing ships almost innumerable; bugles and trumpets hallowed the air with those national songs which do so stir my blood; and really I am quite unable to describe my elateness of spirit, as she turned the point where the light-house lifts its tall pharos over land and wave, and went musically along the bosom of Erie, the wreaths of smoke and flame shooting in gusty grandeur from her chimneys. *Fifteen hundred miles* might that craft travel along the west, toward the setting sun. What was lately there? The howl of the wolf and the Indian, the whoop on the war-trail, and the solemn yell around the council-fire. From those dim shores, now fading into the indistinctness of twilight, went up the smoke of the wigwam, or the gleam from the pine torch, by whose light the red man guided his venturous canoe! What is there now? Towns rear their bristling spires and masts, and send their *spirit-boats* along the waters like things of life: the hallowed chimes

of the Sabbath reach the Indian in his hut, and the raven on his bough. The Past has vanished as a scroll; and the bustling, the usual Present is around us, with the hiss of its rail-road engines, the thunders of its steaming apparatus, and the rolling of the triumphant wheels of commerce. It seems to me, too, that in these western regions the soul of man glows with a newer fire, and fresher impulse; as if some Indian Prometheus, seeing the decay of the Red Nations, had sent a fervent spirit into the bosoms of their white successors. A word here in the reader's ear. If thou goest to Buffalo, ascend thee to the dome of the *American*, and cast thine eyes southward. There, league on league, stretches the blue and primeval wilderness, and from the wigwams of the Senecas the smokes go up, as in the days when the whole forest was their dominion, and the Pale Faces feeble and few. Look then around you. *Magic* is there! The tide of power, rising and rolling onward, sends its roar to your ear; and you see the progress of that mighty flood of enterprise which is yet to fill the West with a noble and prosperous people. If you are an American, your heart will bound proudly within you, until you will feel as if, like the green mountains of ancient Israel, you could break forth into singing. If you love your native land, *travel through it*, and your affection will increase and multiply mightily. Yes, my glorious country! every additional mile I traverse of thy boundaries, adds to the flame of my attachment. Filled with a brave and generous people, who have done more in the same space of time than any nation *ever* did to promote the honor and liberty of man—I love thee! Thou hast, too, thank God! the elements of perpetuity within thee:

—‘SEAS, and stormy air,
Are the wide barriers of thy borders, where
Thou laugh'st at enemies; who shall then declare
The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
How happy in thy lap the sons of men shall dwell!’

I WOKE early at the *Eagle*, excited and unrefreshed. The idea of seeing Niagara the next day impressed me so deeply, when I retired the evening before, that I was unable to sleep; and had I been thus disposed, there were influences enough about me to prevent somnolency, even in a sloth. It was the Eden of a weasel, the place where I lay. The apartment was named *The Pasture*, by a facetious fellow-traveller; and verily, many were the bipedal animals who ‘ruminated bedward’ therein. I slept opposite a speculator in Michigan lands; and, as if determined never to be caught napping, he slept *with his eyes open*. The effect was really frightful. By the light of the moon,

streaming through the window, I saw his cunning optics—full of bargain and sale—glaring upon me. Sometimes it seemed as if all the mortal light had departed from them; yet still they glared into mine. I aver, with sincerity, that those eyes never closed the live-long night. They seemed alive—yet dead. I thought of Coleridge's lines in the 'Auntient Marinere':

'An orphan's curse might drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more terrible than that,
Is the curse of a dead man's eye:
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.'

One who is not *single* in every sense of the word, should bestow his rib and maid in an adjacent apartment, taking himself what the gods might be willing to confer in such emergencies. As I said, I awoke early; and performing certain orisons with a razor belonging to the establishment, (God knows how many chins it has reaped in its time!) before a glass which screwed my countenance into a horrific caricature, I made ready to accompany 'self and party' to the Falls.

BEHOLD us on the deck of the steamer Victory. The breeze of morning is fresh and fair; the engine hisses and trembles; carriages throng to the pier; ladies, with albums under their arms, thick green veils over their pretty faces, and in habiliments of travel, throng on board. Agitation and expectancy give them color; veil after veil is put back, like gossamer; calm brows and glancing eyes appear. Among these, OLLAPOD recognises many; some, seen and flirted with of yore. By and by the green waters of Erie begin to melt into the less turbulent Niagara; you float calmly along, observing and observed. How much pleasure is clustered in such moments!

THERE is, among those who have not seen it, a wonderful misapprehension respecting the *river* Niagara. It is *not* like a river; it seems a moving lake. Grand Island, too, with the uninitiated, is deemed a small tract of ground, without particular attractions; a place, perhaps, for the country-seat of some *millionaire*. Yet it is between three or four leagues long, and the greater part of it is a solid wilderness, with as it were a *lake* on *either* side. Perhaps, untravelled reader, this may give you an idea of the *river* of Niagara.

As you approach the northern end of Grand Island, anticipation stands on tiptoe. I ascended to that sacred portion of the steamer y'clept the roof of the wheel-house, where the sound of the paddles gurgled out a kind of lullaby to my spirit. The blue sky had changed: from the waves of Ontario, and the stretch of Niagara, the morning mists had arisen, and formed into clouds. These rolled upward, in long ribs of purple and gold, from the north, one above another, like some celestial stair-case, leading, as did the dreamy ladder of Jacob, into Heaven. As we parted the ripples with a nimble prow, the deer were seen, starting from their coverts, in the woods of the island, while the eagle, scared from the arms of his favorite and aspiring cedar, soared with his shrill scream into the abyss of Heaven, where his form was soon swallowed up in the distance.

SHORTLY after you leave Grand Island, you expand into a scene which, to my agitated remembrance, resembles the *Tappan Zee* of the Hudson. All now is expectation. Every eye is bent to the north. 'How far is it from Chippewa?' asked I, of a friendly delegation of journalists and legislators, whose genial spirits and intercourse I cherish with the warmest recollections. 'Not far,' was the answer; 'you will be there soon.'

At the distance of five miles from Niagara Falls, you catch the first distinct view. Is it sublime? *No*—for distance so softens and deceives, that you can not appreciate it. You strain your outward-looking eyes, till the retina aches with gazing. What do you see? A cloud of apparent smoke, along the northern border, the *nil ultra* of the lake you are ploughing; and on either side all is apparently a wide shore of rocks and woods; beyond, a terrible gulf, of which you see nothing but the ceaseless cloud that rises at its dim and dismal edge.

'AND that is *Niagara*!' said I, as the mountainous spray, volume after volume, swelled upward in the sun. 'Well, I *seem* disappointed.'

'*Do* you?' said my friend, the legislator, with a triumphant accent on the first branch of the interrogation. 'You see the cataract is as yet afar off; just put your hand to your ear, guarding it from the tumult of the machinery, and tell me, if you do not hear something?'

I did so; and sonorous, full, and replete with a sense of awe, the voice of the cataract swelled in my ear.

ALL was now expectancy and enthusiasm. I could scarcely stand still. Before me, like the pillar of fire to the host of the Israelites, rose that eternal column of snowy mist, tinct and garnished by the sunbeam—and I had caught the sound of Niagara.

I SCARCELY know how I left Chippewa. I am aware that all my travelling movements and precautions were executed with habitual discretion; but I can not explain to any one the *new* sensations I experienced on our way to the Falls. When at the distance of some two miles from the cataract, there seemed to be an increasing shadow, like that of an eclipse, in the atmosphere.

The dimness increased; and on passing a lapse of woods, and emerging again in sight of the river, I felt assured that a storm was coming on. I ordered our postillion to stop.

‘Is there no house,’ I inquired, ‘between this and Niagara? There is a thunder-shower coming on; I hear it growling.’

It would have done your heart good, to have heard the laugh of that driver. It was loud and long; it bubbled up from his heart, as if what he had just heard was the best joke he had listened to for years.

‘Bless your soul, friend, it’s not going to rain. What you see, is the cloudy mist, and what you hear, is the roar of them Falls, yender. Jest wait a minute—and then——’

‘STOP!’ said I, rising in our barouche, while, gilded by the westering sun, I caught, as we wheeled around a clump of trees, the first view of the vast green gulf and circle of the *Horse-Shoe Fall*.

MY good reader, you must excuse my enthusiasm. It has been said that Niagara can not be described. I think it can be. Can not one record on paper the thoughts provoked by the objects of grandeur and magnificence that have met his eye? Verily, I trow so; and I will *try*. The first mistake corrected by an approach to Niagara, is as to its width. You have supposed it an outlet from one lake to another, pressed into narrow boundaries, and urged onward by irresistible impulses. You were deceived by fancy. The river is like some bay of an ocean; as if indeed the Atlantic and Pacific, one far below the other, should meet, by the former being narrowed to the width of one or two miles, and falling to the depth of more than two hundred feet, with rocks and islands on the edge of the vast gulf, frowning and waving between.

VERY soon we reached the Pavilion. The selection of an apartment, visitation to the barber, and the donning of a cool summer dress, were all speedily accomplished. The ceaseless hum of the Falls was in my hearing—it shook the windows of the Pavilion, from which I gazed. Below, at a few rods distance, the mighty Niagara plunged into its misty abyss: above, to the south, it seemed as if an ocean, fierce as that tide which ‘keeps due on to the Propontic and the Hellespont,’ was rushing madly down to some undiscovered cavern, where its fury was lost and suspended for ever.

DESCENDING through the garden and the open common which intervene between the Pavilion and the distant river to the eastward, we struck the road, and observed the sign which pointed ‘ TO THE FALLS.’ Here let me say a word, which I think will give the idea of Niagara vividly to one who has never seen it. It seemed to me, as I looked from the window of the Pavilion, that the river was nearly on a level with the house. Well, I passed over the places I have mentioned; and at the guide-post aforesaid, we began to make a most precipitous descent, over rude stair-cases, bedded in miry clay. In a few moments we were nearly on a level with the river, which was in full view, and close at hand. At that instant, the first impression of the vast power of Niagara struck my mind; but it was faint and feeble, compared with those that succeeded. For miles, looking upward at the stream, it resembled a foaming ocean, vexed by the storms of the equinox. We proceeded to the house which heads the perpendicular descent to the bed of the river, at the foot of the Falls. Those who dress for deeds of aquatic daring with more deliberation than myself, would have changed their ordinary attire for those simple and coarse habiliments usually adopted by those adventurous spirits who get their drenched certificates for going under the sheet—but for my part, I had not the patience. Endowing myself with an oil-cloth *surtout*, I began to descend the stair-case leading to the base of the cataract.

THE descent seemed interminable. I thought I had travelled an hour, still moving round and round—in darkness, and alone. It was a solemn probation, during which I had time to nerve my spirit for the grandeur and the awe with which it was soon to be impressed. At last, I made my egress from the stair-case into the presence of the Wonder.

My first idea was, that a tremendous storm had brewed since I began to descend. Several rods to the south, the Falls, dimly

seen, boomed and thundered with a noise so stunning, that I was almost distracted. At my feet, there rolled onward what seemed a *lake of milk*—having about it nothing dark—not even a glimpse of water-color. I saw, near by, a tall black figure, smiling graciously, like some good-natured Charon, ready to transport his customers across the River of Death. He announced himself as the conductor of gentlemen under the Falls. Taking his hand, I approached them. At a certain point, as we drew nigh, I begged him to stop. The mist had surged upward from my vision, and before me *broke down*, as it were, *the Atlantic*, from a height so dizzy that it made the eye shrink from gazing; the distant side of the vast semicircle hid from view by a rainbow, and the awful mass of green, mad waters, rushing to the abyss, with a noise like the breaking up of chaos! *What is like that scene!* It is itself alone; to depict it comparisons fail. You must describe itself.

I know not how it was, but such a sense of awe and majesty descended at that moment upon my spirit, that I burst into tears, and shivered through every nerve. What an awful hum and moaning pierced the hearing sense! Above me, hideous rocks rose for hundreds of feet; dark shelves, wet with the eternal tempest around them; and at every moment a stormy gust would drive a deluge of water in my face, taking my breath, and chilling me, as it were in the depth of the solstice, even to the bone. As we shouldered the dark ledges which extended under the sheet, I almost shrank from the desperate undertaking; and never did lover, howsoever deeply skilled in ‘holy palmistry,’ press the jewelled hand of his mistress with such affection as that wherewith OLLAPOD grasped the sable fingers of his African conductor. His splay feet and amphibious-looking heels seemed to stamp him some creature of the elements; a Caliban, schooled to generous offices by some supernatural master.

WHEN you approach within ten feet or so of that tremendous launch of waters, then is the time to pause for a moment, to steep and saturate your soul with one pre-eminent and grand remembrance. For me, if *millions* of human beings had been around me, I should have felt *alone*—and as one who, having passed beyond the dominions of mortality, stood presented before the marvels of his God! It is a place for the silent adoration of the heart for HIM

‘Who made the world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountain.’

Whence came those ceaseless and resounding floods? From

the 'hollow hand' of Omnipotence ! Fancy stretches and plumes her adventurous pinions from this point : she goes onward to the *Upper Lakes*, and their peopled shores ; she pursues her voyage to the dark streams and inland seas of the west ; and returning, finds their delegated waters pouring heavily and with eternal thunder down that dizzy steep ! Thought, preying upon itself, is lost in one deep and profound sense of awe ; of recollection, of prospect. I may change one word from Byron, to express my meaning :

'By those that deepest feel, is ill exprest
The indistinctness of the laboring breast :
Where thousand thoughts begin, to end in one,
Which seek from all the refuge found in none.'

From the spot of which I speak, you can easily imagine that there has come upon you the deluge, or the day of doom. The voices of eternity seem to burden the air ; look up, and the dark rocks, like the confines of Plegethon, seem tottering to their fall ; where you stand, the whirlwind which bears upon its pinions drops heavier than those of the most dismal tempest that ever rent the wilderness on land, or wrecked an armament at sea, is moaning and howling. Casting a glance at the upper verge of the Falls, you see the turbulent rapids, thick, green, and high, shrinking back, as it were, from their perilous descent, until a mass of waves behind urges them, resistless, onward ; to speak in thunder, and to rise in mist and foam, the children of strife, yet parents of the rainbow, that emblem of peace.

I ONCE asked an elderly friend, in whose domicil I was a favored inmate, and who suffered much from the gout, whether there might be any pain, known to myself, which would compare with it. 'No !' he replied : 'I never met anything of the sort in my life : there is nothing on earth like it ; and I am destitute of any descriptive comparison. I am not dead at present ; I hav' n't been as yet to *Tophet* ; and therefore can't tell whether gout is like that, or purgatory ; but I believe it to be as near that as anything.' It is thus with Niagara. There is no emblem : it has no rival—it is like no rival. Its multitudinous waves have a glory and a grandeur of their own, to which nothing can be added, and from which nothing can be taken away.

It has been said, that the tremors or presentiments of those who march to battle, are dissipated by the bustling of caparisoned horses, the rolling of the war-drum, the clangor of the trumpet, the clink and fall of swords, 'the noise of the captains and the

shouting.' Some such kind of inspiration is given to the thoughtful and observant man, who goes under the Great Fall of Niagara. As I moved along behind my sable guide, holding on to his dexter,

'Even as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast;'

while the waters dashed fiercer and more fiercely around about me; methought I had, in an evil hour, surrendered myself to perdition, and was now being dragged thither by the ebon paw of Satan. Shortly, however, the stormy music of Niagara took possession of my soul; and had Abaddon himself been there, I could have followed him home. For one moment, only, I faltered. The edge of the sheet nearest the Canada side, from its rude and fretting contact with the shore above, comes down with a stain of reddish brown. Near Termination Rock, you pass by that dim border of the Fall, and exchanging recent darkness for the green and spectral light struggling through the thick water, you are enabled to discern where you are. My God! It is enough to make an earth-tried angel shudder, familiar though he may be with the wonder-workings of the Eternal. Look upward! There, forming a dismal curve over your head, and looming in the deceptive and unearthly light, to a seeming distance of many hundred feet, moaning with that ceaseless anthem which trembles at their base, the rocks arise toward Heaven, covered with the green ooze of centuries, hanging in horrid shelves, and apparently on the very point of breaking with the weight of that accumulated *sea* which tumbles and howls over their upper verge! There is no scene of sublimity on earth comparable to this. You stand beneath the rushing tributes from a hundred lakes; you seem to hear the wailings of imprisoned spirits, until, fraught and filled with the spirit of the scene, you exclaim, 'THERE IS A GOD! and this vast cataract, awful, overpowering as it is, is but a plaything of HIS hand!'

THERE is one dreadful illusion to which the untrained eye is subject, under this water-avalanche. You know, travelled reader, that when you journey swiftly in a rail-road car, the landscape seems moving past you with the speed of lightning. You see distant trees and fields, apparently out of compliment to the locomotive, wheeling off obsequiously to the right and left. Every grove seems engaged in a rigadoon. This *illuso visus* is particularly discernible on the face of Niagara, when you are beneath the Falls. Look at the sheet but for one moment, and you find yourself

rising upward with the swiftness of thought. Turning your eye to the rocky wall which bounds you, for a moment you give a side-long glance at its dizzy extent. Heavens! what was that noise? Did not a portion of the rock above, some massy mountain of stone, then fall? No, it was only the thunder of *commingled rapids*, which united at the edge of the precipice, and rushed impetuously into the abyss together. It is this which makes such heavy music, such solemn tones, in the distant voice of Niagara.

A most thorough bath, such a one as I never took before, gave me, after my changed dress, and proper probation, a superior appetite for joining a supper party at the Pavilion. I remember the pleasure I once enjoyed, during a summer sojourn at West Point among congenial spirits. Every day, at dinner, in the large mirrors which bedeck the dining saloon at COZZEN'S capital establishment, what time we discussed viands and wines, I could see the reflected Hudson and its shores, the distant mountains towering into the sky, and steam-craft moving; while

——— 'from town to town,
The snowy sails went gleaming down.'

You seem to think, if you are anything of an economist, at Niagara, that you are likely to get from your host *the worth of your money*. He gives you 'green or black tea,' and all the appointments of a good supper, and he flings in a view of Niagara from the dining-room windows, without any extra expense! Its music shakes your hand as you lift your coffee to your lip; its bounding and agitated lapse smites your eye, as you sip the juice of the Mocha berry, yet you never find it in the bill. If you wish to be *fleece*d, however, employ a guide to tell you when is the time to say 'Good gracious! how sublime!' and to show you the thousand little nothings in the vicinity of the Falls, which, compared with them, are as it might be to pit a flea in fight against a lion or an elephant. Ye blind guides! door-keepers of the gates of sublimity, which you can not speak of or describe, save in the stale terms of business! Ye tell a man whose heart and mind are overflowing with awe and wonder *when* to use his eyes! Ye are varlets all; akin to that enterprising man, mentioned, if I mistake not, by Goldsmith, who issued proposals to bite off his own nose by subscription; or, rather, to that builder of *chapeaux*, who exclaimed in a paroxysm of delight, as he stood at the foot of the Canada Fall, 'By the LORD! what a glorious place *for washing hats!*'

WELL, I have sojourned near and surveyed Niagara, until it is pictured in my mind, and I know it as it were a favorite book. A word here, then, to tourists who have that chief marvel of the world to see. There will perhaps be disappointment in a far-off view, as you go from the south; for the majestic rush of the rapids, and the heavy plunge of the fall, you can not see. To my *New York* reader I can give a simile. Supposing the Hudson ran from the bay of your metropolis rapidly to the north. Plant its shores, from the city to the Palisades, with bold headlands and ancient forests. At the Palisades, let the river break off, and fall to the distance of between one and two hundred feet, and then go heaving onward to Sing-Sing, through a huge natural canal, wide as itself, crowned, at the top of the high precipices which border its sides, with shaggy pines and hemlocks, and flowery shrubs and parasites, where the vulture wheels, and the boding owl makes his complaint at evening. This is a faint idea of Niagara. You should sit for hours, in the eastern portico of the Pavilion, looking at the waves as they rush over the Horse-Shoe Fall. Continually, large masses of them, green as the richest verd-antique, shoot in blended company down into the 'abysm of hell' beneath. From this point they are full of beauty. Unable to keep together, they burst into foam; so that the continual recurrence of this has the effect of a long waste of the finest embroidery, in flowers, leaves, and vines, on a ground of green. Over them plays the rainbow, spanning them with its heavenly arch, and shining lovingly upon the madness of which it is created; stretching itself to the distant island, where its ethereal colors smile on the rich woods and golden waters. There, in the portico aforesaid, is the place to sit and inly ruminate. I saw one fat John Bull, 'a round and stocky man,' in a checked travelling shirt, and a swallow-tailed coat, whose skirts were almost pulled round beneath his arms, standing like some corpulent fowl on the last ledge of Table Rock, peering into the Falls, then only about ten or twelve feet from his side, with a telescope twice as long as his body! It was a pure specimen of the sublime and the ridiculous.

HERE let me play the counsellor to the visiter at Niagara. I offer my opinion with confident diffidence. Doubtless you desire to receive at the Falls, and to carry away with you, the strongest impression. Do not therefore *go down* to the foot of the cataract on the Canada side. Take your *coup d'œil* as you drive in your carriage to the Pavilion. Take your supper there, as did the goodly company of your adviser, OLLAPOD. Supposing you

are an *American*—which I trust you are—you will of course feel a sort of pride in believing that the best view is on the American side. *And so it is*: yet to look at the United States' part of the cataract, you would say it was a mere mill-dam. It is thus that distance deceives. You cannot see the movement of that far-off water, or hear distinctly the horrid sound with which it plunges from its cloud-kissing elevation to the depths below. But if you would obtain the deepest and strongest thoughts of Niagara, do as I say. Observe the semicircular cataract on the Canada side from the *esplanade* of the Pavilion, but do not go down to the base of the Fall. Let the view remain upon your mind as a beautiful picture; keep the music in your ear, for it is a stern and many-toned music, that you cannot choose but hear. Order the coachman to transport your luggage to the ferry below the Falls—some mile or so. There embark: you will be *frightened*, doubtless, as you gaze to the south, and see the awful torrent pouring down upon you; but you may take the word of the ferry-man that for some dozen or twenty years he has never met with an accident: you may believe him, for the air of truth breathes through his large grim whiskers. You will see the waves curling their turbulent tops, and dark rocks emerging from their milky current and seething foam, within a yard of your prow—but be not afraid. You are soon at the foot of

THE AMERICAN STAIR-CASE.

And here, after all, kind reader, is the place for a view. Do not look about you much. Be content with the thunder in your ears, and wait until some practised and tasteful observer, kindly acting as your *cicerone*, bids you stop just at that point on the stair-case where the plunging *river*, on the American side, dashes downward in its propulsive journey. There, by the onward plunge of the cataract, which bounds in a *ridge* over the abyss, describing as it were a *circular* fall, the view of Goat-Island is completely cut off, and the whole sweep of the Falls—Canadian, American, and all—is seen at once; apparently one unbroken waste of stormy and tumultuous waters. You must be a *demi-god*, if you can stand on that hallowed ground, shaking with the accents of a God, spanned with His bow, resounding with His strength, and laughing in His smile, without emotions of indescribable wonder. Thus, with a trembling hand, and a spirit saturated with the grandeur of the scene, OLLAPOD pencilled his hasty, weak, and inexpressive scrawl:

HERE speaks the voice of God! Let man be dumb,
Nor, with his vain aspirings, hither come;

That voice impels these hollow-sounding floods,
 And with its presence shakes the distant woods;
 These groaning rocks the ALMIGHTY's finger piled;
 For ages here His painted bow has smiled;
 Mocking the changes and the chance of time—
 Eternal—beautiful—serene—sublime!

For the rest; as touching the *sound* of Niagara; our wanderings over Goat Island; the fair friends we met perambulating there; with divers other peregrinations; the journey toward the orient; the scenes of Lewiston, Queenston, Lockport, Rochester—that lovely and most hospitable city; shall they not be presented to thee, kind reader, in the next subsections of

Thine, heartily, and to serve, OLLAPOD.

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

January, 1837.

BELoved READER: We parted company at the foot of the staircase, leading from the foamy current of Niagara—up—up, as it were from the caverns of Pandemonium to Paradise—to 'the American side.' Let me act as a guide-book to your eyes, while we proceed.

Look backward, occasionally, whenever you have opportunity, through the apertures of your pathway, at the clouds of mist that circle into rainbows around you, and at the milk-white torrent which rolls and murmurs beneath. Far below you, 'moves one that gathers luggage.' You shall see him with your trunks and carpet-bags, climbing the dizzy *steppes* in your trail, the omega of your party, until you find yourselves in the land of Jonathan.

Apparently, you are in a forest. A few cottages are skirting its edge, or the neighborhood round about; but beyond, all seems ancient and primeval. You almost look to encounter an Indian. But the Great Cataract is at your side, and where it breaks off into the cloudy eternity below, which now you cannot see, the green verdure slopes to the very edge of the precipice, marked with the shoe-prints of a thousand feet. What fairy shapes of pretty *soles* are there! Of some, OLLAPOD was constrained to say, 'Surely, these delicate marks indicate that the pedal pressure of those who made them would scarcely leave its impress upon the fringed gentian, or the upspringing lily.'

Slowly and contemplatively we lingered about this haunted

and hollow-sounding region. It seemed, indeed, as if the earth beneath, to its centre, and the heavens above, even to the abyss of the empyrean, were shaking and vocal with 'the sound of many waters.' There is no escaping from the voice of Niagara. Go where you will ; wander for miles and miles from its green and changeful vortex ; yet your ear drinks in its deep and solemn melody. For me, in one hour during the many I passed in its hearing, I deserted all my companions, and roamed for a league into the melancholy shades. Was I beyond the warning that Niagara was nigh ? Not so. On every gale came that vast and solemn concert of water-sounds ; the humming middle-gush, the high-measured roll and gurgle, the awful under-tone ! They seemed to *fill all the air*. It is not like thunder ; not like the murmurs of the coming whirlwind, nor the troubled groan of a volcano. It pervades the landscape round ; the leaves tremble at its breath ; the bird shrieks, as if in fear, and springing from the branch that overlooks the stream, soars through rainbows and bright clouds beyond the scene. The cataract utters its horrid whereabout on every breeze. You listen to its murmurs, until the heart is intoxicated with their sublimity, and the eye moist with emotion. Now they sound like the crackling flames, spreading for leagues over mountain woodlands ; then like doleful bells, heard at intervals in the pauses of a funeral ; then, like

'The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in the hall,
The far-off shouts of multitudes are in their rise and fall.'

Alternately stormy and plaintive, deep and faint, as the wings of the wind aspire or are depressed, they create a mingled and many-toned diapason, which, to be *felt*, must be heard ; and to be heard, must be remembered for ever. They are like the blast of the tempest, as described in 'The Auntient Marinere,' when

——— 'his sails did sigh like sedge,
As the rain poured down from one black cloud,
While the moon was at its edge :
When the roaring wind did roar far off,
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.'

Do not, good reader, go bounding rapidly through and among the scenery on the American side of Niagara, with a fleet footstep and an unobservant eye, but use all gently. Thus did we. Every tree you meet, almost, contains the initials of the thousands who have come and gone from that overpowering and magnificent wonder. We pushed onward, without care or sorrow, filled

and intoxicated with admiration, and wist not, as it were, whither we went.

Crossing a fearful bridge, we reached Goat-Island; but OLLAPOD, lagging behind his less imaginative companions, stood in the middle of that frail causeway, and listened and gazed upon the mad waves of a river, as they dashed and growled beneath; seeming himself, meanwhile, to be rushing 'up stream,' as if astride of a comet. Yet this river, as viewed from the Canada side, appears like a silver ribbon, flaunting in bright relief against a back-ground of sable rock, and forms but the merest tithe of the American Fall.

How many sublime and pleasant recollections fill my mind, as I call up, in the stillness of this autumnal and contemplative evening, that magnificent scene! In the quiet of my domestic retirement, the last leaves of summer quivering at my window, with low and melancholy whispers; pale statues (thou, Bard of Eden, and thou, Swan of Avon, and ye, Muses of Greece, whose presence still haunts, or seems to haunt, the olive woods, by streams of old renown!) gleam, and send their shadows along the wall; but I go back, on the wings of memory, to those cloudless and soul-fraught hours, until the voice of Niagara is in my ear, and the bounding impulse of its tide seems gathering in my apartment. I am lost in recollection:

'WHEN eve is purpling cliff and cave,
Thoughts of the heart! how soft ye flow!
Not softer, on the western wave
The golden lines of sunset glow.
Then all by chance or fate removed,
Like spirits, crowd upon the eye;
The few we liked—the one we loved,
And all the heart is memory!'

THAT was a beautiful and placid face, which we encountered on our way to the island; yea, and a sweetly-moulded form. I remember it well; and so do all who have sojourned, transiently or long, among the elysian bowers of New-Haven. Charming DE F——! The queen of Commencements, and Junior Exhibitions! Cynosure of sophomore eyes, with an atmosphere about thee of music and the frankincense of youth! Idol of unhewn and wondering freshmen, who gaze at thee as they would at a distant star, moving in brightness through the dark blue depths of Heaven! Who, wedded and blessed, or single and hipped, but would look upon thee as a sumptuous and beauteous picture? No one, be it confidently averred, in whose mind a

taste for grace and loveliness were not 'clean gone for ever.'
Thou art associated in my memory with the sun-bows and green
woods and waters of Niagara ; and art destined there to last,

'Unto thylke day i' the which I shall crepe
Into my sepulchre.'

ONE thing will impress you, as you wander about Goat-Island. After you have stood upon the high rocky tower, (connected by a quivering plank, as it were, with the awful edge of the precipice,) and looked for miles around you, upon a waste of stormy waters, plunge at once into the quiet and wooded paths of the island. Travel on—on—on. Now, you may fancy that you are alone, and Niagara out of hearing. Is it so? Pause a moment. There comes through the thick leaves and branches around you, though you are *far* from the Falls, a many-toned and hollow voice, which makes every leaf to tremble. The light stems *thrill* to the rushing breath of the cataract. Yet it is not sudden, like the sound of a cannon, or the pealing of the thunder : it is constant, yet changeful ; heavy and solemn ; yet at times, fairy and musical : but *it fills all the air*. There is no pause, no cessation, no stay. The roar is eternal. It is the utterance of the God who lifted that horrid ledge into heaven, and stretched that awful chasm for leagues toward the frozen pole.

FAIL not, tourist, to visit the Cave of the Winds, and to go southwardly from the BIDDLE stair-case, under the American ledge. Mind not the tempest, which will sweep over you occasionally from the distant cataract, in a cloud of spray on the wings of the gale. There is inspiration in the heart, as you inhale the awful hymn-notes of the torrent, and the freshness of that watery air. It is like breathing upon a high mountain in winter, above a wide plain, where a wider stretch of white fades at last, on the edge of the horizon, into a universal blue. Look up, ever and anon. How fearfully those heavy pines look over the ledges, at the height of many a hundred feet ! There the blue sky looks down upon you, and the fleecy cloud—child of the waters and the morning—unfolds its skirts of fleecy gold ! Beautiful, awful, impressive scene !

THEY told us a good story of an Irishman and Scotchman, from Canada, who came on the American side last winter, to settle an ancient grudge by fisticuffs. 'They fought like brave men, long and well ;' long hung the contest doubtful ; and the by-standers wist not which should prevail ; whether or shamrock

or thistle. At last the antagonists fell to the ground ; they rolled to the edge of the river ; one, minus his linsey-woolsey coat-tail, clung to some shrubbery on the precipitous bank ; the other fell to the distance of sixty feet, saving his life by striking among the thick boughs of a parasitical tree growing out of the rock, and festooned with thick vines, the seed of which some wandering breeze had wafted to a fissure in the rock, where it had been nourished by the presence of leaf-dust and spray, until it had flourished into strong and vigorous fertility. The discomfited warrior was drawn up by a rope, let down for his aid, and hooked to his wounded inexpressibles, having fallen only a small part of the distance to the river's bed.

A DAY or two (employed in good dinners at the Cataract House, a personal inspection and liberal purchases of Indian gimcrackeries on the Island, leave-takings with friends, appointments for Saratoga, Rockaway, Trenton, or Newport) can be passed richly at Niagara. If you have an ounce of poetry about you, reader, remain there until you can go the whole circuit on every side, and in every quarter—ALONE. Go out, free from all human presence, and hold communion with your GOD. So shall you bring away with you cherished and kindling thoughts, never to die.

WE bowled briskly away from the Cataract Hotel, one rainy afternoon ; the mud was up to the axle of our extra ; and as we wheeled around an opening through the thick shrubbery, on our way to Lewiston, not far from the *The Devil's Hole*, a polite name given to a horrid chasm in the rocky wall which bounds Niagara on either side, from Queenston to the Pavilion, I caught my parting view of *The Wonder*. Down rolled that heavy stretch of wide and foaming waters, the spray rising in clouds from its base ; the wreathing vapors making themselves wings for the wind, and ready to sail away, like airy messengers, perhaps to be steeped in sunlight over Lake Erie, so that they which but a little while before were mounting with thunder in their bosoms, could soar away and be at rest.

As you journey to the North, *Dan Tourist*, forget not to pause on the brow of that *long* hill which overlooketh the old town of Queenston, in Canada, the monument of BROCK, and eke the town of Lewiston on the republican side. As we neared this spot, the sun broke out from his hiding place, and diffused over the landscape, for many, many leagues, a sweet and melancholy

smile. Magnificent sight! The monument, arose like a shaft of ebony against a sky of the richest crimson. Old Niagara went meandering onward to Ontario, like a vast serpent of gold, creeping through a landscape of surpassing loveliness. The Mother and the Daughter of two countries seemed brought together in loving propinquity; and the hills afar, the vales between, 'the rain drops glittering on the trees around,' and the trembling leaves, gave melody to the breeze and beauty to the eye.

BEFORE we supped, I opened the window of our hostelry at Lewiston, to catch the last sound of the Falls. On the fitful gusts, and swayed to full or gentle modulations by the creeping tides of air that swept through the twilight, came 'the voice of many waters.' Harp sublime! Anthem unending! Organ of the ALMIGHTY! I seem to hear thee still!

IF you visit Niagara, I *think* I would perform the journey in *October*. Oh, when the trees are clothed in their many-colored autumnal robes; when the day-god goes to his rest as a monarch goes to his slumbers, drawing around him his curtains of purple and gold; when the mellow fruits drop richly from the trees in thine orchard; when the honey-locust leaf, or 'ash, deep crimsoned,' falls to the ground;

'When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the leaves are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill.'

then go to Niagara. You will return with the chastening solemnity of the season upon you; with emblems of eternity in your mind; with remembered whispers of a God sounding in your ear, and with thanks to HIM

'Who made the world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains.'

STOOD at the door of the *Cataract Hotel*, on the American side, while the postilion was placing their 'travelling dress' upon his cattle, and watched a handsome squaw trudge through the heavy rain, with a papoose, or young baby, at her back, covered with a white blanket, and suspended by a wampum belt from her forehead. How stately she stepped! She had the walk of an empress, as she bounded away into the woods. Poor soul! Probably on her way to her lonely wigwam, to lament in the autumn, when the sun goes down in an ocean of rainbow-colored

foliage, and the wilderness echoes to the moan of the dying year,
the departing glories of her race,

‘Like thee, thou sun, to die.’

EXCEEDINGLY amused at the air and manner of a decided ‘loafer,’ a sentimentalist withal, and a toper, who had come out of his way from Buffalo to see the Falls. ‘Landlord!’ said he, to the Boniface of the Cataract, ‘and you, gentlemen, who stand on this porch, witnessing this pitiless rain, you see before you one who has a tempest of sorrows a-beatin’ upon his head continually. *Wanst* I was wo’th twenty thousand dollars, and I driv the saddling profession. Circumstances alters cases; now I wish for to solicit charity. Some of you seems benevolent, and I do believe I am not destined to rank myself among those who could travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say all is barren. No, I scorn to brag; but I am intelligent beyond my years, and my education has been complete. I have read Wolney’s Ruins, Marshall’s Life of Washington, and Pope’s Easy on Man, and most of the literature of the day, as contained in the small newspapers. But the way I’m situated at present, is scandalous. The fact is, my heart is broke, and I’m just Ishmaelizing about the globe, with a sombre brow, and a bosom laden with wo. Who will help me—speak singly, gentlemen—who will ‘ease my griefs, and drive my cares away?’ as Isaac Watts says, in one of his devotional poems.’

No answer was returned. A general laugh arose. The pride of the mendicant was excited: rage got the better of his humility; and shaking his fist in the face of the by-standers, he roared out:

‘You’re all a pack of poor, or’nary common people. You insult honest poverty; but I do not ‘hang my head for a’ that,’ as Burns says. I will chastise any man here, for two three-cent drinks of *Monagohale* whiskey; yes, though I have but lately escaped shipwreck, coming from Michigan to Buffalo, and am weak from loss of strength; yet I will whip the best of you. Let any on ye come over to the Black Rock Rail-road Dee-pott, and I’ll lick him *like a d—n!*’

‘Never mind that,’ said one; ‘tell us about the shipwreck.’

‘Ah!’ he continued, ‘that *was* a scene! Twenty miles out at sea, on the lake; the storm bustin’ upon the deck; the waves, like mad tailors, making breeches over it continually; the lightnings a bustin’ overhead, and hissing in the water; the clouds meeting the earth; the land just over the lee-bow; every mast in splinters; every sail in rags; women a-screechin’; farmers’

wives emigratin' to the west calling for their husbands; and hell yawnin' all around! A good many was dreadfully sea-sick; and one man, after casting forth everything beside, with a violent retch, threw up his boots. Oh, gentlemen, it was awful! At length came the last and destructivest billow. It struck the ship on the left side, in the neighborhood of the poop, and all at wanst I felt something under us breakin' away. The vessel was parting! One half the crew was drowned; passengers was praying, and commending themselves to heaven. I alone, escaped the watery doom.'

'And how did you manage to redeem *yourself* from destruction?' was the general inquiry.

'Why, gentlemen, the fact is, I seen how things was a-goin', and *I took my hat and went ashore!*'

The last I saw of this Munchausen, "was as our coach wheeled away. He had achieved a 'drink,' and was perambulating through the mud, lightened, momentarily, of his sorrows.

As you journey to the North, from Niagara to Lewiston, you catch, ever and anon, through the leafy screen of the trees, distant views of the Great Cataract. In the pauses of your carriage wheels, come the thunder of the torrent and the dimness of the spray. On your left, there is '*a great gulf fixed,*' to which the Gulf of Hades might be imagined to have resemblance. Now and then, crowned with glittering rainbows, you see the Falls, like the 'great white sheet let down from Heaven,' as beheld of old in the portable larder that met the apostle's startled vision. Then a thickening cloud of spray, filled with 'thunderings and voices,' hides it from your view. Mile after mile, you continue your tour, the great Gulf still at your side, the complaining river rolling apparently leagues beneath you; horrid chasms and frowning precipices, around whose bases the foaming waves eddy and howl; until, by and by, you ascend that incomparable hill which overlooks the scenes of Lewiston and Queenston. The delighted eye beholds the sinking current grow calmer and calmer; the blue vistas of Canadian woods and plains stretch themselves in blending colors and undulations to the far and fairy radius of the horizon; and as the river rolls onward to the Ontario, like a huge serpent of gold winding through the landscape; as the tall shaft of Brock's monument paints its delicate outline against the evening sky, and the fainter sound of the distant cataract is taken on the freshening wind, among the far-off cedars, waving against a gush of farewell crimson in the west; the scene is inspiration, and the place becomes religion.

WHILE our supper was in preparation at Lewiston, I opened the window which looked toward the South, in the direction whence we had come. Haply, thought I, the cataract may yet send its farewell voice to my ear. I listened attentively, *auribus erectis*, and solemnly on the swelling gusts and creeping murmurs of the evening, as they rose and fell, swayed by the sweeping of the tides of air, came the majestic hum and *air-tremble* of the Falls!* How impressive was that sound! Throned afar in the forest; sceptred with its gorgeous coronet of lunar rainbows; its regal impulse rushing through the darkness on the wings of the wind; Niagara lifted to heaven its vocal and eternal anthem! How many generations, thought I, shall come and go; how many loving hearts go back to dust; how many lips be dumb in death,

—— and their soft breath with pain
Be yielded to the elements again,

before Niagara shall be tuneless, or its stormy tones be muffled! Power more than kingly! Voice, louder and steadier than the clangor of battle, or the peal of the ephemeral earthquake, engulfing plains and cities! In the language of the bard, 'Thy days are everlasting!' Thou camest from the palm of HIM who hath measured the earth, and who sees the pestilence stain the noon-day at his bidding! Who that breathes, will ever behold the consummation of thy destiny? None! Autumn after autumn, with its gold-dropping orchards, its painted woodlands and hollow sighs shall come and go; spring will prank the earth with violets and verdure; summer shall glow, and deadly winter pale the earth; but over all thou wilt triumph, until this sphere shall heave at the voice of the ALMIGHTY, and the trump of the Archangel!

OF the road from Lewiston to Lockport, and of that famous country town, what shall I say? I would say *nothing*—but I must say something. I feel in the predicament wherein is placed DENNIS BULGRUDDERY, in the play, with respect of his rib. 'I can hear nothing bad of her,' he says to a guest at the 'Red Cow,' which hotel he kept; 'you can say nothing good of her, without telling a d—d lie; and in coorse, the less you say, the better.' Thus I am situated and circumstanced, as touching the road and last place herein before mentioned.

With a postillion (of the just-adopted Telegraph) dressed in a flaming red coat, for which he had exchanged his own for a 'consideration,' with a deserting private in the Canadian army, we

* THERE is a repetition of certain impressions here, owing to a misdirection on the original ms. I have thought it best, however, to retain the original form. EDITOR.

pushed slowly on from Lewiston to Lockport. *Mud*, without end or bottom, alluvial pudding, thickened and gurgled on every side. Postillion was not to be hurried. No; 'he was a free Amerikin driver, be Gosh,' was his reply to one or two Birmingham or Sheffield agents, hastening homeward in the next packet from New York; 'and he guessed that anybody that went for to stir him up in the *lively* line, would get crucified and come over, almighty slick.' And he kept his word. Through pools, and over particularly stony and dangerous spots, he wended swift as Phæton with his aerial team; but where the thoroughfare was good, a snail would have distanced his lagging move.

LOCKPORT is famous for its deep cut in the canal. Representations of this great achievement I had seen in print, and had supposed that it was a marvel of the first water. It came to pass, therefore, when we saw the sole steeple of the village rising over a level country in the east, that we looked earnestly for the Deep Cut. We continued to gaze until we had reached the hotel, when we sallied forth in the rain, with a friend or two, in rabid quest of the wonder. The first view we obtained was from the village bridge. Never was there a more complete disappointment. The line of the canal, to the west, appears very like its usual long and snake-like length; and I put it to the reader, if one very often looks upon a more *common* thing than a canal, after you have travelled across, and alongside, and around it, for some two or three hundred miles? This, then, was the Deep Cut! Oh, minimum of marvels! A look or two was *suffequence*. It was a rainy day; the village grocers were taking in their cod-fish and fly-bespotted macaroni; every thing was gloomy and dismal: consequently it was resolved *nem. con.*, to give the Deep Cut a *dead* cut, which was suddenly performed.

In the lower town, our vehicular machinery stuck fast in the mud. This afforded time for a maiden lady, of whom I shall speak anon, to sally forth from an indifferent-looking domicile, near the upper quartier, and take her seat. At last the embedded wheels asserted their freedom, and went *gushing* along at the rate of a mile an hour, precisely like the pawing wheels of a steamboat in a heavy sea on Long Island Sound.

STOPPED a few minutes to say how-d'ye-do to a clever relation. Found ample time for my purpose, while the coach was lumbering by. Looked out from his handsome law-office upon a wide domain of mud, and meadows filled with stumps, and

ancient logs, reeking with the rain. Everything looked remorselessly unprepossessing. The clay in the road was of a yellowish cream color, some uniform fifteen inches deep, beside. Anathematized the town to my sometime companion, averring solemnly unto him, that if Lockport were built of ducats, and the abdomen of every little hill in its neighborhood pregnant with precious stones and jewels, I would not there reside. I still hold my mind; but mayhap a fair day, a robe of sunshine over that region, and other appliances and pleasaunces to boot, would have altered my opinions. But what I've writ, I've writ; perchance unjustly to the place. But 'situated, and I might add, circumstanced as I was,' and with my present memories, I must say 'them's my sentiments.' Fair words I blow to the winds, and candor reigns supreme. Yet I have heard those whose judgment is *law* with me on the subject of scenery, declare that Lockport is possessed of delightful haunts; that the neighborhood around is like a paradise, in summer. I will believe them; and I charge the elements with the verdict of my first impressions.

WE soon found that the maiden lady who entered at Lockport was a person of great scholastic acquirements, and of a very communicative turn of mind. A few miles from that town, (which whoso entereth, if in our way of thought, will reach without emotion and leave without regret,) we entered, out of a lonely and muddy turnpike, much the same as that at Lockport, upon that delectable road, denominated *Ridge*. It is good in rain or shine. Some inquiries being made, whether we were not on better ground, the maiden oped her vocal orifice, and observed: 'A'yes; that were the Ridge-d Road which we have stricken, on the brow of the hill, o'er which the driver have just riz!'

Shortly after this, she abdicated, and was deposited at the house of a friend by the way-side.

WHAT shall I say of Rochester, one of the Queens of the West? The approach to it is through a delicious country, that will yet be cultured by the hand of taste into a very Eden. What fair embowered towns, with their white steeples, occur at intervals on every side! What a sweet and rosy generation is rising around! We saw them, as it were, by legions; fine healthy responsibilities, courtesying or bowing to the traveller, their shining faces illumined with intelligence, made brighter at the school from which they went and came.

The entrance to Rochester, from the West, is impressive by contrast; and when you are once rattling over its pavements, and

through its long streets, you fancy yourself in New York, or eke in Philadelphia. The suburbs are beautiful. I envied so deeply the lot of some certain friends who escorted us along the banks of the fair Genesee, and showed us the Falls of that charming river, that their residences still rise to my eye as the very acme of rural establishments. From the roof of one, (which must be a palace anon,) I looked down upon flowery walks, the sparkling cataract, the vast pine forests to the north; the blue Ontario beyond; the city, with its turrets, some of which are like those which peer above an old feudal town in Europe; upon rail-cars rattling to and fro, while the horns of canal-men came musically upon the breeze; upon the shady dwellings of good old friends in the suburbs; and as I looked, I said, ‘*This shall be glorified by Ollapod!*’

IN a survey of the environs of Rochester, there is enough to kindle the dullest imagination. Prophecy itself will be distanced in its predictions by the swift-coming future. To-day, you may wander over a flowery meadow, or through the tangled thickets of a forest, scarcely as yet redeemed from the darkness of the past; to-morrow, the new street springs into being; the bustle of trade fills the late quiet atmosphere; the flouring mill sends its busy wheels round and round; the clink of the blacksmith’s hammer, the hum of the cotton-gin, the saw of the carpenter: all the sounds and sights of city life, greet your ear and your vision. As I journeyed with attentive friends in the suburbs, I pointed out to them places where country seats could be erected, in the most calm and poetical retreats. Alas! I found too soon, that these sweet recesses were already marked out in village lots, and that within ‘an incredibly short space of time,’ they would be converted into paved thoroughfares, and manufacturing or commercial blocks!

One sees enough in these embryo cities of the West, to dissuade him from anything like prophecy. The barren place, touched by the wand of enterprise, springs at once into newness of life: a community, famed for pure morality, and the honest but unbending and resolute energies of its members, as in the case of Rochester, goes on from strength to strength, until its friends become surprised with unexpected triumphs, the traveller amazed at the increase of population, and the patriot charmed with the prospect of days to come. For me, there is something of sadness in this stirring and changeful scene. By and by, the music of the pine will be lost to the gale; the cataract will minister to the stomachs of a voracious public; and the wave that laughed and tumbled picturesquely in the sunshine, will be se-

duced into the mill-race, or made to minister to the dollar-and-cent gyrations of the spinning jenny! Oh, dreadful profanation! But few will lament the loss of the forest or the torrent, when the 'almighty dollar' can be made, by their subserviency or their removal, to propagate and fructify!

WELL—perhaps it is best. You can not satisfy one gastro-nomic craving with a green tree or a golden sunset; and a waterfall butters no parsnips. Your turnip will not come from a cloud, nor will your requisite potato drop from a rainbow. Neither do beef-steaks come from the moon. Wherefore, while there are abdominal cavities to be refreshed, for the benefit of frail humanity; while rosy lips are but the glowing gateways of pork, and beans, and cabbage; while these exist, with their diurnal wants and requirements, it will be quite useless to gainsay their demands, or to sentimentalize upon their unpoetical aspects.

Wherefore, I pray and beseech of you, worthy reader, not to expect that I shall, on every occasion, burst forth, like a steamer at the highest heat, into the misty utterance of poetry and of romance. Let us congratulate each other upon our country. It is a glorious one—do n't you think so? Are you an American? Give us your hand! You like the stars, the eagle, and the stripes—do you not? Give us another grip! We shall shortly meet again. Are you going? Give us a lock of your hair. No? Well—never mind; we shall meet again. Till then, God bless you! Ever thine, OLLAPOD.

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

March, 1837.

'GIVE you good den,' Reader. We have been deprived of each other's companionship for several weeks, and for my part I am becoming lonesome without your eye. I love that you should scrutinize my sentences; appreciate a good thing, if I happen to acquit myself thereof; and use that thrice blessed quality of forgiveness with respect to a bad one. It pleases me to think that eyes whose mortal glance will probably never meet my own, may linger for a moment on my page, and that some thought may be conveyed, through those starry and lustrous media, to a spirit not displeased.

SOME of my contemporaries have supposed that the estate of a Benedict forbiddeth the resident therein to disport himself as aforetime, in the flowery fields of fancy, and to ambulate at random through the remembered groves of the academy, or the rich gardens of imaginative delight. Verily this is not so. To the right-minded man, all these enjoyments are increased; the ties that bind him to earth are strengthened and multiplied: he anticipates new affections and pleasures, which your cold individual, careering *solus* through a vale of tears, with no one to share with him his gouts of optical salt water, wots not of. As a beloved friend once said unto me: 'When a good man weds, as when he dies, angels lead his spirit into a quiet land, full of holiness and peace; full of all pleasant sights, and 'beautiful exceedingly.' One's dreams may not all be realized, for *dreams* never are; but the reality will differ from, and be a thousand fold sweeter, than any dreams; those shadowy and impalpable though gorgeous enitties, that flit over the twilight of the soul, after the sun of judgment has set. I never hear of a friend having accomplished hymenization, without sending after him a world of good wishes and honest prayers. Amid the ambition, the selfishness, the heartless jostling with the world, which every son of Adam is obliged more or less to encounter, it is no common blessing to retire therefrom into the calm recesses of domestic existence, and to feel around your temples the airs that are wafted from fragrant wings of the Spirit of Peace, soft as the breath which curled the crystal light

'of Zion's fountains,
When love, and hope, and joy were hers,
And beautiful upon her mountains,
The feet of angel messengers.'

No common boon is it—we speak in the rich sentence of a German writer—to enjoy 'a look into a pure loving eye; a word without falseness, from a bride without guile; and close beside you in the still watches of the night, a soft-breathing breast, in which there is nothing but paradise, a sermon, and a midnight prayer!'

OLD JOHN MILTON, whose pale statue looks down upon me with 'ful gret solempnite' from his niche, as I write, enlarges with great gusto upon the married state, and his verdict has been quoted a thousand times; but I believe that respectable gentleman, and tolerable author, found at last that the state matrimonial, as far as himself was concerned, was not so delectable as the airy tongue of fancy had syllabled to his ear. But the truth

is, Milton was not a fair judge. He was no more fitted to possess a wife, than Richard the Third was. The reason is obvious. He was engaged in the construction of gorgeous castles in the air: spirits that 'play i' the plighted clouds' were his familiars; and the battles that he superintended in heaven, and the hot work that he had of it in the other place, were enough to keep him in a perfect and constant fever. How could such a man come down to the bread-and-butter concerns of every day life?—the gentle hint of Mr. Russell the tailor, with whom he boarded in Bunhill Fields, that it was about time to elevate the pecuniary *quid pro quo* for victuals and drink that had fulfilled their offices in his incarnate tabernacle? How could he go to the green grocer's and get a cabbage for Mrs. Milton, or anything of that sort, when he was busy in populating Pandemonium? or see about procuring for himself a new pair of unwhisperables from his host, when he was engaged in arranging a throne for Apollyon, and drawing the convention of his peers together, to make speeches, and discuss matters of public interest? Indeed, his kingdom was not of this world; his mind soared away from the dim dust and smoke of London, up to the gates of Paradise, to pastures of eternal verdure, rivers of refreshing waters, and thoroughfares of bullion, glistening in the violet and golden radiance of an unfading sky. Supposing that one of his little responsibilities had bawled in his ear for a sugar-plum, just at the moment when he had got Satan into one of his heaviest fights, a kind of gravy running from his wounds? Would he not have exclaimed, petulantly, (in the identical words which he puts into the mouth of the Arch-fiend,) 'Oh hell!' It is quite likely; and perhaps followed up the ejaculation with a box upon the ear of the young offender. The truth is, he was always *in nubibus*, or else above them; his mental retina expanding, and drinking in the imperishable and glorious prospects of the upper world. He had not the serenity of Shakspeare. His wing was not so strong; but like 'the sail broad vans' of the Great Enemy, he waved them as if they were moved by the impetuous rush of a whirlwind. For the common things of this work-day world, he cared little or nothing. He was *among* men, but not *of* them. The only woman that he ever sincerely loved, was Eve. He attended to her with constant devotion. He pranked her pathway with roses: he spread around her the amaranth bowers and banks of Eden and Asphodel; and the land which he bequeathed her, was, to use the language of an auctioneer's advertisement, 'well watered and timbered.' He hated Satan 'as he did the devil;' and I am inclined to think that he has exaggerated the demerits of that famous individual.

But I am wandering. I demand back my spirit for other matters.

READER o' mine, have you been sleighing this winter? There were some three days of the genuine weather for that object, in the Philadelphia meridian, and the improvement thereof was great. Every one partook of the general joy. Little dogs ran like mad through the streets, and their barks were a mingling of laughter and yell, evidently the produce of excessive *animal* spirits. It was delightful to embark in a full sleigh, bells ringing cheerfully in the ear, the city lessening in the distance at one's back, and the broad white waste of the country expanding to the eye! There is a sense of chastened solemnity about the dull brown woods, mingling afar with the pale blueness of the distance, and the crimson of an evening sky, fading gradually behind their branches.

‘ While soft, on icy pool and stream,
Their pencilled shadows fall.’

I hardly know of anything which carries me more forcibly back to younger and purer days, than a winter's scene. There is something in sleigh-ride remembrances that stirs a potent witchery of pleasure in the very depths of the heart. Sometimes when, after a heavy fall of snow, a southern wind has arisen, bringing rain upon its wings, and when the breath of Boreas has afterward breathed over it, in competition with his *opposite* neighbor, a gloss shines over the whole face of the earth; and, as the sun rises or goes down, the entire radius of the horizon seems like a waving ocean of blue and gold! *Then* to see the sun go down, or to see it rise! *Then* to see the large dazzling stars in the vault of midnight, or the moon walking in brightness, or suspended like a vast balloon of transparent light in heaven! Then the soul goes up to God: there is an eloquence in the stillness of the night; the ear *hums with silence*, and fairy voices seem breathing from the snow. The unclouded grandeur of Omnipotence kindles the mind; there is solemnity in the howl of the watch-dog from the hill-side; in the sluggish clouds, rolling their languid and fleecy skirts upward from the horizon.

SLEIGH-RIDING and skating are my delights. Give me a satisfactory pair of *high-dutchers*, curled fantastically over the toe of my boots, the straps nicely adjusted, the line of steel ringing and thrilling along my *sole*, the Delaware or Fair-Mount dam for my theatre, and I can enact more wonders than a man; playing such tricks before high heaven, that a disinterested angel might bend

complacently from his pavilion in the upper air, to scrutinize my gyrations, and see how I performed.

Sliding down the hill, on the other hand, is an eminent bore. I wonder at my urchin infatuation in having ever patronized it. There is such a world of labor, and such a meager amount of pleasure. One half of it, to use an appropriate phrase, is 'up-hill business.' If there are any young countrymen among my readers who have a lake in their neighborhood, I can tell them of a system greatly in vogue when I was a student. The following is the recipe :

Take a pole, say twenty feet long ; place it on a little upright stick of wood, cut so that at the top two branches may be removed, so as to be something in the shape of a letter Y : let this be fastened in solid ice, when the lake is right firmly encrusted, and safe as a floor : then place the pole at the bottom of the triangle described by the branches of the upright stick ; let a long rope be at the end of the pole, and at the end of the rope a sled, with runners that cross each other at right angles, under a high box, filled with boys and girls, properly seated. Two stout fellows can easily turn the pole in the cavity of the Y, something in the way in which an oar is pulled in a regatta. Wait a moment, reader, I beseech you, and see the effect, when the impulse has crept to the rope's end. The sled starts like a comet behind time : it describes a far-off circle, widening and widening ; the passengers can scarcely see ; they breathe quickly but happily ; and I verily believe that (being conscious of safety, even were the ice as thin as a wafer,) any goodly company of young people thus engaged can enjoy a very satisfactory prologue to the sensations of an aeronaut on a trip, and feel as Virgil did when he begged Mæcenas to rank him among the lyric poets :

‘ Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.’

TALKING of poets and prologues, bids me discourse of the great merit of SHAKESPEARE in these impressive productions. His prologues are seldom spoken ; stage people exclude them from the public, and it is only now and then that they become closet familiars with the scholar. Shakspeare's prologues teem with meaning and description. Strong, brief, and simple, they are yet full of adventure and action. Take the following as an example. It is the opening of ‘ *Troilus and Cressida* :’

‘ In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece,
The princes orgulous, their high-blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments

Of cruel war. Sixty and nine that wore
 Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made
 To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
 The ravisht Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps—and that's the quarrel.

'To Tenedos they come;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage: now, on Dardan plains,
 The fresh and yet unbruiéd Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
 Dardan and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
 And Antenorides, with massy staples,
 And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
 Skerr up the sons of 'Troy,' etc.

WELL, after all, life itself is but a dim prologue to that day of days, when the curtain of eternity will be lifted, and 'the swelling act' begin! The thought is a deep one. Here, we are begirt with mystery. The Past rises with its shadows, only to the eye of Imagination: of the Wrong that has flourished and been successful, we know not yet the destiny; of the Right that has suffered, in weariness and painfulness, we know not the reward. Who shall unravel the marvel, or dispel the illusion? Of the events which happened, reader, when we were yet 'in the dark night of our fore-beings,' or ever the stars, or the moon walking in brightness, or the sun—glorious shadow and faint type of God!—had touched our mortal vision, who shall tell? The time gone is a dream; the time to come, unknown. Truly did one of yore say, as he discoursed of sepulchral mementoes, and turned his thoughts to the lofty structures of Egyptian ambition: 'Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a sphynx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister, Oblivion, reclineth semi-somnous on a pyramid, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and *turning old glories into dreams*. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he paceth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her who builded them, and she *mumbleth something*, but what it is, he heareth not.' Thus it is, that the position of our being defies all primary or ultimate inquiry. If we look back, there is a point where knowledge fades into conjecture; if onward, we stand upon the border of a sea which has but *one shore*, and whose heavings beyond are infinite and eternal! Of what avail is it, then, that we bend over the lore of antiquity, or wax pale over the lamp of midnight; that we walk in the fields, catching the faint utterance of the voice of God? We spend our strength

for naught: the clouds roll with an uncomprehended impulse; the wave heaves, the verdure brightens, the wind turneth in its circuits—but what are we? We drink the sunshine and the breeze; passions warm us; doubt overshadows, hope inspires, fear haunts us: but we are still in mystery. Pleasure and pain are equally uncertain; the morrow is in a mist, and yesterday is nothing. Our friends die; God changes their countenance and takes them away; and where is the balm for so bitter a sting? It is to consider the earth as no abiding place; to rely on a power beyond our own; to disdain the sneer of the bigot, the hot language of the zealot, and to cherish in one's heart of hearts that essence of the beatitudes—the *religion of life*.

LET no vain hopes deceive the mind:
 No happier let us hope to find
 To-morrow than to-day:
 Our golden dreams of yore were bright—
 Like them the present shall delight,
 Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,
 That into one engulfing sea
 Are doomed to fall:
 The sea of death—whose waves roll on,
 O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
 And swallow all!

Alike the river's lordly pride,
 Alike the humble rivulet's glide
 To that sad wave;
 Death levels poverty and pride,
 And rich and poor sleep side by side,
 Within the grave!

To *this* complexion at last must we come; and our questionings of the elements, or of the mind, are alike in vain. How often has passionate Grief invoked the hosts of heaven to restore the lost! Yet when the clod has once fallen with its hollow sound upon the coffin lid; when its melancholy echo has sunk unheard over the tuneless ear of Death, who that has stood by, and heard the requiem for the departed soul, but has wondered for its flight? Where is the heart that has not poured forth its plaint, amid the stillness of the night, when the ear

'From echoing hill or thicket, oft has seemed
 To hear celestial voices?'

It is then that the soul longs for the *astrologer's power*—the consultation of the stars. Among these orbs, gemming the night with lustre, where do the Departed dwell? Who can pierce the blue mystery above, to tell? There they shine from age to age;

glorious clusters, flooding the empyrean with paths of light, and looking down in beauty on the mutations of a 'wicked and perverse world!' Is it among those floating jewels, scattered from the crown of the Almighty, where the prismatic light gleams from the gates of Paradise, that the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest?

'ANSWER me, burning stars of night,
Where hath the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight
Even as a breeze hath flown?
And the stars answer me: 'We roll
In light and power on high,
But of the never-dying soul,
Ask that which cannot die!'

By the way, I would not speak too reverently of astrology; for I consider it a mythological humbug, which was exploded at Belshazzar's feast. When that distinguished personage was in the midst of his entertainment; when the lamps shone brightly over fair women and brave men; there came a passage of supernatural chiromancy over against him on the wall of his palace, which he could not decipher. Scratching his royal head, in grievous doubt, he called unto him his astrologers and soothsayers, (celestial proof-readers,) but 'they could not make known unto him the interpretation of the thing.' Ever since reading this sketch of that princely dinner, I have had a great distrust of your star-gazers. I am of this mind with Browne: 'We do not reject or condemn a sober and regulated astrology; we hold there is more truth therein than in astrologers; in some more than many allow, yet in none so much as some pretend. We deny not the influence of the stars, but often suspect the due application thereof; for though we should affirm that all things were in all things; that heaven were but earth celestified, and earth but heaven terrestriated; or that each part had an influence upon its divided affinity below, yet how to single out these relations, and duly to apply their actions, is a work oft-times to be effected by some revelation and *cabala* from above, rather than any philosophy or speculation here below. What power soever they have upon our bodies, it is not requisite they should destroy our reasons—that is, to make us rely on the strength of Nature, when she is least able to relieve us; and when we conceive heaven against us, to refuse the assistance of the earth, created for us.'

TALKING of stars, leads me to astronomy, and thence to the calculations of the exact sciences, whereby that prescience of

the future, which approaches divinity, and seems to snatch a prerogative from the Almighty, is revealed. The *profanum vulgus*, even, have a dim but *indefinable* reverence for figurative lore. Thus TEDDY O'ROURKE, in the play, when he usurps the place of my learned friend, Doctor O'TOOLE, after the '*Salve Dominum!*' of Doctor FLAIL, and the puzzling reply of '*Scumulum Tag'roogeen!*' goes on to bewilder himself in the mazes of 'cat-aphysics,' and the literature of 'the Thabans, the Russians, the Turks, and the rest of the Greeks,' and winds up with the knock-down conclusion, '*Thim's mathematics!*'

BUT that's neither here nor there. I wish to touch upon a subject familiar to every youth who has handled a pen while a student, and sat up till midnight to court the *nine*, when he should have been in bed by *ten*. I mean the producing of tributes for albums. Oh! bore of bores! How many despairing digits, at the command of young virgins, have ploughed themselves into the dandriff of the unpractised writer, in order to procure one or two ideas to dilute into an album! No one can tell the amount of misery that is inflicted in this way upon the youthful portions of mankind. There is no release from a thralldom of this kind; and if by dogged obstinacy you should happen to effect your redemption thence, you are like the 'Prisoner released from the Bastile,' whereof all juveniles have read. No one will know you; you will be cut by the lover of your bright-eyed cousin, and by herself. In fact, one might as well stipulate wantonly for a bad epitaph from a cutter of tomb-stones, as to attempt release from the scribbulative obligation. There is no discharge in that war of the pen. For me, I can say with the apostle, that if all I had recorded in albums, from a desire to preserve my female friendships, and to do what is denominated 'the *handsome* thing,' 'I suppose the world could not contain the books that had been written.'

Once, however, I was put to my trumps. A respectable milliner, who had made a beautiful bonnet for a cousin, desired her, as a special favor, to procure me to 'head the list' of contributors to her album. I received the volume. It was a *blank-book*, and the first two pages were devoted to memoranda of disposed-of millinett, dimity, ribbons, gros-de-naps, and so forth. The pages were ruled across in *blue*, and rectangularly, near the outer edge, in *red*, forming squares for the register of dollars and cents. A thought struck me, that I could make a novel *hit* in the *ars poetica*, by bringing in *figures* to my aid. '*Figures*,' thought I, 'are certainly allowable in poetry; and though I cannot flatter the vanity of the fair owner of this quarto, (for she was very nice.

and very pretty, except that one of her optics leered askew,) in my verse, perhaps I may do it in my motto.' For that I drew upon the Scriptures: and the sum total of the whole followeth:

'TO MISS LUCRETIA SOPHONISBA MATILDA JERUSHA CATLING:

Thou hast ravished my heart — thou hast ravished my heart with *one* of thine eyes! Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an armory, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men. How beautiful are thy feet, *with shoes*! Thy neck is as a tower of ivory: thine eyes like the fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-Rabbin: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus. How fair and pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!

[From the *Canticles*, or the *Song of Songs*, as originally written by Solomon, and sung by him at Jerusalem, with great applause.]

Thou canst not hope, oh! nymph divine,				
That I should ever court the	-	-	-	9
Or that when passion's glow is done,				
My heart can ever love but	-	-	-	1.
When from Hope's flowers exhales the dew,				
Then Love's false smile deserts us	-	-	-	2
Then Fancy's radiance 'gins to flee,				
And life is robbed of all the	-	-	-	3
And Sorrow, sad, her tears must pour				
O'er cheeks where roses bloomed be	-	-	-	4—19
Yes! life's a scene all dim as Styx;				
Its joys are dear at	-	-	-	3/6
Its raptures fly so quickly hence,				
They're scarcely cheap at	-	-	-	18d
Oh! for the dreams that then survive!				
They're high at pennies	-	-	-	25
The breast no more is filled with heaven,				
When years it numbers	-	-	-	27
And yields it up to Manhood's fate,				
About the age of	-	-	-	28
Finds the world cold, and dim, and dirty,				
Ere the heart's annual count is	-	-	-	30
Alas! for all the joys that follow,				
I would not give a <i>quarter-dollar</i> !	-	-	-	25—1.97½

This, charming *artiste*, is the sum
To which life's added items come.
If into farther sums I stride,
I see the figures multiplied.
Subtract the profit ones from those
Whose *all* to loss untimely goes,
And in the aggregate you find
Enough to assure the thinking mind
That there's an overplus of evil,
Enough to fright the very d—1!

Thus, my dear maid, I send to you
The balance of my metre due;
Please scrutinize the above amount,
And set it down in my account;
A wink to a horse is as good as a nod—
Your humble servant, OLLAPOD.

By the way, is it not wonderful, that though in relation to celestial prospects, figures cannot lie, yet in terrestrial matters they are mendacious to the last degree? It is even so. There are numerous improvements in our country, for example, which a few years ago would have been stigmatized as the dream of the minstrel, now apparent as the certainties of fact. Who, ten years since, would have thought of a *ship canal* from the lakes to the ocean!—passing through fertile regions, bearing the white sail on its waters, the wealth of the interior, and the stores of Ormus or of Ind on its bosom! Yet a few years, and the wilderness which once was barren, shall resound with the hum of commerce, be dimmed with the smoke of cities, and astonished with the bustle of mercantile life. We are not a stationary people: we go onward; and if the best spirit that ever was filled of yore with high dreams of hope for the country, were now among us, what would be the scene of its vision? *Imagination* furls her wing, and lets *Reality* take the lead.

But I forbear. I am at my sheet's edge. Hereafter I will seize the theme, now but begun,

———'and bear it with me, as the storm
Bears the cloud onward.'

Till then, gentle reader, I am wholly thine.

OLLAPOD.

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

April, 1837.

KIND READER: All eyes of late have been turned toward Washington. The last process of president-making has there been perfected, and the beauty of the republican system made manifest. The national metropolis, which is indeed, and punning aside, a *capital* place, was crowded to abundant repletion. Men, it is said, in the annals of that week, slept wheresoever they could place their superabounding skulls; some in rail-cars, some in the corners of suburban fences, and others, like the harvests of old, were 'gathered into barns,' consorting with jealous rats, and provident mousers; lashed by the scampering tails of the one, and visited by the omniscient whiskers of the other. In truth, from all we hear, it was a pressing time altogether, and the bed-market was never so *tight* before in the memory of the

oldest inhabitant of Washington. But why should I enlarge upon this point—an imaginary one as far as I am concerned?

‘Of the people that suffered from evils that were,
I can not tell—for I was not there.’

But the pressure thitherward has awakened the remembrance of a visit to that region some dozens of moons ago. Washington is always *sui generis*, in its main features; and turnpikes, sheets of water, with towns and cities, do not change materially in so short a time.

Every one who has crossed the line of Mason and Dixon, knows what sort of a river the Delaware is. On one side, as thou goest toward the south, from the city of PENN, thou perceivest the low shore of Jersey, calm and green; on the other, in the direction of the occident, may be seen the undulating slopes and swells of Pennsylvania, melting into distance; before thee is the crystal river, an affrighted member of the ichthyological tribe, frightened by the coming boat, springing now and then from its bosom—saltation by steam.

Consider me on my way to the City of Distances. The difference between the two shores and states is preserved, as far as you go. I pointed out to my friends, G. W. C—— and Le Compte C——l, the beauty of the scenes we were passing. The latter enjoyed them with that keen and relishing sense, natural in one but a few months in the country, ‘and sharp with his eyes.’ The tame canals of Europe, the *trekschuyt*, and the sleepy landscapes from its portals of observation, were contrasted with the free and majestic movement of our good steamer, and the scenes from its airy deck, or its cabin windows.

WE are on the Chesapeake. It is early autumn. A few frosts have descended upon the woodlands, whose painted masses hang over the edge of the distant wave, like an ocean of rainbows, just breaking in turbulence upon a lake of pure and molten silver. Golden flashes of sunshine play in tremulous lines for miles along the wave; the distant sail flits into indistinctness, and the duck, poising its wing on the western gale, skims the blue ridges in the south-east like the messenger of a spirit, dropping ever and anon to float on its nest on the billow, and turn its quick iris to the smoky craft, gliding like a ‘sea chimera’ on the distant waste.

THE approach to Baltimore was likeliest to magic. A long pile of rosy clouds, whether the incense of the city, or the offspring

of the bay, clung to the base of the town, steeped in the gushes of the sunset, and extending for miles on either hand. Above these clouds rose the domes of cathedrals, churches, and minsters! and over all, the slender but simple and majestic shaft, at which whosoever looketh, he shall be instantly reminded of the Father of his Country, the immortal WASHINGTON. It springs toward the heavens with a plain but a commanding austerity. There, around the crowning statue, breathes the air of freedom; there circulates the sunlight which gilds the pinion of the eagle, or lights the plumage of the dove, as she sails to her rest.

THE City of Monuments is worth a week of observation. When thou touchest that spot, oh, Tourist! rest thee there awhile. Go forth into the town. Remain not too long at morn over Barnum's rich coffee and cakes, nor at noon over his wines, those succulent, magical things, but get thee out into the thoroughfares. Convey yourself to the Holiday-street Temple; and if the gas *be* dubiously fragrant, thou wilt get respectable dramatics, and thine evening shall be well nigh spent ere it seem begun.

BALTIMORE, like Boston, is a city of ups and downs. It is memorable to me; for it was in that city of monuments that I had well nigh lost my life. That spice of the adventurous which has accompanied me from my earliest days, led me to ascend the long ladder, said to have been some seventy feet high, placed on the outside of the great dome of the cathedral, then undergoing repairs. The upward distance lent an enchantment to my eye, which was irresistible. I fancied that the view from the 'topmost round' of those tapering ladders, tied together with ropes, would be *magnificent*. I was not disappointed. The bay melted afar into the iris-blue of air; that golden edging, which hangs over forest tops and waters in summer, whose tremulousness makes the eye ache with gazing, and fills the heart with happy and ethereal feelings. Landward, the country spread brightly around, seamed with brown roads, and fading afar into apparent ridges, and swells of cedar-green. It was a calm and cheerful day, and every object in unison one with another. The air was rarefied and sweet; the last odor of the latest flowers of summer seemed floating by in the sunshine: and I fancied that the voices of summer-birds, taking their farewells for distant climes, were mingling with them. The shipping in the harbor sent every pennon to the gale; the flag-staffs waved their signals, and, what with the fresh breeze, and the beauty of the morning, it really seemed a gala-day.

After having fed my eyes with the beauty of the scene, from the extreme height of the ladder, the voices of the workmen in the cupola, or on the balustrade above, making a pleasant hum in my ear, I prepared to descend. But the moment I looked toward the earth, a *dizziness* came upon me, which almost led me to instantaneous self-abandonment. My brain reeled, my eyes grew dim; a sleepy sensation crept over me; the whole cathedral seemed to recede from my gaze; and for a moment I seemed as if sailing in the air. I had not descended more than a dozen rounds, when my tottering steps and trembling hands really seemed to refuse their office. My sickness increased, and a languor crept over my perceptions, like the effect of an anodyne. I felt myself absolutely becoming *indifferent* to my peril, though I knew it well. I was in truth as if in a dream; and I can safely aver, that I felt myself losing all consciousness, when I heard one of the laborers above—and the words came to my ear as if from the supernatural lips of a spirit—‘*My God! that young gentleman is going to fall!*’

This sentence went like fire to my brain, and rolled like a flood of lava over every nerve. It restored me instantly to a full perception of my case, and my course. I grasped the rounds of the ladder with the firmness which a drowning man exhibits when clutching, in the bubbling groan of his last agony, at the slenderest spar. Every foot-fall shook the ladder from end to end; and when I touched the ground, I felt precisely as if rescued from the grave.

FROM Baltimore to Washington, the route is what one might call *dull*. Such, at least, was the impression of the road upon our party of three and a servant, as we wheeled over the yellow line, y’clept a turnpike. The view therefrom is limited, being confined to a few brown landscapes, describing, as it were, a stone’s-throw-radius on either hand. One stirring scene, however, I must needs except. There is a point, as you go from Baltimore, Washington-ward, where the former city lifts itself in supreme beauty along the line of the horizon. Dome, tower, and temple, point their glowing indices toward that heaven to which their ministering spirits guide the way; a wide lapse of silver bounds the view; and over all, like a pyramid above the plains of Memphis or of Thebes, or like to the Needles, named of her who wooed an ANTHONY to her bosom, and who fed from those fair orbs the scorpion which killed her; rose that thin shaft which commemorates the fame of WASHINGTON, *the Saviour of his Country*. As I turned my head, (thrust forth in

search of the picturesque, from the window of our coach), to survey the parting glories of that tall white column, my heart swelled into my throat; for, my dear American reader, I am peculiarly susceptible of patriotic influences. A sign-post, with WASHINGTON at its top, calls forth my admiration. I have wept at the plaudits of an audience at the theatre, when the falling of a new drop-curtain has disclosed the form or features of the *Pater Patriæ*. Simple, republican, austere in honor, sublime in war, beloved in peace; when shall we look upon his like again? I am not of those who fancy that any eulogy can be misused upon his memory; nor do I think that terms and tributes, though often repeated, can ever grow familiar or aged, when applied to his name. Therefore I offer, as the best *synopsis* of his merits, a stanza which may be familiar to many, and yet new to the majority of those who now follow my words:

‘His was Octavian’s prosperous star—
 The rush of Cæsar’s conquering car,
 At Battle’s call;
 His Scipio’s virtue; his the skill
 And the indomitable will
 Of Hannibal:
 His was Aurelius’ soul divine,
 The clemency of Antonine,
 And generous will:
 In tented field and bloody fray,
 An Alexander’s vigorous sway,
 And stern command:
 The faith of Constantine—ay, more—
 The fervent love Camillus bore
 His native land.’

The sun had gone to bed in a pile of fleecy and feathery clouds, flushed like the heart of a summer rose, long before we had reached the Great Capital. A storm came on; the rain pattered heavily against our carriage-window; and when we first caught the reflection of lights against them from the lamps in the vicinity of the capitol, it seemed as if we had embarked in a vehicle, chartered by Phæton, to be conveyed whithersoever his eccentric whipship would.

A PRESENTATION at the American court, at a private audience, and with a foreign functionary, is not an ordinary matter of your working-day world. With anticipations of this sort, so it was that I was awakened by our attendant in a crowded sky-parlor at GADSBY’S through whose uppermost casement I looked and saw the splendors of an autumnal morning sun streaming over the capital, at the distant end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

But what a strange mélange of town and country between! Fields near at hand; rural waters twinkling nigh; and at long intervals, the indications of a city. One finds no direct chance of deciding upon his whereabouts. At first, he fancies it may be *rus in urbe*; at the next moment, he concludes himself surrounded *cum urbs in rure*. Thenceforth, those abstruse mysteries, the points of a compass; properly belonging to the shipman's card, and not manipulated by lubbers o' the land; become to him inexplicable enigmas. He knows the contradistinction of heads and heels, barely; all facts beyond outventure his philosophy.

THERE is a halo of 'glorification,' after all, about a functionary, high in office and place, which makes the heart of your humble denizen beat quicker, as he approaches the imperial den. Thus it was with me, as our coach wheeled up to the mansion where le Compte was to find himself accredited. The ceremonies on such occasions are pleasant to the spectator, and though simple, are imposing. A group of gray-heads and time-worn forms; expressions of polite regards, in different accents and various language; bows and kind assurances, are the staple scenes and sounds on such occasions.

At the same time, it is right republican to see the President, with a free-and-easy air, ask his Secretary of State to light a paper that he may convey the blaze thereof to a pipe, the stem of which would not measure in length more than three inches, and the smoke from the bowl thereof would coil up within a hair's breadth of the presidential nose. It reminds one of those calm and luxurious times, signalized in the reign of WOUTER VAN TWILLER, in the days when the KNICKERBOCKERS, pyramids of their day and generation, towered aloft in Dutch and daring dignity.

AMONG the fair women of that day and hour, was the gifted and accomplished **** L——. Song, it was said, had breathed around her footsteps from lyres of fame; and one devoted bard, (so Rumor breathes) poured after her when abroad, the song that ensueth. He had heard, erroneously, that she was dead:

'TO CORA.

I.

'I SANG to thee my main hymn
In life's auspicious hour,
Ere the sunlight of joy grew dim,
O'er beauty's vernal bower;

For all the wealth of heaven above,
And all beneath the sea,
I would not then have sold the love
Thou freely gav'st to me.

II.

'When youth's bright hopes began to fail,
I sung an altered strain —
The farewell to the fading sail
That bore thee o'er the main ;
And as I pressed thy gentle form,
And heard thy parting vow,
Thy kisses on my lips were warm,
Thy tears were on my brow !

III.

'Still fall those tears ? Sweet mourner, no !
Beyond the unquiet wave,
Thy broken heart forgot its wo,
But only in the grave !
There Memory weeps — while trusting Love
Looks through the clouds of even,
To view thine angel form above,
A habitant of heaven !'

Nothing can well be prettier, or more pathetic, than this effusion ; yet the catastrophe part, as my friend of the Albany Argus would say, was 'gratuitous.' The parties afterward, mayhap, read it together, and pointed out the chronological inaccuracies ; which reminds me, or *might* remind me, of a circumstance lately related in one of the western papers, where a gentleman who had been advertised as deceased, wrote a polite note to the editor of the journal, (who had thus among his *personal* ship-news recorded a false clearance for eternity), somewhat as follows :

'MY DEAR SIR : Will you allow me to correct a slight statement in your last, with reference to my death ? I am grateful for the compliments to my character in your obituary notice, and I believe them *deserved*. That I tried to do the handsome thing while I lived, is most true ; true, too, is it, that I never backed out of a fight, and never saw the man that could whip me, when alive ; and I say the same yet, 'being dead,' according to your story. But when you state, that I left my affairs unsettled, and my widow and those eleven children unprovided for, I have only to state, that *you lie in your throat !* I mean no offence in what I say ; I speak in the aggregate sense of the term. Being a dead man, and printed *down* as such in your columns, I am incapable of mortal resentments ; but I leave as my avengers, CAIN, ABEL, and SIMPKINS, printers and publishers of the *Occidental Trumpet and Mississippi Battle-Axe*. To the editor of that paper, I submit my fame. To his indomitable coolness, never yet ruffled by repeated contumely, and invulnerable to contempt, I confide my reputation : feeling certain that one who has never found satisfaction for an insult, (nor sought it indeed,) can fail to be a champion in my cause. That he may be in peril in my advocacy, is possible ; but he knows how to shun it. He is independent, for he is unknown ; he is fearless, for no man will touch a hair of his head. To that important GULLIVER, in whatsoever cave or fastness he may dwell, I surrender my fame.

Yours, 'till death,

ROSSELL ADAMS GREENE.'

But I wander, and I recall my rambling spirit back to the American capital.

ATTENDED church. 'Tis a dull business in Washington. One's devotional feelings, that in ordinary cities kindle and rise heavenward, at the anthems of the choir, or the pealing of the organ, come down, in the metropolis of the republic, to the shallow and factitious distinctions of this common sphere of earth. The preachers at Washington have been variously described. Just before the session of the National Legislature, as at the period of which I speak, crowds of the reverend cloth convene, for the chaplaincy of Congress, and other purposes. Of course, as many of these as can, accomplish the *entré* to the metropolitan desk, to display their powers. The divine I had the happiness to hear, in some respects resembled the man whom my dear lamented SANDS described in his 'Scenes at Washington.' *Argument* was his hobby; and he would curtail a sentence of its dimensions, and subvert all gleanings, scriptural, historical, or political, to fortify the same. He reminded me of that queer and rural divine, of whom I have heard in Massachusetts, who found his congregation indulging in all the extravagances of provincial fashion, and rebuked them *en masse*, (especially the fairer part, who indulged in flaunting top-knots, and dresses of the head), by choosing for one of his sermons the following text: '*Top-knot come down!*' From this text he deduced a world of sacred ratiocination. He expatiated upon the uselessness of top-knots, and enlarged upon his scriptural injunction that they should come down. Toward the close of his sermon, he confessed that he had merely adopted a *clause*; but he said that any detached sentence, even, from Holy Writ, was profitable for *reproof* and *instruction*. 'The context of the clause,' he added, 'I will now join with the text. It is thus written; 'Let him that is on the house-top not come down.' Comment is unnecessary!

THERE is a story of this same man of God, now gathered to his fathers, (or named at least of him,) for which I have great respect. It seems that he encountered a confirmed infidel one evening at a donation-party; a man who respected the pastor of the town, though he did not credit his doctrines. By accident, they engaged in a controversy, and the infidel endeavored to prove, by Holy Writ, in the same text-choosing method for which his opponent was proverbial, that the priests of old were drunkards, and that they imbibed 'potations pottle deep,' in public.

'How do you prove that? Give me an instance,' said the clerical gladiator.

‘Well,’ was the reply, ‘look at the coronation of SOLOMON, where it is expressly stated that Zadok, the priest who anointed him, *‘took a horn.’*’

‘Yes,’ said he of the cloth, ‘but you don’t give the whole passage, which is this : ‘And Zadok the priest took a horn of oil, and anointed Solomon,’

‘I did not say what he did with his horn,’ rejoined the infidel ; ‘I only contended that he *took it.*’

‘Good, very good !’ responded the divine, warming at the quiz which he saw was directed towards himself : ‘you are ingenious in your argument ; but I can prove by the Scriptures, in the same way, that instead of being here, resolving doubts and disputing with me, you should be swinging on a gallows at this moment, by your own consent and deed.’

‘No, no ; *that’s* beyond your skill ; and if you will establish what you propose, by any kind of ratiocination, I will confess my deserts, as soon as they are shown.’

‘Agreed. Now do we not read in the Bible, that ‘Judas went and hanged himself?’

‘Yes, we do.’

‘Do you not find in another part of the Sacred Word, ‘*Go thou and do likewise?*’

‘Yes ; you have proved that as far as you go. What next?’

‘Only one clause more,’ replied the divine. The Bible also says, ‘*What thou doest, do quickly.*’ Now, my friend, go and hang yourself at once !’

‘Not till I show you the text to your charity sermon, preached for the Widow’s Society in Boston, last spring. Here it is, and there is a word there, which you either have not properly written or properly read.’

Saying this, he drew a pamphlet from his pocket, and pointed to the opening passage. It ran thus : ‘Then he rebuked the winds, and the sea, and lo ! there was a great *clam* !’ ‘Why do bring your texts to such an amphibious and testaceous termination?’

The good man was thunderstruck. He acknowledged that there was an error ; but he contended that shell-fish might have existed at that ancient period :

‘E’en though vanquished, he could argue still.’

UNFORTUNATELY, typical mutations in published MSS. have come down to the present day. Not many moons since, I was called upon by a small and humble-looking person, in green spec-

tacles, behind which there rolled two enormous gray eyes. He said he was a man of many occupations, and sometimes dabbled in literature. He had thoughts of buying some western lands, if any one would credit him for six years, and in that way make his fortune. A friend in Texas had also assured him that he could get some lots there on the same terms. In these enterprises he wished me to join him. But first, and before showing me some poetry which had been spoilt in the publication, he wished me to loan him a shilling, and accept his note to that amount, 'with sixty days to run.' A humorous thought struck me, and I chose the latter, with the direction that he should try it for discount at the United States' Bank. The next day I received a carefully-written 'business letter' from him, which (after promising to call on me in an hour after I received it) contained the ensuing :

' December 17.

'MY DEAR SIR : I have had an interview with Mr. BIDDLE, and truly lament my inability to communicate satisfactory results. I fear that until the resolution of the Senator from Ohio, in regard to the repeal of the Treasury order, is finally disposed of, the trading interests will materially suffer.

'The Board of Directors, however, have some reason to indulge in the pleasing hope, that a small keg of ten-cent-pieces will arrive from Tinnicum, some time during the ensuing week ; in which case, the president has promised to exert his influence in my behalf on the next discount-day.

'If we should be successful in ultimately elevating the breeze (raising the wind) on my promissory note, we can proceed without delay to our contemplated acquisitions in Michilimackinac lands, and Texas scrip.

'Your obedient friend,

ZEBEDEE FUSSY.'

He was with me, almost before I had read his letter. 'Ah !' said he, 'reading my scroll, I see. Funny circumstance. But never mind. You make pieces sometimes for the KNICKER-BOCKER, don't you ? — apt kind o' pieces, that come out of your head ? I borrow that there periodical, sometimes, of a friend, and I seen a piece-t there about a man who was the 'Victim of a Proof-reader.' I am one of that class. Two years ago I was in love. I was *jilted*. Hang details ; the upshot is the main thing. Well, I had tried the young lady, and found her wanting ; and I thought I would quote a line of Scripture onto her, as a motto for some bitter and reproachful verses.' So, holding a manuscript in one hand high up, and placing the other arm a-kimbo, he read as follows :

'TO ONE FOUND WANTING.

—
'Mene, mene, tekél upharsin !'—SCRIPTURE.

—
'Thou art no more, what once I knew
Thy heart and guileless tongue to be ;

Thou art no longer pure and true,
 Nor fond, to one who knelt to thee;
 Who knelt, and deemed thee all his own,
 Nor knew a dearer wish beside;
 Who made his trembling passion known,
 And looked to own thee for a bride.

‘What is the vow that once I heard
 From those balm-breathing lips of thine?
 Broken, ah! broken, word by word,
 E’en while I worshipped at thy shrine!
 Broken by thee, to whom I bowed,
 As bends the wind-flower to the breeze,
 As bent the Chaldean, through the cloud,
 To Orion and the Pleiades.

‘But thou art lost! and I no more
 Must drink thy undecieving glance;
 Our thousand fondling spells are o’er—
 Our raptured moments in the dance.
 Vanished, like dew-drops from the spray
 Are moments which in beauty flew;
 I cast life’s brightest pearl away,
 And, false one, breathe my last adieu!’

Here he stopped, his gray eyes rolling in a wild frenzy, and drew a newspaper from his breeches pocket. ‘Sir,’ said he, striking an attitude, ‘I sent them verses for to be printed into the *‘Literary Steam-boat and General Western Alligator.’* It is a paper, Sir, with immense circulation. A column in it, to be read by the boatmen and raftsmen of the west, is immortality. I say nothing. Just see how my effusion was butchered. I can’t read it.’

I took the paper, a little yellow six-by-eight folio, and read thus:

‘TO ORE, FOUND WASHING.

—
 ‘*Mcrc, mere, treacle, O’ Sartin !*’—SCULPTURE.
 —

‘Thou hast no means, at once to slew
 Thy beasts, and girdless tongues to tree;
 Thou hast no l’argent, pure and true,
 Nor seed, for one who knelt to thee:
 Who knelt, and dreamed thy all his own,
 Nor knew a drearer wish betidle,
 Who maid his tumbling parsnips known,
 And looked to arm thee for a bridle!

‘What is the row? what once I heard
 From those brow-beating limps of thine?
 Brokers! oh, brokers! one by one,
 E’en while I worshipped at thy shine!

Broker by three! to whom I lowed,
As lends the wind-flaw to the tries!
As burst the chaldron thro' the clod,
To Onions, and the fleas as dies!

'But thou art lost! and I no more
Mus dirk thy undeeceaving glance;
One thous & friendly squills are o'er,
Our ruptured moments in the dance!
Varnished, like dew-drops from the sprag,
Are moments which in business flew!
I cut life's brightest peal a-wag,
And, false one, break my bust—a dieu!'

On breaking into a loud laugh at the utter stupidity of this typical metamorphosis, I found that the stranger grew red in the face. He snatched the paper from my hand, and disappeared, making his bow as he retired.

And, beloved reader, having exceeded my boundaries, let me do the same. Thine till doomsday, OLLAPOD.

NUMBER NINETEEN.

August, 1837.

WHETHER you be gentle or simple, reader, whether poetical or prose enamored, you have been free from any inflictions or productions of mine, whichever you may please to call them, any time these several months. If the omission has been grievous, you may have had a monition that your life is not all sunshine, many things being oft anticipated, which come not to hand of him that desireth them; if pleasing, you are now reminded, that pleasures of a sublunary character are too brief to have long uniform continuance, since 'diuturnity of delight is a dream, and folly of expectation.' So much for prefatory philosophy. PLATO, when he paced along the olive walks, beneath the groves of Academe, or listened to the prattle of shining Grecian streams of yore, never knew what it was to meditate the exordium of a magazine paper. As yet, when he flourished, 'editors and agents of periodicals' never took prominent parts in university processions, with toll-gate keepers, sea-serpents and American eagles, as was jocosely related of the late conflagratory assemblage in the edifice of Brown, on Providence Plantations.

By the way, I laughed extremely at the piece to which I allude, which was full of delightful and most facetious things, right aptly conceited. It was an imaginary procession at Brown

University, on occasion of burning all the literary productions of the students for the last five or six years. Had the sacrificial mandate extended to the honorary members of her societies, then would OLLAPOD have been obliged to be present with his offering to the insatiate elements; and with 'survivors of the Boston massacre, in coaches,' or 'superannuated toll-keepers of the Pawtucket Turnpike,' followed in the train of the great marine visitor at Nahant, or that supposed bird, met by the dreamer (immortalized by the muse of SANDS) who sailed a-nigh it in his vision, what time his spectral charger waved to the breeze of midnight

' the long, long tail, that glorified
That glorious animal's hinder side !'

I'LL warrant me a dozen of Burgundy, with all olives and apurtenances thereunto properly belonging, that this same humorous description gave offence to those who support the dignity of a time-honored *alma-mater*. But they must have laughed in their sleeves at the witty conception of it. Yet it is an old saying, 'A blow with a word strikes deeper than one with a sword.' 'Many men,' saith the profound old Democritus, Junior, 'are as much gauled with a jest, a pasquil, satyre, epigram, or the like, as with any misfortune whatever. Princes and potentates, that are otherwise happy, and have all at command, secure and free, are grievously vexed with these pasquilling satyrs: they fear a railing *Aretine*, more than an enemy in the field; which made most princes of his time, as some relate, allow him a liberal pension, that he should not tax them in his satyrs. The gods had their Momus, Homer his Zoilus, Achilles his Thersites, Philip his Demades; the Cæsars themselves in Rome were commonly taunted. There was never wanting a Petronius, a Lucian, in those times; nor will be a Rabelais, an Euphormio, a Boccalinus, in ours. Adrian the Sixth, pope, was so highly offended and grievously vexed with pasquils at Rome, he gave command that satyre should be demolished and burned, the ashes flung into the river Tiber, and had it done forthwith, had not Ludovicus, a facete companion, dissuaded him to the contrary, by telling him that pasquils would turn to frogs in the bottom of the river, and croak worse and louder than before.' A right pithy description is this, of the effect of wit and words.

I HAVE sometimes guffawed immeasurably, at the sharp cuts and thrusts not seldom indulged by the current writers of our country, both in periodicals and newspapers. Not that I par-

ticularly affect the vapid abortions which appear in each department, as now and then they must inevitably do; but names and sources might readily be mentioned in both, whereat the general lip shall curl you a smile, as if by intuition. Our magazines have a goodly sprinkling of the cheerful; and in dull times, one can but wish that they even had more. There is a spirit, and I mentioned but now the name of its incarnate habitation, which has gone from among us, no more to return. Ah me!—that spirit! It was stored with sublunary lore; calm, philosophical, observant; a lens, through which the colors of a warm heart, full of genuine philanthropy and goodness, shone forth upon the world. It was sportive in its satire, and its very sadness was cheerful. Grasping and depicting the Great, it yet ennobled and beautified the Small. Its messengers of thought, winged and clothed with beautiful plumage, went forth in the world, to please by their changeableness, or to impress the eye of fancy with their enduring loveliness. Such was the spirit of SANDS, whose light was quenched for ever, while ‘inditing a good matter’ for the very pages which now embody this feeble tribute to his genius.* I well remember, when I first approached his native city, after his death, how thick-coming were the associations connected with his memory, which brought the tears into my eyes. The distant shades of Hoboken, where he so loved to wander; the spreading bay, whereon his ‘rapt, inspired’ eye had so often rested; the city, towering sleepily afar; the fairy hues of coming twilight, trembling over the glassy Hudson, sloop-bestrown; the half-silver, half-emerald shades, blending together under the heights of Weehawken—these, appealing to my eye, recalled the Lost to my side. I looked to the shore, and there

‘The shadows of departed hours
Hung dim upon the early flowers;
Even in their sunshine seemed to brood
Something more deep than solitude.’

No BARD, ‘holy and true,’ was ever more deeply imbued than SANDS with ‘the spirit of song.’ Sublimity, tenderness, description, all were his. But in his dissertations on all subjects, his struggling humor at last came uppermost. From classic stores, he could educe the novel *jeu d’esprit*; from fanciful premises, the most amusing conclusions. Having given a pleasant line or two from one of his happiest sketches, I feel irresistibly inclined to encompass the whole. It is necessary beforehand, to discern

* ROBERT C. SANDS; who, while engaged in writing an article for the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, was struck with paralysis, and almost immediately expired. EDITOR.

the preamble of the argument. A fellow-minstrel has indited and published to the world a fanciful picture of the national eagle, in all its original wildness, surrounded with characteristic scenery. The subject is a grand one, but over-colored; and would seem to have been drawn according to the admitted principle of the writer in composition, that 'whatever he writes is either superlatively good, or sheer nonsense.' The former quality sometimes predominates; but there is enough of the latter in *all* he has written. The minstrel just mentioned also gave birth to a midnight phantom, or the sketch of a most supernal steed; the burlesque presentment whereof is hereto annexed, together with certain allusions to the feathery emblem of the republic, which show that the limner knew how to kill two rare objects with one satirical 'fragment of granite:'

* A MISTY dream — and a flashy maze —
Of a sunshiny flush — and a moonshiny haze!
I lay asleep with my eyes open wide,
When a donkey came to my bedside,
And bade me forth to take a ride.
It was not a donkey of vulgar breed,
But a cloudy vision — a night-mare steed!
His ears were abroad like a warrior's plume —
From the bosom of darkness was borrowed the gloom
Of his dark, dark hide, and his coal black hair,
But his eyes like no earthly eyes they were!
Like the fields of heaven where none can see
The depths of their blue eternity!
Like the crest of a helmet taught proudly to nod,
And wave like a meteor's train abroad,
Was the long, long tail that glorified
That glorious donkey's hinder side!
And his gait description's power surpasses —
'T was the beau ideal of all jack-asses.

* I strode o'er his back, and he took in his wind —
And he pranced before and he kicked behind —
And he gave a snort, as when mutterings roll
Abroad from pole to answering pole —
While the storm-king sits on the hail-cloud's back,
And amuses himself with the thunder-crack!
Then off he went, like a bird with red wings,
That builds her nest where the cliff-flower springs —
Like a cloudy steed by the light of the moon,
When the night's muffled horn plays a windy tune;
And away I went, while my garment flew
Forth on the night breeze, with a snow-shiny hue —
Like a streak of white foam on a sea of blue.
Up-bristled then the night-charger's hair too,
Like a bayonet grove, at a 'shoulder-hoo!'

* Hurrah! hurrah! what a hurry we made!
My hairs rose too, but I was not afraid;

Like a stand of pikes they stood up all,
 Each eye stood out like a cannon-ball;
 So wrapt I looked, like the god of song,
 As I shot and whizzed like a rocket along.
 Thus through the trough of the air as we dash'd,
 Goodly and glorious visions flash'd
 Before my sight with a flashing and sparkling,
 In whose blaze all earthly gems are darkling.
 As the gushes of morning, the trappings of eve,
 Or the myriad lights that will dance when you give
 Yourself a clout on the orb of sight,
 And see long ribands of rainbow light:
 Such were the splendors and so divine,
 So rosy and starry, and fiery and fine.

‘Then eagle! then stars! and then rainbows! and all
 That I saw at Niagara’s tumbling fall,
 Where I sung so divinely of them and their glories,
 While mewed in vile durance, and kept by the tories;
 Where the red cross flag was abroad on the blast,
 I sat very mournful, but not downcast.
 My harp on the willows I did not hang up,
 Nor the winglets of fancy were suffered to droop,—
 But I soared, and I swooped, like a bird with red wings
 Who mounts to the cloud-god, and soaringly sings.

‘But the phantom steed in his whirlwind course,
 Galloped along like Beelzebub’s horse,
 Till we came to a bank, dark, craggy, and wild,
 Where no rock-flowers blushed, no verdure smiled—
 But sparse from the thunder-cliffs bleak and bare,
 Like the plumage of ravens that warrior helmets wear.
 And below very far was a gulf profound,
 Where tumbling and rumbling, at distance resound
 Billowy clouds—o’er whose bottomless bed
 The curtain of night its volumes spread—
 But a rushing of fire was revealing the gloom,
 Where convulsions had birth, and the thunders a home.

‘You may put out the eyes of the sun at mid-day—
 You may hold a young cherubim fast by the tail—
 You may steal from night’s angel his blanket away—
 Or the song of the bard at its flood-tide may stay,
 But that cloud phantom donkey to stop you would fail!

‘He plunged in the gulf—’t was a great way to go,
 Ere we lit mid the darkness and flashings below;
 And I looked—as I hung o’er that sulphurous light—
 Like a warrior of flame!—on a courser of night!
 But what I beheld in that dark ocean’s roar,
 I have partly described in a poem before,
 And the rest I reserve for a measure more strong,
 When my heart shall be heaving and bursting with song!

‘But I saw, as he sailed ’mid the dusky air,
 A bird that I thought I knew everywhere,

A fierce gray bird with a terrible beak,
 With a glittering eye, and peculiar shriek :
 'Proud Bird of the Cliff!' I addressed him then —
 'How my heart swells high thus to meet thee again!
 Thou whose bare bosom for rest is laid
 On pillows of night by the thunder-cloud made!
 With a rushing of wings and a screaming of praise,
 Who in ecstasy soar'st in the red-hot blaze!
 Who dancest in heaven to the sound of the trumpet,
 To the life's acclaim, and bass-drum's thump!
 Whence com'st thou,' I cried, 'and goest whither?'
 As I gently detained him by his tail-feather.
 He replied, 'Mr. NEAL! Mr. NEAL! let me loose!
 I am not an eagle, but only a goose!
 Your optics are weak, and the weather is hazy —
 And excuse the remark, but I think you are crazy.'

SANDS was a lover of nature, with an affection 'passing the love of women;' and he entered into the very heart of her mysteries. Lately, I made a pilgrimage to a scene which he has depainted, in one of those quiet, rich, and noble sketches, which have gained such celebrity to his pen. It was the KAATSKILLS.

It fell on a day, when the guns and thunder of artillery proclaimed, according to the Fourth-of-July orators, 'the Birth-day of Freedom,' that we made our way from the crowded city to the majestic craft that was to convey us up the Hudson. What a contrast did the embarkation scene present to the tranquil Delaware, and the calm, sweet city of fraternal affection! Thousands of garish pennons were abroad on the gale; the winds, as they surged along on their viewless wings, were heavy with the sound of cannon, the rolling of chariot-wheels, and the shouts of multitudes. To me, it is an edifying and a thought-inspiring sight, to look from the promenade-deck of a receding steamer upon a city, as it glides into distance. The airy heights, dwelling-crowned, around; the craft going to and fro; the thousand destinations of the throngs that fill them: the hopes and fears that impel them: Some are on errands of business; some, on those of pleasure:

'For every man hath business, and desire,
 Such as it is,'

Yonder a gay ship, her sails filled with air and sunshine, hastens through the Narrows. She is a packet, outward bound. We see her as she goes. Within her are hearts sighing to leave their native land; from tearful eyes there extends the level of the telescope which brings the distant near; and at some upper casement in the town, a trembling hand waves the white 'kerchief, still descried; at last it trembles into a glimmer; the ocean haze rises

between, and the bosom which it cheered goes below to heave with the *nausea marina*, and feel the benefits of an attentive steward.

It is beautiful to ascend the Hudson, on the birth-day christened as aforesaid. On every green point where the breeze rustles the foliage, and around which the crystal waters roll, you may see the grim ordnance, belching forth its thunder-clap and grass wadding; the brave officers and 'marshals of the day,' sporting their emblems of immortal glory; the urchins, with chequered pantaloons, and collars turned over their coats, their tender hearts and warm imaginations excited and wild with the grandeur of the scene; and as you pass some beautiful town, you may see the stars and stripes waving from an eminence, near the meeting-house or town hall; and as you pass the line of a street which tends to the river, you may eke observe 'the orator of the day,' with his roll of patriotism and eloquence in his hand, marching sublimely onward, behind prancing chargers, heroes in gay attire, meditating death to any possible foes of the country, on any future battalious emergency; and sustained and soothed (he, the orator) by the brattling of brass horns, and the roll of the stirring drums behind him; the ladies, meanwhile—God bless them!—looking neat and cheerful at the windows, or in the streets. Then for the tourist to see the places in such a transit, hallowed in his country's history; the old head-quarters of WASHINGTON, as at Newburgh, above whose humble roof, near which one tall and solitary Lombard waved and whispered mournfully in the air, there streamed a faded red banner, that had caught the roll of the war-drum in the revolution, and rustled its folds more quickly at the gun-peals that sent an iron storm into invading breasts! And then, to think that millions on millions, in 'many a lovely valley out of sight,' in states, and territories stretching to the flowery prairies, and where the setting sun flames along the far mountains of the west, the same anthems were ascending; the same glorious love of country inculcated; it is a train of thought ennobling, pure, imperishable! Then it is, that the mind has visions which no vocabulary can clothe and wreak upon expression; when the faculties ache with that indescribable blending of love, hope, and pride, such as was faintly shadowed by the minstrel, when he sang:

'BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!'

PRESUPPOSING that a man is possessed of a soul, it is my belief that he cannot traverse the Hudson, even if it be for the hundredth time, without new and delicious sensations. The noble shores, now broken into sweet and solemn vistas, until they become steeped in romance; the capacious bays; the swelling sails; the craft of all sorts, hastening to and fro; all are impressive and beautiful. You have such a variety of steamer life about you, too; that is the best of it—odd congregations of character. Yonder stands, looking at the shores, and now and then at his watch, a man who, by his look, should be a divine. He hath a white cravat around his neck, tied behind with extreme closeness, at 'the precise point betwixt ornament and strangulation.' He proceedeth to the bow of the boat to look to his luggage. Such a one I saw; and he was accosted, somewhat abruptly, by a clock-pedlar, who had been whittling a pine shrub, near the taffrail, (and whistling the *sublime* national song of Yankee Doodle, that most *dignified* effusion,) and who bespake him thus: 'Square, you do n't know nawthing about that young woman, yender, do ye?—with that lay-lock dress onto her—do ye?' 'No,' replied the ambassador from the high court above, 'I do not; and I wonder at your asking *me* such a question.'

'Why, I axed you, 'cause I seen you a-looking at her yourself; and 'cause I think she's blamenation elegant!'

'That's enough, my friend; you had better run along,' was the august reply; and the colloquy ended.

PAUSED for a moment at Rhinebeck, to release a passenger in a small boat, let down amid the agitated foam at the steamer's side. How sad, that the beauties of a landscape should be stained by the memories of death! Here once lived, drinking the spirit of golden youthful hours, and rejoicing in existence, a warm and devoted friend, now alas! no more—JOHN RUDOLPH SUTERMEISTER. The pestilence, for such it was, swept him from being, in the pride of his intellect, and the full flush of his manhood. As I surveyed the place where he had embarked for the last time for the metropolis, in whose romantic suburbs his bones were so soon to lie, the illusion as it were, of a dream, came over me, and I almost fancied I could see him coming on board. I thought of the many pleasant hours we had consumed together, in walks where romance and early friendship sanctified the groves, as the red sun, tinting the lake, and closing the flowers, and beautifying the tender woodlands of spring, went down behind the cedars of the west, in a sea of gold, and crimson, and purple. Those were blessed hours; moments when the enthusiasm, the

glowing hopes, the far-reaching thoughts, which take to themselves the wings of the eagle, and soar into the mysteries of unborn years, coloring the future from the gorgeous prism of the imagination, all were ours. How, at that point of reminiscence, did they throng back to my experience and my view! I fancied that my friend was by my side, his arm in mine; and a voice, like the tones of a spirit, seemed breathing in my ear :

‘YET what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend ?
Soul-like were those hours of yore —
Let us walk in soul once more.’

Poor Shade ! He seemed ever to have a presentiment of his coming and early doom ; and his prophetic vision often pierced the future, in lines akin to the solemn stanzas which close his beautiful ‘Night Thoughts :

‘WHEN high in heaven the moon careers,
She lights the fountain of young tears ;
Her rays play on the fevered brow ;
Plays on the cheek now bright no more —
Plays on the withered almond bough,
Which once the man of sorrow wore !
* * * * *

‘Behold this elm on which I lean,
Meet emblem of my cruel fate ;
But yesternorn, its leaves were green —
Now it lies low and desolate !
The dew which bathes each faded leaf,
Doth also bathe my brow of grief.
Alas ! the dews of DEATH too soon
Will gather o’er my dreamless sleep ;
And thou wilt beam, O pensive moon,
Where love should mourn, and friends should weep !’

But he was translated to an early paradise, by the kind fiat of a benevolent God. Pure in heart, fresh and warm in his affections, he loved to live, because he lived to love ; and he is now in that better country,

‘WHERE light doth dance on many a crown,
From suns that never more go down.’

He had a languid but not unpleasing melancholy about his life, which entered into his verse, and moaned from every vibration of his excelling lyre. How beautiful, how touching, how mournful, are these bodings in his song :

‘GIVE not to me the wreath of green —
The blooming vase of flowers ;
They breathe of joy that once hath been —
Of gone, and faded hours.

I cannot love the rose ; though rich,
 Its beauty will not last ;
 Give me, give me the bloom, o'er which
 The early blight hath passed :
 The yellow buds—give them to rest
 On my cold brow and joyless breast,
 When life is failing fast.

Take far from me the wine-cup bright,
 In hours of revelry ;
 It suits glad brows, and bosoms light—
 It is not meet for me ;
 Oh ! I can pledge the heart no more,
 I pledged in days gone by ;
 Sorrow hath touch'd my bosom's core,
 And I am left to die ;
 Give me to drink of Lethe's wave—
 Give me the lone and silent grave,
 O'er which the night-winds sigh !

Wake not, upon my tuneless ear,
 Soft music's stealing strain :
 It can not soothe, it can not cheer
 This anguish'd heart again :
 But place th' Æolian harp upon
 The tomb of her I love ;
 There, when heaven shrouds the dying sun,
 My weary steps will rove ;
 As o'er its chords Night pours its breath,
 To list the serenade of death,
 Her silent bourne above !

Give me to seek that lonely tomb,
 Where sleeps the sainted dead,
 Now the pale night-fall throws its gloom
 Upon her narrow bed ;
 There, while the winds which sweep along
 O'er the harp-strings are driven,
 And the funereal soul of song
 Upon the air is given,
 Oh ! let my faint and parting breath
 Be mingled with that song of death,
 And flee with it to heaven !

ONE picks up a marvellous degree of gratuitous and most novel information from the miscellaneous people who pass hither and thither in steam-craft. Bits of knowledge strike you unaware ; and if you believe it, you will be a much wiser man, when you greet the morrow morn after a day's travel. For example, when we had passed the shadowy highlands, and the Kaatskills were seen heaving their broad blue shoulders against the brilliant horizon, a man with a pot-belly, in a round-about, with a bell-crowned hat, over which was drawn a green oil-skin, shading his tallowy cheeks, and most rubicund nose, approached my side,

and interrupted my reverie, by volunteering some intelligence. 'Them is very respectable mountains,' he said, 'but a man do n't know nothin' about articles of that kind, unless he sees the tower of Scotland. I am not, as you may likely be about to inquire, a natyve of that country; but I have saw friends which has been there; and furthermore, the mountains there was 'all named after relations of mine, by the mother's side. At present, all them elewated sections of country is nick-named. Now the name of Ben. Lomond has been curtailed into an abbreviation. That hill was named after an uncle of my grandfather's, Benjamin Lomond. Ben. Nevis was a brother of my grandmother's, who had the same given name; and a better man than Benjamin Nevis never broke bread, or got up in the morning. From all accounts, he was consid'able wealthy, at one time; though I've hear'n tell since, that he was a bu'sted man. But just to think of all them perversions! Is n't it 'orrid?' With this and other information did this gl'orious volunteer in history break in upon my musings; and when he turned upon his heel, and clattered away, he left me with an impression of his visage in my mind akin to that which the fat knight entertained of Bardolph: 'Thou art our admiral; thou bearest the lantern in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp. I never see thy face, but I think of hell-fire, and Dives, that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.'

You would scarcely think, arrived at Kaatskill Landing, on the Hudson, that just before you enter the coach which conveys you to the mountain, that any extraordinary prospect was about to open upon your vision. True, as when on the water, the great cloud Presence looms afar; yet there is a long level country between it and you; and it is too early in the day to drink in the grandeur of the scene. You are content with watching the complex operations of that aquatic and equestrian mystery, a horse-boat, which plies from the humble tavern at the water's edge to the other shore of the Hudson. The animals give a consumptive wheeze, as they start, stretching out their long necks, indulging in faint recollections of that happy juvenescence, when they wasted the hours of their colthood in pastures of clover, and moving with a kind of unambitious sprawl, as if they cared but little whether they stood or fell; a turn of mind which induces them to stir their forward legs more glibly than those in the opposite quarter, quickening the former from pride, and 'contracting the latter from motives of decency.' This is said to be their philosophy; and they act upon it with a religious devotion, 'worthy a better cause.'

As you move along from the landing, by pleasant and quiet waters, and through scenes of pastoral tranquillity, you seem to be threading a road which leads through a peaceful and variegated plain. You lose the memory of the highlands and the river, in the thought that you are taking a journey into a country as level as the lowliest land in Jersey. Sometimes the mountains, as you turn a point of the road, appear afar; but 'are they clouds, or are they not?' By the mass, you shall hardly tell. Meantime, you are a *plain*-traveller, a quiet man. All at once you are wheeled upon a vernal theatre, some five or six miles in width, at whose extremity the bases of the Kaatskills 'gin to rise. How impressive the westering sunshine, sifting itself down the mighty ravines and hollows, and tinting the far-off summits with aerial light! How majestic yet soft the gradations from the ponderous grandeur of the formation; up, up, to the giddy and delicate shadowings, which dimly veil and sanctify their tops, as 'sacristies of nature,' where the cedar rocks to the wind, and the screaming eagle snaps his mandibles, as he sweeps a circuit of miles with one full impulse of his glorious wing! Contrasting the roughness of the basis with the printed beauty of the irishued and skiey ultimatum, I could not but deem that the bard of 'Thanatopsis' had well applied to the Kaatskills those happy lines wherein he apostrophizes the famous heights of Europe:

'Your peaks are beautiful, ye Appenines,
In the soft light of your serenest skies;
From the broad highland region, dark with pines,
Fair as the hills of paradise, ye rise!

BE not too eager, as you take the first stage of the mountain, to look about you; especially, be not anxious to look *afar*. Now and then, it is true, as the coach turns, you can not choose but see a landscape, to the south and east, *farther off* than you ever saw one before, broken up into a thousand vistas; but look you at them with a sleepy, sidelong eye, to the end that you may finally receive from *the Platform* the full glory of the final view. In the meantime, there is enough directly about you to employ all your eyes, if you had the ocular endowments of an Argus. Huge rocks, that might have been sent from warring Titans, decked with moss, overhung with rugged shrubbery, and cooling the springs that trickle from beneath them, gloom beside the way; vast chasms, which your coach shall sometimes seem to overhang, yawn on the left; the pine and cedar-scented air comes freely and sweetly from the brown bosom of the woods; until, one high ascent attained, a level for a while succeeds, and your smoking horses rest, while, with expanding nostril, you drink in

the rarer and yet rarer air; a stillness like the peace of Eden, (broken only by the whisper of leaves, the faint chant of embowered birds, or the distant notes that come 'mellowed and mingling from the vale below'), hangs at the portal of your ear. It is a time to be still, to be contemplative; to hear no voice but your own ejaculations, or those of one who will share and heighten your enjoyment, by partaking it in peace, and as one with you, yet alone.

PASSING the ravine, where the immortal Rip Van Winkle played his game of nine-pins with the wizards of that neighborhood, and quaffed huge draughts of those bewildering flagons, which made him sleep for years, I flung myself impatiently from the 'quarter-deck' of the postillion whose place I had shared; I grasped that goodly globe of gold and ivory which heads my customary cane—the present of 'My Hon. friend' S——, and which once drew into itself the sustenance of life from that hal-
lowed mound which guards the dust of WASHINGTON, and pushed gayly on, determined to pause not, until my weary feet stood on the Platform. The road was smooth and good; the air refreshing and pure, beyond description. The lungs play there without an effort; it is a luxury to breathe. How holy was the stillness! Not a sound invaded the solemn air; it was like inhaling the sanctity of the empyrean. The forest tops soon began to stir as with a mighty wind. I looked, and on both sides of the road there were trees whose branches had been broken, as if by the wings of some rushing tempest. It was the havoc of winter snows.

THERE is a wonderful deception in the approach to the Mountain-House, which, when discovered, will strike the traveller with amazement. At one point of the road, where the mansion which is to terminate your pilgrimage heaves its white form in view, (you have seen it from the river for nearly half a day,) it seems not farther than a hundred rods, and hangs apparently on the verge of a stupendous crag over your head; the road turns again, it is out of sight, and the summits, near its *locus in quo*, are nearly three miles off. The effect is wonderful. The mountain is *growing upon you*.

I continued to ascend, slowly, but with patient steps, and with a flow of spirit which I can not describe. Looking occasionally to the east, I saw a line of such parti-colored clouds, (as then I deemed them,) yellow, green, and purple, silver-laced, and violet-bordered, that it meseemed I never viewed the like kaleidoscopic

presentments. All this time, I wondered that I had seen no land for many a weary mile.

Hill after hill, mere ridges of the mountain, was attained; summit after summit surmounted; and yet it seemed to me that the house was as far off as ever. Finally it appeared, and a-nigh; to me the 'earth's one sanctuary.' I reached it; my name was on the book; the queries of the publican, as to 'how many coach-loads were behind,' (symptoms of a yearning for the almighty dollar, even in this holy of nature's holies,) were answered, and I stood on the Platform.

GOOD READER! expect me not to describe the indescribable. I feel now, while memory is busy in my brain, in the silence of my library, calling up that vision to my mind, much as I did when I leaned upon my staff before that omnipotent picture, and looked abroad upon its God-written magnitude. It was a vast and changeful, a majestic, an *interminable* landscape; a fairy, grand, and delicately-colored scene, with rivers for its lines of reflection; with highlands and the vales of *States* for its shadowings, and far-off mountains for its frame. Those parti-colored and varying clouds, I fancied I had seen as I ascended, were but portions of the scene. All colors of the rainbow; all softness of harvest-field, and forest, and distant cities, and the towns that simply dotted the Hudson; and far beyond where that noble river, diminished to a brooklet, rolled its waters, there opened mountain after mountain, vale after vale, State after State, heaved against the horizon, to the north-east and south, in impressive and sublime confusion; while *still beyond*, in undulating ridges, filled with all hues of light and shade, coquetting with the cloud, rolled the rock-ribbed and ancient frame of this dim diorama! As the sun went down, the houses and cities diminished to dots; the evening guns of the national anniversary came booming up from the valley of the Hudson; the bonfires blazed along the peaks of distant mountains, and from the suburbs of countless villages along the river; while in the dim twilight,

'From coast to coast, and from town to town,
You could see all the white sails gleaming down.'

The steam-boats, hastening to and fro, vomited their fires upon the air, and the circuit of unnumbered miles sent up its sights and sounds, from the region below, over which the vast shadows of the mountains were stealing.

Just before the sun dropped behind the west, his slant beams poured over the south mountain, and fell upon a wide sea of

feathery clouds, which were sweeping midway along its form, obscuring the vale below. I sought an eminence in the neighborhood, and with the sun at my back, saw a giant form depicted in a misty halo on the clouds below. He was identified, insubstantial but extensive Shape! I stretched forth my hand, and the giant spectre waved his shadowy arm over the whole county of Dutchess, through the misty atmosphere; while just at his supernatural coat-tail, a shower of light played upon the highlands, verging toward West Point, on the river, which are to the eye, from the Mountain-House, level slips of shore, that seem scarce so gross as knolls of the smallest size.

OF the grandeur of the Kaatskills at sunrise; of the patriotic blazon which our bonfire made on the Fourth, at evening; of the Falls, and certain pecuniary trickeries connected with their grim majesty, and a general digest of the stupendous scene, shall these not be discoursed hereafter, and in truthful wise? Yea, reader, verily, and from the note-book of thine, faithful to the end,

OLLAPOD.

NUMBER TWENTY.

November, 1837.

WE parted, good my reader, last at the Kaatskills—no? 'It was a summer's evening;' and with my shadow on the mountain mist, I ween, vanished in your thoughts the memory of me. Well, that was natural. A hazy, dream-like idea of my whereabouts may have haunted you for a moment—but it passed. I can not allow you to escape so easily. 'Lend us the loan' of your eye, for some twenty minutes: and if you are a home-bred and untravelled person, 't is likely, as the valet says in Cinderella, that I may chance to make you stare!

IN discoursing of the territorial wonderments in question, which have been moulded by the hand of the ALMIGHTY, I can not suppose that you who read my reveries will look with a compact, imaginative eye upon that which has forced its huge radius upon my own extended vision. I ask you, howbeit, to take my arm, and step forth with me from the piazza of the Mountain House. It is night. A few stars are peering from a dim azure

field of western sky ; the high-soaring breeze, the breath of heaven, makes a stilly music in the neighboring pines ; the meek crest of Dian rolls along the blue depths of ether, tinting with silver lines the half dun, half fleecy clouds ; they who are in the parlors make 'considerable' noise ; there is an individual at the end of the portico discussing his quadruple julep, and another devotedly sucking the end of a cane, as if it were full of mother's milk ; he hummeth also an air from *Il Pirata*, and wonders, in the simplicity of his heart, 'why the devil that there steam-boat from Albany does n't begin to show its lights down on the Hudson.' His companion of the glass, however, is intent on the renewal thereof. Calling to him the chief 'help' of the place, he says 'Is that other antifogmatic ready ?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, now, person, what's the reason ? What was my last observation ? Says I to you, says I, 'Make me a fourth of them beverages ;' and moreover, I added, 'Just you keep doing so ; be *constantly* making them, till the order is countermanded.' Give us another ; go ! vanish !—'disappear and appear !'

The obsequious servant went ; and returning with the desired draught, observed probably for the thousandth time : 'There ! that's what I call the true currency ; them's the *ginooyne* mint drops ; HA — ha — ha !—these separate divisions of his laughter coming out of his mouth at intervals of about half a minute each.

THERE is a bench near the verge of the Platform where, when you sit at evening, the hollow-sounding air comes up from the vast vale below, like the restless murmurs of the ocean. Anchor yourself here for a while, reader, with me. It being the evening of the national anniversary, a few patriotic individuals are extremely busy in piling up a huge pyramid of dried pine branches, barrels covered with tar, and kegs of spirits, to a height of some fifteen or twenty feet—perhaps higher. A bonfire is premeditated. You shall see anon, how the flames will rise. The preparations are completed ; the fire is applied. Hear how it crackles and hisses ! Slowly but spitefully it mounts from limb to limb, and from one combustible to another, until the whole welkin is a-blaze, and shaking as with thunder ! It is a beautiful sight. The gush of unwonted radiance rolls in effluent surges adown the vale. How the owl hoots with surprise at the interrupting light ! Bird of wisdom, it is the Fourth ! and you may well add your voice to swell the choral honors of the time. How the tall old pines, withered by the biting scathe of Eld, rise to the view, afar and near ; white shafts, bottomed

in darkness, and standing like the serried spears of an innumerable army ! The groups around the beacon are gathered together, but are forced to enlarge the circle of their acquaintance, by the growing intensity of the increasing blaze. Some of them, being ladies, their white robes waving in the mountain breeze, and the light shining full upon them, present, you observe, a beautiful appearance. The pale pillars of the portico flash fitfully into view, now seen and gone, like columns of mist. The swarthy African who kindled the fire regards it with perspiring face and grinning ivories ; and lo ! the man who hath mastered the quintupled glass of metamorphosed *eau-de-vie*, standing by the towering pile of flame, and, reaching his hand on high, he smiteth therewith his sinister pap, with a most hollow sound ; the knell, as it were of his departing reason. In short, he is making an oration !

Listen to those voiceful currents of air, traversing the vast profound below the Platform ! What a mighty circumference do they sweep ! Over how many towns, and dwellings, and streams, and incommunicable woods ! Murmurs of the dark, sources and awakeners of sublime imagination, swell from afar. You have thoughts of eternity and power here, which shall haunt you evermore. But we must be early stirrers in the morning. Let us to bed.

You can lie on your pillow at the Kaatskill House, and see the god of day look upon you from behind the pinnacles of the White Mountains in New Hampshire, hundreds of miles away. Noble prospect ! As the great orb heaves up in ineffable grandeur, he seems rising from beneath you, and you fancy that you have attained an elevation where may be seen *the motion of the world*. No intervening land to limit the view, you seem suspended in mid-air, without one obstacle to check the eye. The scene is indescribable. The chequered and interminable vale, sprinkled with groves, and lakes, and towns, and streams ; the mountains afar off, swelling tumultuously heavenward, like waves of the ocean, some incarnadined with radiance, others purpled in shade ; all these, to use the language of an auctioneer's advertisement, 'are too tedious to mention, but may be seen on the premises.' I know of but one picture which will give the reader an idea of this ethereal spot. It was the view which the angel Michael was polite enough, one summer morning, to point out to Adam, from the highest hill of Paradise :

'His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat

Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
 Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
 And Sarmachand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
 To Paquin of Sinæan kings ; and thence
 To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul
 Down to the golden Chersonese ; or where
 The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
 In Hizpahan ; or where the Russian Ksar
 In Mosco : or the Sultan in Bizance,
 Turchestan born ; nor could his eye not ken
 The empire of Negus, to his utmost port,
 Erocco ; and the less maritime kings
 Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
 And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm
 Of Congo and Angola, farthest south ;
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas' mount,
 The kingdoms of Almanzor, Fez, and Suz,
 Morocco, and Algier, and Tremizen ;
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
 The world ; in spirit perhaps he also saw
 Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
 (And Texas too, great Houston's seat—who knows ?)
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
 Of Atabalipa : and yet unspoiled
 Guiana, whose great city Geyro'ns sons
 Call El Dorado.

Of the Falls, sooth to say, little can be ejaculated in the eulogistic way. The cataract is only 'on hand' for a part of the time. It is kept in a dam, and let down for two shillings. The demand for the article has sometimes exceeded the supply, especially in dry weather. We quote the sales, as per register, while there, at perhaps some three hundred yards. Oh, Mercury ! Scenery by the square foot ! Sublimity by the quintal !

It looks to be a perilous enterprise, to descend the Kaatskills, You feel, as you commence the 'facilis descensus,' (what an unhackneyed phrase, to be sure !) very much the sort of sensation probably experienced by Parachute Cocking, whose end was so shocking. The wheels of the coach are shod with the preparation of iron slippers, which are essential to a hold up ; and as you bowl and grate along, with wilderness-chasms and a brawling stream mayhap on one hand, and horrid masses of stone seemingly ready to tumble upon you on the other ; the far plain stretching like the sea beneath you, in the mists of the morning ; your emotions are *fidgetty*. You are not afraid—not you, indeed ! Catch you at such folly ! No ; but you wish most devoutly that you were some nine miles down, notwithstanding, and are looking eagerly for that consummation.

WE paused just long enough at the base of the mountain, to water the cattle, and hear a bit of choice grammar from the landlord; a burly, big individual, 'careless of the objective case,' and studious of ease, in bags of tow-cloth, (trousers by courtesy,) and a roundabout of the same material; the knees of the unmentionables apparently greened by kneeling humbly at the lactiferous udder of his only cow, day by day. He addressed 'the gentleman that driv' us down:'

'Well, Josh, I seen them *rackets*!'

'Wa' n't they almighty bright?' was the inquisitive reply.

This short colloquy had reference to a train of fire-works which were set off the evening before at the Mountain House; long snaky trails of light, flashing in their zigzag course through the darkness. It was beautiful to see those fiery sentences written fitfully on the sky, fading one by one, like some Hebrew character, some Nebuchadnezzar scroll, in the dark profound, and showing, as the rocket fell and faded, that beneath the lowest deep to which it descended, there was one yet lower still, to which it swept 'plumb-down, a shower of fire.'

We presently rolled away, and were soon drawn up in front of the Hudson and the horse-boat, at the landing. The same unfortunate animals were peering forth from that aquatic vehicle; one of them dropping his hairy lip, with a melancholy expression, and the other strenuously endeavoring to remove a wisp of straw which had found a lodgment on his nose. The effort, however, was vain; his physical energies sank under the task; he gave it up, and was soon under way for the opposite shore, with his four-legged fellow traveller, and three bipeds, who were smoking segars.

It is right pleasant and joyous to see the number of juvenile patriots who are taken forth into the country, (whose glories for the first time, perhaps, are shed upon their town-addicted eyes,) on the great national holiday. To them, the flaunting honors of the landscape have a new beauty, and a joyous meaning; the sun hangs above them like a great ball of fire in the sky; the waters wear a glittering sheen; and the wide moving pulse of life beats with a universal thrill of happiness to them. I could not but note the number of urchins in the steamer, whom their 'paternal derivatives' were guiding around, and showing to *their* vision at least, 'all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them.'

WELL, to those who are disposed to glean philosophy from the mayhap less noticeable objects of this busy world, there are

few sights more lovely than childhood. The little cherub who now sits at my knee, and tries, with tiny effort, to clutch the quill with which I am playing for you, good reader; whose capricious taste, varying from ink-stand to paper, and from that to books, and every other portable thing—all 'moveables that I could tell you of'—he has in his little person those elements which constitute both the freshness of our sublunary mortality, and that glorious immortality which the mortal shall yet put on. Gazing upon his fair young brow, his peach-like cheek, and the depths of those violet eyes, I feel myself rejuvenated. That which bothered Nicodemus, is no marvel to me. I feel that I have a new existence; nor can I dispel the illusion. It is harder, indeed, to believe that he will ever be what I am, than that I am otherwise than he is now. I can not imagine that he will ever become a pilosus adult, with harvests for the razor on that downy chin. Will those golden locks become the brown auburn? Will that forehead rise as a varied and shade-changing record of pleasure or care? Will the classic little lips, now colored as by the radiance of a ruby, ever be fitfully bitten in the glow of literary composition?—and will those sun-bright locks, which hang about his temples like the soft lining of a summer cloud, become meshes where hurried fingers shall thread themselves in play? By the mass, I can not tell. But this I know. That which hath been, shall be: the lot of manhood, if he live, will be upon him; the charm, the obstacle, the triumphant fever; the glory, the success, the far-reaching thoughts,

‘That make them eagle wings
To pierce the unborn years.’

I might ‘prattle out of reason,’ and fancy what, in defiance of precedent furnished by propinquity of blood, he possibly *might* be; an aldermanic personage, redolent of wines and soup; goodly in visage, benevolent in act, but strict in justice. I might fancy him with a most voluminous periphery, and a laugh that shakes the diaphragm, from the *imo pectore* to the vast circumference of the outer man. These things may be imagined, but not believed. Yet it is with others as with ourselves: ‘We know what they are, but not what they may be.’ Time adds to the novel thoughts of the child, the tricks and joyance of the urchin; the glow of increasing years, the passion of the swelling heart, when experience seems to school its energies. But in the flush of young existence, I can compare a child, the pride and delight of its mother and its kindred, to nothing *else* on earth, of its own form or image. It is like a young and beautiful bird; heard,

perhaps, for once, in the days of our juvenescence, and remembered ever after, though never seen again. Its thoughts, like the rainbow-colored messenger discoursed of in the poetic entomology of La Martine :

‘BORN with the spring, and with the roses dying —
Through the clear sky on Zephyr’s pinions sailing ;
On the young flowret’s open bosom lying —
Perfume, and light, and the blue air inhaling ;
Shaking the thin dust from its wings, and fleeing,
And soaring like a breath in boundless heaven :
How like Desire, to which no rest is given !
Which still uneasy, rifling every treasure,
Returns at last above, to seek for purer pleasure.’

In truth, I do especially affect that delightful period in the life of every descendant of old Fig Leaves, in Eden, which may truly be called the *April* of the heart. How sweet are its smiles ! And on the face of babyhood, ‘the tears,’ to use the dainty term of Sir Philip Sidney, ‘come dropping down like raine in y^e sunshine, and no heed being taken to wype them, they hang upon the cheekes and lippes, as upon cherries which the dropping tree bedeweth.’ Halcyon season ! Its pure thoughts and rich emotions come and go, like the painted waftage of a morning cloud ; or most like that fulness of pearls which may be shaken from the matin spray. The night, to such, comes with its vesper hush and stillness, like the shadow of a shade. Sorrow is transient, and Hope ever new. Sabbath of the soul, fresh from its God ! To the vision of these, how brightly the ‘leaves move, and the breeze-cripsed waters quiver ! How their quick pulses bound, in the newness of existence, at that which is ancient and disdained of the common eye ! To them, every color is prismatic, and wears the hue of Eden. With thoughts like these, however *un-novel*, I apostrophize ‘My Boy :

Thou hast a fair unsullied cheek,
A clear and dreaming eye,
Whose bright and winning glances speak
Of life’s first revelry ;
And on thy brow no look of care
Comes like a cloud, to cast a shadow there.

In feeling’s early freshness blest,
Thy wants and wishes few :
Rich hopes are garnered in thy breast,
As summer’s morning dew
Is found, like diamonds, in the rose,
Nestling, mid folded leaves, in sweet repose.

Keep thus, in love, the heritage
 Of thy ephemeral spring;
 Keep its pure thoughts, till after age
 Weigh down thy spirit's wing;
 Keep the warm heart, the hate of sin,
 And heavenly peace will on thy soul break in.

And when the even-song of years
 Brings in its shadowy train
 The record of life's hopes and fears,
 Let it not be in vain,
 That backward on existence thou canst look,
 As on a pictured page or pleasant book.

IN the wonder which we feel as to children growing old, we are apt to associate ourselves with them. When one who, in the hey-day of his blood, and before the glow of the *purpureum lumen* of his 'bettermost hours' has begun to diminish, is led to regard (and to *hear*, beside, for the fact rings often at his auricular portals) that a vital extract is extant, he wonders if that 'embryon atom' will ever come to denominate the 'agent of his being as 'the old gentleman!' Of course, it must be impossible. Yet 'there is no mistake on some points.' In the course of his travels, Old Time effects many a marvel; but he pushes on with his agricultural implement, and streaming forelock; (nobody 'does him proud,' and he disdains the toupée,) until his *oldest* friends are metamorphosed, and his youngest begin to experience how '*tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*' This reminds me of a song, which I like amazingly, because it contains such a mingling of truth, beauty, and melody:

I OFTEN think each tottering form
 That limps along in life's decline,
 Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
 As full of idle thoughts as MINE!

And each has had his dream of joy,
 His own unequalled, pure romance;
 Commencing, when the blushing boy
 First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth—
 Would think its scenes of love evince
 More passion, more unearthly truth,
 Than any tale, before or since.

Yes! they could tell of tender lays
 At midnight penned, in classic shades,
 Of days more bright than modern days—
 Of maids more fair than living maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek —
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear
For modern lips to give or speak.

Of prospects, too, untimely crossed,
Of passion slighted or betrayed —
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossomed but to fade.

Of beaming eyes, and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And charms — that all have passed away,
And left them — *what we see them now!*

And is it thus! — is human love
So very light and frail a thing!
And must Youth's brightest visions move
For ever on Time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?

Then what are Love's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus?
If all we value most on earth,
Ere long must fade away from us?

If that *one* being whom we take
From all the world, and still recur
To all *she* said, and for her sake
Feel far from joy, when far from her.

If that one form which we adore,
From youth to age, in bliss or pain,
Soon withers and is seen no more —
Why do we love — if love be vain?

In what strange contrast with a picture like this, does the beautiful UHLAND place some of his nature-colored characters! How sweetly does he draw the picture of two devoted beings, practising palmistry, with palm to palm, and uttering a world of downy nonsense beneath the rolling moon:

'In a garden fair were roaming,
Two lovers, hand in hand;
Two pale and shadowy creatures,
They sat in that flowery land.

On the lips, they kissed each other,
On the cheeks so full and smooth;
They were wrapt in close embracings —
They were warm in the flush of youth.'

These are very apt verses to be made directly out of a man's head, are n't they? How the author must have been haunted with visions all

‘Sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes,
Or Cytherea’s breath.’

I FORGOT to observe, that the postillion of whom I have spoken, was *rather* profane. He told a story of his experience some years before, with a divine, who was riding with him, on his professional seat, in the west, to attend a ‘protracted meeting.’ ‘It was about ‘lection time,’ said he, ‘and I had just gi’n in my vote. Of course, I was used with *hospitality*; and I was a leetle ‘how-come-you-so?’ as Miss Kimball says in her Tower. Well I driv on, at an uncommon rapid rate; (that’s a fact;) and when-somever I threw out the mail-bags at a stoppin’ place, I replenished the inner individual. At last I became, as the parson observed, ‘manifestly inebriated;’ and he undertook for to lecter *me*! I said nothing, until he observed, or rather remarked, that ‘he should not be surprised if I fell from my seat some day, and would be found with my head broke, and extravagantsated blood on the pious matter.’

‘Well,’ says I, ‘I should n’t be surprised; it would be just my d——d eternal luck!’

‘He did n’t say no more all the trip. I shot him up.’

‘But the election’—it was inquired—‘did you succeed in that?’

‘Oh, yes; and the man that we put in, made a fool of himself at Albany, into the Legislature, and there was a piece put into a book about him a’terwards.’

‘Ah?—what was it?’

‘Here it is,’ was the reply of my gentleman, as he drew from his pocket a worn fragment of a printed page.

‘On the first day of the session, he was enabled to utter the beginning of a sentence, which would probably have had no end, if it had not been cut short, as it was, by the Speaker. On the presentation of some petitions, which he thought had a bearing on his favorite subject, the election by the people of public notaries, inspectors of beef and pork, sole-leather, and staves and heading, he got on his legs. ‘When,’ said he, ‘Mr. Speaker, we consider the march of intellect in these united, as I may say confederated, States, and how the genius of liberty soars, in the vast expanse, stretching her eagle plumes from the Pacific Ocean to Long Island sound, gazing with eyes of fire upon the ruins of empires ——’ just at which point of aerial elevation, the Speaker brought

down the metaphorical flight of the genius, and that of the aspiring orator together, by informing the latter that he should be happy to hear him when in order, but that there was now no *question before the House!**

‘What was the name of this man?’ was a query following this eloquent extract.

‘Smith, Sir, was his name; Smith, John Smith, of Smithopolis and surrogate of Smith County. He was the first man in Smithville; was a blacksmith in his youth, a goldsmith a’terwards, and John Smith through all. A consistent man, Sir; no *change* with him; always upright, but always poor; unchanging, for he had nothing to change with! He was a distinguished man; had letters advertised in the post office; owned a blood horse; led the choir at church; read ‘the Declaration’ on every Fourth-of-July; made all the acquaintances he could; was exceedingly fussy on all occasions. In short, he was a very great man in a small way. His speech will stand as a memorial of his genius, when the Kaatskills shall be troubled with the mildew of time, and the worms of decay!’

WELL—the reign of autumn, for the present year, has come; and there will doubtless be the annual quotations of description in the newspaper market. Some of it will remain on first hands, and the rest will find a ready circulation. Meditation will vent itself upon apostrophe; poetry will be engendered; old songs will be re-sung. It is, in truth, a delicious season, and no one can be blamed for yielding himself up to its influences. When the first yellow surges of September sunlight seem to roll through the atmosphere; when the dust of the city street, as you look at some stately carriage, whose wheels are flashing toward the west, seems rising around them like an atmosphere, colored betwixt the hue of gold and crimson: when the mountains put on their beautiful garments, where tints of the rainbow mingle with the aerial blue of the sky; when the winds have a melancholy music in their tone, and the heaven above us is enrobed in surpassing purity and lustre; *then*, the dwellers in great capitals may perhaps *conceive* of the richness and fruition of the country; but they cannot approach the reality. The harvest moon has waned; the harvest home been held; the wheat is in the garner; the last peaches hang blushing on the topmost branches where they grew; the fragrant apples lie in fairy-colored mounds beneath the orchard trees, and the cheerful husbandman whistles at the cider-

press. As September yields her withered sceptre into the grasp of October, the hills begin to invest themselves in those many-colored robes which are the livery of their new sovereign. As my observant friend, (a well-belovéd Epenetus,) who hath discoursed of matters outre-mer, so richly hymns it, then there comes

A MELLOW richness on the clustered trees ;
 And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
 Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
 And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds,
 Morn, on the mountain, like a summer bird,
 Lifts up her purple wing ; and in the vales
 The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
 Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
 Within the solemn woods of ash deep crimsoned,
 And silver beech, the maple yellow leaved—
 Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
 By the way-side a-weary. Through the trees
 The golden robin moves ; the purple finch,
 That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
 A winter bird comes with its plaintive whistle,
 And pecks by the witch hazel ; while aloud,
 From cottage roofs, the warbling blue-bird sings.

To me, there is nothing of that dark solemnity about the autumnal season, which it has to the morbid or the foreboding. It comes, laden with plenty, and breathing of peace. There seems a sweet monition in every whisper of the gale, and the rustle of every painted leaf, which may speak a world of tranquillity to the contemplative mind. If there be sadness around and within, it is the sadness which is cherished, and the gloom that purifies ; it is that doubtful twilight of the heart, which is succeeded at last by a glorious morning. We think with the serene and heavenly-minded Malcolm, of the distant, or the departed, who have gone before us to lay down their heads upon pillows of clay, and repose in the calm monotony of the tomb. Reflection asserts her sway, and the spirit expands into song :

Sweet Sabbath of the Year !
 When evening lights decay,
 Thy parting steps methinks I hear,
 Steal from the world away.

Amid thy silent bowers,
 'T is sad but sweet to dwell,
 Where falling leaves and fading flowers
 Around me breathe farewell.

Along thy sun-set skies,
 Their glories melt in shade ;
 And like the things we fondly prize,
 Seem lovelier as they fade.

A deep and crimson streak
 The dying leaves disclose,
 As on Consumption's waning cheek,
 Mid ruin, blooms the rose.

The scene each vision brings
 Of beauty in decay ;
 Of fair and early-faded things,
 Too exquisite to stay ;

Of joys that come no more ;
 Of flowers whose bloom is fled ;
 Of farewells wept upon the shore
 Of friends estranged, or dead !

Of all, that now may seem
 To memory's tearful eye
 The vanished beauty of a dream,
 O'er which we gaze and sigh !

AND now, reader, *Benedicite!* 'Hail—and farewell !'
 Decidedly thine, OLLAPOD.

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

December, 1837.

—As I was saying last month, beloved reader, that 'I am thine in promise,' or to that purport, I have anchored myself in my *fauteuil*, to the end that I may be thine in fulfilment. In our conversation about the Kaatskills, I omitted sundry pertinent matters, with the which, however, malgré the postponement, I shall not here afflict. Since that period, I have for the most part been pent i' the populous city, amid the wakeful noises by day thereof, and by night the calm *sécurité* of the streets thereof. I affect the supernatural bawl of the watchman, as it rings up to my pillow ; I love the serenade which the neighboring lover sings to his fair, and of which I get the good as well as herself ; I like to see the straggling cloud go floating over the slumbering town at midnight, with the moon silversing its edge ; or mayhap to note the sheen of a star greeting the vision over a chimney-pot. All these have charms for my eye and ear ; I seem to see holy sights and shapes in the firmament ; the winds come and go on their circuits, unknowing how many brows they fan ; and at times they hush a whole metropolis to silence, insomuch that its wide boundary scarce produces so much noise 'as doth a chestnut in a farmer's fire.'

BY-THE-BY, when the sun begins to set at right declensions, and make his winter arches, I always think of the roaring fires in the domicil of the rural husbandman, with feelings akin to envy. Ye who toast your heels by anthracite ; who survey the meagre 'blue blazes' of Liverpool coal, and whose nostrils take in the dry odor thereof, being reminded thereby of those ever-burning brimstone beds, where Apollyon keeps his court, and Judas has his residence ; ye, I say, who have a life-long intimacy with these sorts of fuel, can have but small conception of a winter's fire in the country. Far round doth it illuminate the apartment where it rages ; intolerable is proximity thereunto ; and its 'circle of admirers' is always large, because they can not come a-nigh. A pleasant disdain is felt for the snow which whirls on whistling wings against the pane ; the herds are huddled in their cotes secure ; and the storm has permission to mumble its belly full, and spit snow at its pleasure. Hugeous reminiscences of delight come over my spirit, in this connexion ; post-school-hours ; the steaming bowl of flip, or those orthographical convocations, where buxom maidens exulted in their secret heart, as tall words were vociferously mounted, in correct emission, by greenhorn swain. Sleigh-rides likewise ; amatory pressures, under skin of buffalo or bison ; long processions through wintry villages, whose tall smokes rose from every chimney ; pillars of blue, standing upright in the air, like columns of sapphire. Cider, with its acidity of remembrance ; apples, that melted on the tongue, as they descended toward the diaphragm ; landscapes of snow ; and slides down hill ! — not forgetting those skating achievements, which for the time being fill the mind with such pride. All these circumstances and events, with curious confusion, hang in a nucleus about my memories of a rural hearth ; 'but these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.' Shakspeare had a good notion of the comforts to which I refer. He puts a lovely sentiment into the mouth of King Richard II., when he causes him to utter to the royal lady this tender language :

'Goon sometimes queen, prepare thee hence for France :
Think I am dead ; and that from me thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks ; and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid ;
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me !'

I HAVE not, howbeit, reader, as might be inferred from what has been herein before written, spent all the mean season spoken

of, in the busy capital. I have made, with household appurtenances, and delights, and responsibilities, an autumnal tour or 'ex-crescence' into the country, round about the Empire Town. Quotidian columns have borne the register thereof; hence Benevolence prompt to crucify farther infliction. The landscapes surveyed were beautiful; though it may be said of the eminences, as Mr. William Lackaday observes in the play, of his boy-seen uplands: 'Them there hills was n't clothed with much werder.'

How many steam-boat accidents are occurring constantly! One of late astonished the peaceful Delaware. But it did one good act. The explosion blew away a piece of very bad orthography in the cabin of one of those craft which ply between Philadelphia and Camden. Perilous voyages do they make, indeed. Nurses with their blooming charges, and who have never been to sea, embark in them to behold the wonders of the deep! The disaster I speak of arose from that which made the angels fall. 'T was curst ambition. One boat was going several inches ahead of another, and urged its engine to the rate of at least fifty miles the hour. Rivalry was awakened; the captain of the hapless craft yelled to his assistant: 'Josey, we'll have a race with that t'other impudent boat! *Put that other stick of wood into the furnace!* My pride is elewated. Never mind the expense *this* time!'

The command was given; the boiler collapsed; and ambition was ended! The orthography blown from the steamer was this:

'No smoking *aloud* in the cabing!'

This was an injunction obeyed per force, for it could not be broken.* It specified tacit funigation:

——— 'Nothing could live
Twixt that and silence;'

and the unnecessary monition was no great loss, either to luxury or learning.

LET me here register a letter which I have received from the

* APROPOS of this 'supererogatory and adscititious' prohibition. The small steamers which ply on the beautiful Connecticut, above the ancient fortification of 'Goed Hoop,' renowned in KNICKERBOCKER'S veracious history, and now known as 'Dutch Point,' have but one paddle-wheel, which is placed some six or eight feet astern. The voyager in these petty craft is forcibly struck with the necessity of obeying a printed order, conspicuously posted: '*No smoking abaft the wheel!*' And those who watch from the shore the locomotive column of spray, (like the 'pillar of cloud by day' that concealed the Israelites,) which hides the boat from view, on its upward passage, must also be of opinion that his 'pipe' would be soon 'put out,' who should attempt to smoke in so moist a region.

Jehu who voted for Smith, of Smithopolis. He conveys several curious sentiments; and among other matters, records the demise of the person to whom he was indebted for a lecture:

‘MY DEAR SIR:

‘November the 5th, 1837.

‘I have seen a piece which you made and put into a perryoge published down into the city of New York, to which I am a-going to indict a reply. My indictment will be short, as some of the parties is not present to which you have been allusive. But with respect of that there divine person you spoke of, I am sorry to remark, that he is uncommonly dead, and wont never give no more lectures. He was so onfortnight as to bu’st a blood-vessel at a pertracted meeting; and I ha n’t hearn nothing onto him sence. His motives was probable good; but in delivering on ’em, it struck me forcibly that he proximoted to the sassy. However, I never reserves ill will, not ag’inist nobody; and I authorize you to put this into printing, ef’so be that you deem it useful. That’s what Smith used to say, when he published his self-nominations in the newspapers, that a man with a horn (they tell me that he has a very large circle of kindred) used to ride post about, and distribit.

‘In the sincere congratulation that there has not nothing been said in this communication unproper for the public ear, and for giving you the descriptions of the rackets, and other messuages respecting me, which you deeded to the public, I remain yours until death do us part.

‘MR. OLLAPOD, M. D.’

‘POST TILLION.’

Now there is no finding fault with a correspondent of this description. Plain, unadorned, he gives his thoughts the drapery of ink—dresses them in black—and there they stand, (‘what is written remains,’) evidences at once of his frankness and his erudition. To me, such documents, though light, and perhaps unpalatable to those who prefer the heavier condiments of literature, form the cream or the dessert of life’s plenteous table.

TALKING of desserts—by which (whisper) I do n’t mean the boundless contiguity of western wildernesses, nor the sandy bounds of Zahara, but the after-glories of a dinner—I have of late arrived at some curious embellishments of delicacies, on the part of those who are bent upon improving the English language, at all hazards; upon extending it to the utmost latitude of dainty expression and culture. The Astor House, I learn, at its Ladies’ Ordinary, has furnished forth some glorious specimens of English improved. ‘Sir,’ said an exquisite, desirous of partaking a certain delicacy for himself and his fair:

‘Have you at present any of the *chastised idiot-brother*?’

‘Ha n’t seen no relations of your’n here to-day,’ murmured the waiter, ‘with an imperturbable and ‘furtive’ smile.’

‘Don’t be impertinent, fellow!’ was the reply; ‘I mean something to eat!’

‘If you want to eat anything in the *idiot* line,’ replied the ser-

vant, aside, as his inquisitor fingered his mustache, 'I guess you'd better put some butter on your hair, and swallow *yourself*.' And here the sacrilegious usher of sauces and glasses indulged in a half-suppressed guffaw.

'Dar' say you consider that funny, my short *help*,' said the inquirer; 'but what I want is what *you* call *whipped-syllabub*. Heaven help your ignorance!'

The requisite was handed—the exquisite appeased. But his quiet was brief. Calling to him the same locomotive assistance, he inquired:

'Now, individual, I want some *sacrificed-threshed-indigent-williams*. Have you got any?'

'Not one, upon my soul, your honor; that is, if you mean turnips.'

'Turnips! curse turnips! you double-distilled Vandal; you Goth—you Visigoth! I mean, have you got any roasted whip-poor-wills?'

'Holy Paul!' said a Hibernian 'help,' who had drawn anigh, attracted by the discussion; 'in the name of the Virgin, what is *them*?'

Just at this juncture, the eaves-dropping by-stander who furnishes the *mcm.* of this, came away, leaving the emerald son—more verdant to look at than his native isle—staring as if in a fit of astronomy, in eclipse-time.

ONE of my autumnal recreations, good my reader, is hunting. I pull a most fatal trigger. Venerie delighteth me, when the day is good and the game abundant. I love (Heaven forgive me!) to bring down the squirrel, with the half-munched chestnut in his teeth, what time his bushy tail, no longer waving in triumph over his back, as he bounds from limb to limb, quivers in *articulo mortis*. I confess me none of your cockney venators. Some of these I have seen place the deadly muzzle of a double-barrel rifle at the unsuspecting tail of a wren, while the proximity of metal and feathers was less than an inch; and when they fired, they plunged back some several yards, overcome with horror, though the bird had flown without injury, save indeed some blackened down, in extremis; a trifle, with life safe, and the world before her.

The poetry of gunpowder is in making it *tell*. To go out when the woods are so beautiful that you deem a score of dying dolphins hang on every tree,

'When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill;'

to hear the delicate tread of the game on the leaves, rustling amid the murmurs of solemn winds, as the westering sun scampers down the west, with a face as red as if he had disgraced the solar family by some misdemeanor; and then, in some thick recess of passing foliage; and innumerable boughs, then and there to bore winged fowl, and my gentleman quadrupeds of the sylvan fastness, with cold lead, is exhilarating. All kinds of volant things that wing the autumn air; all sorts of movers on four legs; to make these succumb to the behests of minerals, deadly salts, and a percussion cap to set them on, is a kind of great glory in a very small way. I miss in my excursions of this nature, the kind of sport which I fancy they who course the fields and glades of England must peculiarly enjoy; hare-hunting, namely. 'The ancients,' saith my choice 'Elia,' 'must have loved hares. Else why adopt the word *lepores*, (obviously from *lepus*,) but from some subtle analogy between the delicate flavor of the latter, and the finer relishes of wit in what we most poorly translate *pleasantries*. The fine madresses of the poet are the very decoction of his diet. Thence is he hare-brained. Haram-scarum is a libellous, unfounded phrase, of modern usage. 'Tis true the hare is the most circumspect of animals, sleeping with her eyes open. Her ears, ever erect, keep them in that wholesome exercise, which conduces them to form the very tit-bit of the admirers of this noble animal. Noble will I call her, in spite of her detractors, who from occasional demonstrations of the principle of self-preservation (common to animals,) infer in her a defect of heroism. Half a hundred horsemen, with thrice the number of dogs, scour the country in pursuit of puss, across three counties; and because the well-flavored beast, weighing the odds, is *willing to evade the hue and cry, with her delicate ears shrinking perchance from discord*, comes the grave naturalist, Linnæus, perchance, or Buffon, and gravely sets down the hare as—a timid animal. Why, Achilles, or Bully Dawson, would have declined the preposterous combat!' This is speaking sooth, and vindicates the fame of that class of tremulous tenants of rural haunts, whose ears, most unhappily, are sometimes longer than their lives.

SOMETIMES I surmount my pony, and traverse for miles the banks of the Schuykill; moving, now fast, now slow, as humor prompts, or clouds portend. The city fades behind me; the beautiful eminence of Fairmount, its spouting fountains, its statues in the many-colored shade; the sheen of the river; the trellised pavilions that hang on its side; the hum of waters, or the cheerings of some regatta, mingle with far obscurity and airy

nothing ; and then, as I ride, I sing the song of Anacreon Little, laying every tone to my heart, like a treasure and a spell :

‘ALONG the Schuykill a wanderer was roving,
And dear were its flowery banks to his eye ;
(I am bounding along—at a good rate am moving—
I have lost the last lines—unregained, if I try.)’

Thus I murder the post-meridian hours, when the weather-office is propitious, and its clerks attentive.

BY-THE-WAY, how often have I pondered on the extreme surprise experienced by Balaam, of Old Testament memory, when he rode out one day on business. His meditations were most unexpectedly interrupted by the beast he rode ; and he was immensely astounded, when he found out the garrulity of the animal. True to her sex, (for she was of the tender gender,) she commenced a few sentences of small-talk, greatly to his dismay. And who could marvel ? What man but would listen, *auribus erectis*, when he ascertained that his own ass was opening a conversation with him ? ’T was thus with Balaam. He was well nigh demented. He pommelled his beast with great vehemence ; but she turned her head to him, and said in the Hebrew dialect : ‘No Go !’

Is it not wonderful, that those who are skilled in biblical history, who weigh evidence by the ounce, and inference by the pound, is it not a marvel, that they have never traced the obstinacy of this four-footed individual to the right motives ? She was, in sooth, the great progenitress of *Animal Magnetism* ; and she presented, in her own person, the first instance of *clairvoyance* on record, either in prose or rhyme. It was at her hinder feet that MESMER sat, in thought, and caught the inspiration of his science. Balaam sat on her patient back, burdened her hal-lowed vertebrae, nor knew how much wisdom he bestrode. Blinded mortal ! He looked ahead for the cause of his detention. He saw no reason why he should not push on ; and in the Egyptian obliquity of his heart, he ‘whaled’ his ass to a degree. It did no good ; on the contrary, ’t was quite the reverse. The ass and the angel were looking steadfastly at each other ; but Balaam saw but one of the parties. He noted not the glittering and glorious obstacle that stopped the narrow way. The loose and expressionless lips of his ass spoke like a book ; the *clairvoyance* was established ; but the effect was slow. Henceforth, when the magnetic science is discussed, honor its foundress. Render unto that ass the things which are asses’.

I HAVE achieved a victory which should fire the heart of any tasteful bibliomaniac. *I stand seized of Lamb.* Understand me, reader, 't' is no juvenile mutton, whereof I am possessed; not adolescent merino, or embryo ram. By no manner of means; contrariwise, it is TALFOURD'S brief memoir, and a most succulent correspondence, by the author of 'ELIA.' 'T is a thing over which a father may waken his boy, in the small hours of the morning, (being yet unmoved bedward,) by a multitudinous guffaw. Rosy slumber, ruptured by obstreperous laughter; but ah! how decidedly unavoidable!

Yes; I write myself proprietor for the nonce of a London edition. My name is written in a Book of the Life of Lamb. Most hugely do I relish his quaint conceits, and those dainty sentences, the fashioning whereof came to him unbidden, from spirits of the olden time, bending from the clouds of fame. (By-the-by, what an unconscionable dog was Ossian! He always kept a score or two of heroes, sitting half-dressed on cold clouds, making speeches. 'T was most unkind of him. But he lived in a rude age.) Lamb was one of those precious few of whom the world is not worthy. He wrote from the impulses of a noble heart, guided to new expression by a mind clear as the brook of Siloa, that flowed by the oracles of God. He was not one of your persons who are dignified by the phrase 'all heart,' for he had a prolific brain, which all-hearted people generally lack. Of course, he disciplined himself betwixt a desk at the India-House, and his social hours, or studious; but what golden fruitage sprang therefrom! None of your crude sentences, half formed, unlicked, unpolished; but full of meaning; succinct to the eye, and harmonious to the ear. There is a light from his pen, which can illumine the saddest hour. He went forth to amuse and enlighten, as the sun gets up in the morning to cheer the world, 'with all his fires and travelling glories round him.' Essayist incomparable! How would he have looked writing a prize-tale for the horror-mongers!

IN respect of these latter things, how many double-distilled atrocities of that kind are now and then committed at this day! They must be filled with blood and murder; piracy, thieving, villany of 'all sorts must be thrown in, to make the mixture 'slab and good.' This is the result of the ten thousand pages of trash, which the want of a copy-right law entails upon us from England. *Improbability* is the first ingredient, to which assassination, seduction, and all kinds of crime, must approximate. Let me give a specimen:

'THE FATAL VOW.

'It was late in the fall of 18—, (convenient blank!) when, as the night had come on, on a stormy evening, a dreadful tempest arose in the west. The lightning flashed, the thunder faintly bellowed for a time; but soon the lightning discontinued, though the thunder moaned on. It was pitch dark—darkness Egyptian. The sight was palsied and checked within an inch of the eye. At this juncture, two men on horseback might have been seen, at the distance of half a mile from the river —, riding through a thick wood. One of them was of sallow complexion, with huge black whiskers; he rode a horse of the color called by rural people 'pumpkin-and-milk,' or cream-color, rather. In his holster were two pistols. He wore a broad slouching hat, apparently unpaid for. A frown, blacker considerably than hell, darkened his brow. Turning to his companion, a weazen-faced man, with a red head, mounted on what is called a 'calico mare,' he said:

'Well, Jakarzil, shall we do the deed to-night?'

'It would ill befit the noble Count d'Urzillio de Belleville,' said the dependant, 'to shoot that ill-fated lady at the present time. It would not look well.'

'I care not for the looks!' replied the count, curling his lip, and placing in his sinister cheek a piece of tobacco, 'I must have vengeance! If the candle is not at the casement, I shall bu'st the door. I want revenge!'

'TO BE CONTINUED.'

This is like the modern tales. Meditated butchery, successful scoundrelism, and other delectables, make up their sum. As the fragment just read may never be concluded, I will mention the fate of the parties. The hero shot his grandmother out of *pique*, and was hung; Jakarzil, his man, is in the penitentiary for horse-stealing.

SOME of my unpoetical friends think I have underrated the Falls at Kaatskill. Heaven save the mark! They have never seen Niagara, and are therefore content with a few grim rocks, the gate of a mill-dam, and grandeur by the gallon; for thus, in a manner, is it sold. No! Let these untravelled but clever fellows once hear the roar that shakes Goat-Island, and the region round about; see the river that pours its mile-wide breakers down, and mark the rainbow smile! Ever thereafter will they hold their peace.

ONE or two credulous persons have fancied that the sketch of 'Smith of Smithopolis' was designed as an imputation upon the name. The said imputation is disdained, by these presents. I have a decided regard for that style and title: companionship, familiarity, personal knowledge, (so grateful to the inquiring mind,) are its synonyms. Beside, I honor the name, for sundry associations. Who has never rode in a rail-car, a steam-boat, or a coach, with a person of the name of Smith? Or heard him

speak at a public meeting? Or owed him a trifle? Or had a trifle due from him, the Smith aforesaid? *Nemo*—‘I undertake to say’—(in fact I not only *undertake* this vocal enterprise, but I *accomplish* it.) Aside, reader, ’t is a criticism on the phrase; which whoso uses when he knows what he is about to set down in palpable chirography, is a *sumph* unqualified: *Anglice*, one of the flat ’uns, named of *Stulti*.

The Smiths are numerous, ’t is said. Grant it. Who pays more post-office revenue? Who more quickly resents a jeer upon the name? Tell me that. ‘Not Nobody.’ Would you look for heroes? The Smiths could supply them. For female goodness and devotion? The same, from the same. For wit, genius, and elevated talent? *Vide* Horace and James, of the Addresses, and Richard Penn; the studious scholar, good lawyer, quaint citizen, novelist, poet, dramatist—every thing clever.

I HAD many more things to say, courteous reader; but I fear, from what I have written, you may augur a bore. Heaven fend! Consequently, thine in conclusion, I write myself, henceforth, now, and formerly,

OLLAPOD.

NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

March, 1838.

A MONTH Reader, or two months, how fast they get by! How they ‘push along and keep moving!’ With their ‘portance to the prince or the beggar—to the monarch or the *mauvais sujet*—they sweep away. When one is at his ease, and in quiet, how imperceptibly they glide! When friends are looked for, or home is nearing on the wave, how melancholy slow! Time ambles, canters, trots, walks, or halts, as it were, with thousands at a time. Those who wish his gait the tardiest, methinks, are those who take their ‘last stand’ upon a scaffold, and await that dubious moment which divorces Spectacle from Strangulation. That is a period of which one cannot complain that it is dull. Like passages in modern novels, (as per booksellers’ advertisements) it is of ‘thrilling interest.’ The only passenger in the black coach just bound for the unknown country waits with exemplary patience for the driver, not willing to leave. Right in his premises, he comes to a wrong conclusion. His neck answers for it.

SINCE I read that curious piece of 'Elia's on the splendors of the pillory rather than its disgraces, I have had some little curiousness to meditate on that matter ; whether it were possible that one should felicitate himself on a position of the kind ; whether pride could be born of pillory conceptions, or thoughts of grandeur from the gallows-tree. I think they can. 'Twas a proud remark of the Earl Ferrers, when on his way to the gallows, in 1796, when he observed to his sheriff, who complimented him upon attracting so great a concourse of people : 'I suppose they never saw a lord hanged before.' This incident should be used by some play-wright of modern times, and entitled 'The Earl's Last Chuckle.' This same lord, on the day fixed for his execution, was driven to the gallows in his own landau, dressed in sumptuous garments, the choicest of his taste. Those who demur from gibbet dignity, should have heard the courteous colloquies which did ensue betwixt him and his sheriff aforesaid. The latter, 'seating himself by his lordship, politely observed, that it gave him the highest concern to wait upon him on so melancholy an occasion : adding, that he would do every thing in his power to render his situation as *agreeable* as possible, and hoped his lordship would impute it to the necessary discharge of his duty.'

There are objects of great interest, too, one might suppose, on a scaffold, as well as in the pillory. *Par example*, in the case in question. 'His lordship (by mistake) gave ten guineas to the executioner's assistant, which was immediately after demanded by the master ; but the fellow refused to deliver it, and a dispute ensued, which *might* have discomposed his lordship.'

Of course it might. Perhaps he had been a sporting character. Would he not have felt some anxiety to settle the controversy, and see fair play before he went, so as to *die in peace*? Indubitably. He should have been 'spared that sight'—but *he* was spared, before it ended.

WELL—as there is nothing too low to be dignified by some faint coloring, so there is naught too high not to be dimmed. I look upon the moon as an orb of pearly lusture ; upon the stars as diamonds and jewels ; yet ragged clouds, like volant pauper's breeches, patched with yellow, red, or white, around their edges, sail by the stars, and moon, and sun, smirching their beauty, and borrowing brightness not their own.

Yet I respect the moon. Fair politician ! She changes when she will. Impartial dispenser of radiance 'on tick ;' she gets what she can, and gives all she gets. I honor the planet. Pro-

lific mother of hoaxes and sentiment! Grand cloud silver-plater!
 Meek, virtuous Eminence—Presence serene! Thus wert thou
 once apostrophized, by one now no more :

O MOON! at midnight's contemplative hour,
 When placid slumber holds his noiseless reign,
 Throbs my exulting heart to see thee shower
 Thy streaming splendors upon rock and plain :
 From earth aloof my panting spirits soars,
 Communing with revolving worlds on high,
 Till, lost in deep amazement, forth it pours
 Its hymn of praise to HIM who lit yon sky,
 And gave to my young gaze this wondrous scenery!

O moon! aside the helmsman lays his chart,
 To mark thy beams reflected on the sea ;
 And faithful mem'ry on his lonely heart
 Gives back the light of childhood's revelry.
 On his lone pathway may the auspicious gale
 Propel the expanded canvass o'er the wave :
 Bright be the cynosure which lights his sail—
 Nigh be the mighty arm outstretched to save,
 When the blue waves run high, the sea boy from the grave!

O moon! the sentinel at midnight hour
 Rests the dark vigil of his eye on thee,
 And pours his benison to that high power
 Who dressed for him that gorgeous scenery :
 While the bright beams their softer splendors wake,
 And on his burnished casque and armor play,
 He hears not the light footstep in yon brake ;
 His thoughts have wandered to his home away—
 His wife and infant boy—are their young bosoms gay?

O moon! on thee at the lone hour of night
 The lover gazes with a swimming eye!
 And deems that she to whom his heart is plight,
 Gazes as fondly on yon glorious sky :
 Anon his ardent fancy seems to trace,
 In the bright mirror of night's lonely hour,
 'The light of love, the purity of grace,'
 Which charmed his youthful eye in summer's bower,
 When to his heart he pressed his bosom's dearest flower.

Again he deems, in fancy's wanton flight,
 Some bark of pearl in beauty sailing there :
 Slow piloting its dubious path in light,
 Through the calm ocean of the evening air !
 Oh ! how his bosom burns to tempt the gale,
 With his own loved one, on that azure sea ;
 With hope's soft zephyr to impel the sail,
 And no obtrusive, daring eye to see
 His own endeared caress and love's warm witchery.

J. R. SUTERMEISTER.

'TWAS a new idea to me, that conveyed of late by the author of Leslie, surnamed Norman, that the only things you see, after crossing the Atlantic, which you have seen before, are the orb of day, sometimes vulgarly called Phœbus, or the sun, the chaste Regent of the Night, or Luna, that green-horns sometimes denominate the moon, and those jewels of heaven—'doubloons of the celestial bank,' as a Spanish poet calls them—sometimes named stars, by plain, uninitiated persons. These, it seems, are the only old acquaintances a man meets abroad. They are not to be put by. A man may curse his stars, indeed, but he cannot *cut* them. As well might the great sea essay 'to cast its waters on the burning Bear, and quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.' Therefore shall I learn henceforth yet more to love those dazzling planets, fixed or errant, because in no long time I may meet them in Philippi. Precious then to me will be their bright companionship! Milky feelings will come over me, as I scrutinize the *via lactea*, with upturned eyes; conscious will be the moon; inexpressibly dear every glimpse of the lesser lights that rule the night with modest fires. Without the slightest premonitory symptoms of astrology, and being withal no horologe consulter, I yet do love the stars. Rich, rare, and lustrous, they win my gaze, and look into my soul. I have seen them at Niagara, glinting upon the mad breakers through the lunar rainbow, with their perpetual flashes; on the big lakes of the interior, as if the calm waters were but another sky; on the placid Schuylkill, when the breath of clover-fields came freshened from the wave it never wrinkled; and I have seen them—oh climax of beauty!—on the '*Grand Eric Canaul*,' just before taking a berth in copartnership with bed-bugs! Enough of stars. I am waxing theatrical.

ONE word more, though, before I dismiss these luminaries. That verse of Byron's, wherein he compares the object of some early affection to a star, dropping from its sphere, always struck me as peculiarly beautiful. Look at it, reader, and say so too:

'I KNOW not if I could have borne
To see thy beauty fade;
The night that followed such a morn,
Had worn a deeper shade.
And thou wert lovely to the last—
Thy day without a cloud hath past,
Extinguished — not decay'd;
As stars, that shoot along the sky,
Shine brightest, when they fall from high.'

The same individual—who was a highly nice person for making apt pieces of metre out of his head—has, in the handsomest manner, volunteered his services for the moon, at the close of the following passage :

'I do remember me, that on a night like this,
I stood beneath the Coliseum's wall
Mid the chief relics of almighty Rome:
The trees that grew along the broken arches,
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin: from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber, and more near,
From out the Cæsar's palace, came the owl's long cry,
And interruptedly of distant sentinels the fitful song,
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon! upon all this
And cast a wide and tender light, which softened down
The hoar austerity of rugged desolation,
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
In silent worship.'

ONE cannot write, by any possibility, with a sense of pleasure, when his subject brings too many things to his recollection, and pours remembrance full upon the eye. I love to go back to the moon-light eves of other years; and I do confess, that the shimmer of a star over a city chimney; the rustle of vines in its garden walks; or the soft hum of a summer shower at night, tinkling on a thousand shadowy roofs around, and gurgling down the conduits of the eaves—those regular eaves-droppers—can awaken in me a multitude of pleasant thoughts, which lie too deep for tears. Unanswered aspirations come before me with their solemnities, and I hold a deeper communion with my MAKER. Some soft instrument of music, touched by a fair hand, in the nocturnal hours, adds to the quietude, and I thank that Spirit for its spell, in hurried numbers :

WHEN the worn heart its early dream
In darkness and in vain pursues,
How shall the visionary gleam
Of joy o'er life its charm diffuse?
How shall the glowing thought aspire,
The cheek with passion's flush be warm,
Or the dim eyes resume their fire,
Their sunshine, victory of the storm?

Ah, who can tell? Not thou, whose words
Are lightest, liveliest of the throng;
Whose carol, like the summer bird's,
Pours out the winning soul of song;

Not thou, whose calm and shining brow,
The sadness of thy strain belies;
Whose spirits, like thy music, flow,
Won from the founts of Paradise!

BY-THE-BY, the first individual from whom I ever heard an amatory effusion, was an immense arrangement of flesh and blood—a milliner, from Yorkshire, in England. She had come from home, with her large fat face, with all the bloom on, and with big watery eyes. How she would flatter herself that she was enchanting the students, as, in quizzing convocations, they invited her at green-horn parties, (after a turn at Blind Man's Buff, or some such highly intellectual game,) to sing 'Oh 'tis Love—'tis Love!' Her stupendous chest seemed to expand with the tender passion; and oh—ears, that were searched with the volume of her notes, attest the fact—how she tortured the attentive tympanum! In form, as I have said, she was immense; a John Reeve in petticoats, and not unlike that most fantastic Cupid. Gentle Giantess! Many years have passed, since she chaunted to those roystering 'Academy boys!' If she yet live, she might say '*Here!*' to Elia's description of her whilome Oxford counterpart: 'There may be her parallel upon the earth, but surely I never saw it. I take her to be lineally descended from the maid's aunt of Brainford, who caused Master Ford such uneasiness. She hath Atlantean shoulders; and, as she stoopeth in her gait—with as few offences to answer for in her own particular as any of Eve's daughters—her back seems broad enough to bear the blame of all the peccadillos that have been committed since Adam. She girdeth her waist, or what she is pleased to esteem as such, nearly up to her shoulders, from beneath which, that huge dorsal expanse, in mountainous declivity, emergeth. Respect for her alone preventeth the idle boys, who follow her about in shoals, whenever she cometh abroad, from getting up and riding. But her presence infallibly commands a reverence. She is indeed, as the Americans would express it, something awful. Her person is a burthen to herself, no less than the ground which bears her. To her mighty bone, she hath a pinguitude withal, which makes the depth of winter to her the most desirable season. Her distress in the warmer solstice is pitiable. During the months of July and August, she usually renteth a cool cellar, where ices are kept, whereinto she descendeth when Sirius rageth. She dates from a hot Thursday—some twenty-five years ago. Her apartment in summer is pervious to the four winds. Two doors in north and south direction, and two windows fronting the rising and the setting sun, never closed, from every cardinal point

catch the contributory breezes. She loves to enjoy what she calls a quadruple draught. That must be a shrewd zephyr, that can escape her. I owe a painful face-ache, which oppresses me at this moment, to a cold caught, sitting by her, one day in last July, at this receipt of coolness. Her fan, in ordinary, resembleth a banner spread, which she keepeth continually on the alert to detect the least breeze. She possesseth an active and gadding mind, totally incommensurate with her person. No one delighteth more than herself in country exercises and pastimes. I have passed many an agreeable holiday with her in her favorite park at Woodstock. She performs her part in these delightful ambulatory excursions by the aid of a portable garden chair. She setteth out with you at a fair foot gallop, which she keepeth up till you are both well breathed, and then she repositeth for a few seconds. Then she is up again for a hundred paces or so, and again resteth; her movement, on these sprightly occasions, being something between walking and flying. Her great weight seemeth to propel her forward, ostrich-fashion. In this kind of relieved marching, I have traversed with her many scores of acres on those well-wooded and well-watered domains. Her delight at Oxford is in the public walks and gardens, wheré, when the weather is not too oppressive, she passeth much of her valuable time. There is a bench at Maudlin, or rather, situated between the frontiers of that and Christ's college; some litigation, latterly, about repairs, has vested the property of it finally in Christ's; where at the hour of noon she is ordinarily to be found sitting, so she calls it by courtesy, but in fact, pressing and breaking of it down with her enormous settlement; as both of those foundations, who, however, are good-natured enough to wink at it, have found, I believe, to their cost. Here she taketh the fresh air, principally at vacation times, when the walks are freest from interruption of the younger fry of students. Here she passeth her idle hours, not idly, but generally accompanied with a book; blest if she can but intercept some resident Fellow, (as usually there are some of that brood left behind at these periods,) or stray Master of Arts, (to most of whom she is better known than their dinner bell,) with whom she may confer upon any curious topic of literature.

YET the burden of love and song, after all, hallows every thing it bends withal. Poetry is your true dignifier of the work-day world. In amber, your fly may go down balmy to other ages, that without that sweet consistence for an overcoat, shall smell to heaven from the shambles, or be passed with a buzz of contempt

by surviving friends of his race, of either gender, as they disport themselves, in impassioned union, on a warm summer pane. Even servitude may thus be embellished by song, and the humblest stations win the highest flights. Here followeth a strain to a *waiter's* memory, well known to the denizens of Brotherly Love, in other hours—but now laid i' the earth, with all odors and honor. Some lines therein shall be seen *italicized*. 'Tis a work of mine, for which I crave the pardon of the friend from whose rare harp the numbers come :

ODE TO BOGLE.

DEDICATED, WITH PERMISSION, AND A PIECE OF MINT-STICK, TO META E—,
AGED FOUR YEARS.

'Restituit rem cunctando.'—EUN. AP. CICERO.

'Of Brownis and of Bogilis ful is this buke.'—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

BOGLE ! not he whose shadow flies
Before a frightened Scotchman's eyes,
But thou of Eighth near Sansom—thou
Colorless color'd man, whose brow
Unmoved the joys of life surveys,
Untouched the gloom of death displays ;
Reckless if joy or grief prevail,
Stern, multifarious Bogle, hail !

Hail may'st thou Bogle, for thy reign
Extends o'er nature's wide domain,
Begins before our earliest breath,
Nor ceases with the hour of death :
Scarce seems the blushing maiden wed,
Unless thy care the supper spread ;
Half christened only were that boy,
Whose heathen squalls our ears annoy,
If, supper finished, cakes and wine
Were given by any hand but thine ;
And Christian burial e'en were scant,
Unless his aid the Bogle grant.
Lover of pomps ! the dead might rise,
And feast upon himself his eyes,
When marshalling the black array,
Thou *rul'st the sadness of the day ;*
Teaching how grief should be genteel,
And legatees should *seem* to feel.
Death's seneschal ! 'tis thine to trace
For each his proper look and place,
How aunts should weep, where uncles stand,
With hostile cousins, hand in hand,
Give matchless gloves, and fity shape
By length of face the length of crape.
See him erect, with lofty tread,
The dark scarf streaming from his head,
Lead forth his groups in order meet,

And range them, *grief-wise* in the street ;
 Presiding o'er the solemn show,
The very Chesterfield of wo.
 Evil to him should bear the pall,
 Yet comes too late or not at all ;
 Wo to the mourner who shall stray
 One inch beyond the trim array ;
 Still worse, the kinsman who shall move,
 Until thy signal voice approve.

Let widows, anxious to fulfil,
 (For the first time,) the dear man's will,
 Lovers and lawyers ill at ease,
 For bliss deferr'd, or loss of fees,
 Or heirs impatient of delay,
 Chase inly at his formal stay ;
 The Bogle heeds not ; firm and true,
 Resolved to give the dead his due,
 No jot of honor will he bate,
 Nor stir towards the church-yard gate,
 Till the last parson is at hand,
And every hat has got its band.
Before his stride the town gives way—
 Beggars and belles confess his sway ;
 Drays, prudes, and sweeps, a startled mass,
 Rein up to let his cortège pass,
 And Death himself, *that ceaseless dun,*
 Who waits on all, yet waits for none,
 Rebuked beneath his haughty tone,
 Scarce dares to call his life his own.

Nor less, stupendous man ! thy power,
 In festal than in funeral hour,
 When gas and beauty's blended rays
 Set hearts and ball-rooms in a blaze ;
 Or spermaceti's light reveals
More 'inward bruises' than it heals ;
 In flames each belle her victim kills,
 And '*sparks fly upward*' in quadrilles,
 Like iceberg in an Indian clime,
 Refreshing Bogle breathes sublime,
 Cool airs upon that sultry stream,
 From Roman punch or frosted cream

So, sadly social, when we flee
From milky talk and watery tea,
 To dance by inches in that strait
 Betwixt a side-board and a grate,
 With rug uplift, and blower tight,
 'Gainst that foul fire-fiend, anthracite,
 Then Bogle o'er the weary hours
 A world of sweets incessant showers,
 Till, blest relief from noise and foam,
 The farewell pound-cake warns us home
 Wide opens the crowd to let thee pass,
 And hail the music of thy glass.

Drowning all other sounds, e'en those
 From Bollman or Sigoigne that rose ;
 From Chapman's self some eye will stray
 To rival charms upon thy tray,
 Which thou dispensest with an air,
 As life or death depended there.
 Wo for the luckless wretch, whose back
 Has stood against a window crack,
 And then impartial, cool'st in turn
 The youth *whom love and Lehigh burn.*
 On Johnson's smooth and placid mien
 A quaint and fitful smile is seen ;
 O'er Shepherd's pale romantic face,
 A radiant simper we may trace ;
 But on the Bogle's steadfast cheek,
 Lugubrious thoughts their presence speak.
 His very smile, *serenely stern,*
As lighted lachrymary urn.
 In church or state, in bower and hall,
 He gives with equal face to all :
 The wedding cake, the funeral crape,
 The mourning glove, the festal grape ;
 In the same tone when crowd's disperse,
Calls Powell's hack, or Carter's hearse ;
 As gently grave, as sadly grim,
At the quick waltz as funeral hymn.

Thou social Fabius ! since the day,
 When Rome was saved by wise delay,
 None else has found the happy chance,
 By always waiting, to advance.
 Let time and tide, coquettes so rude,
 Pass on, yet hope to be pursued,
 Thy gentler nature waits on all ;
 When parties rage, on thee they call,
 Who seek no office in the state,
 Content, while others push, to wait.

Yet, (not till Providence bestowed
 On Adam's sons McAdam's road,)
 Unstumbling foot was rarely given
 To man nor beast when quickly driven ;
 And they do say, but this I doubt,
 For seldom he lets things leak out,
 They do say, ere the dances close,
 His too are 'light fantastic toes ;'
 Oh, if this be so, Bogle ! then
 How are we served by serving men !
 A waiter by his weight forsaken !
 An undertaker — overtaken !

—
 L' ENVOI.

META ! thy riper years may know
 More of this world's fantastic show ;
 In thy time, as in mine, shall be,

Burials and pound-cake, beaux and tea;
 Rooms shall be hot, and ices cold;
 And flirts be both, as 't was of old;
 Love, too, and mint-stick shall be made,
 Some dearly bought, some lightly weighed;
 As true the hearts, the forms as fair,
 And equal joy and grace be there,
 The smile as bright, as soft the ogle,
 But never — never such a Bogle!

ONE word in your ear, reader, before we part. The writer of the foregoing is a 'Monster.' If you would see his like, (in some men's opinion,) consult Homer, Milton, and Dante, *passim*. You shall not find, in all their pages, a monster of more *note*, or one that less deserves the name. He is a summer's morning monster, and wears the brighter as the calmness of the mid-day hours plays full upon him. I have given you a clue — resolve me my Riddle.

Totally thine,

OLLAPOD.

NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

May, 1838.

It is no long time, respected Reader, since we communed together. Yet how many matters have happened since that period, which should give us pause, and solemn meditation! *We* are still extant; the beams of our spirit still shine from *our* eyes; yet there are many who, since last my sentences came to yours, have drooped their lids for ever upon things of earth. Numberless ties have been severed; numberless hearts rest from their pantings, and sleep, 'no more to fold the robe o'er secret pain.' All the deceits, the masks of life, are ended with them. *Policy* no more bids them to kindle the eye with deceitful lustre; no more prompts to *semblance*, which feeling condemns. They are gone! — 'ashes to ashes, and dust to dust;' and when I think of the numbers who thus pass away, I am pained within me; for I know from them that our life is not only as a dream which passeth away, but that the garniture, or the carnival of it, is indeed a vapor, sun-gilt for a moment, then colored with the dun hues of death, or stretching its dim folds afar, until their remotest outlines catch the imperishable glory of eternity. Such is life; made up of successful or successful accidents; its movers and actors, from the cradle to three-score-and-ten, pushed about by Fate

not their own; aspiring but impotent; impelled as by visions, and rapt in a dream—which who can dispel?

To THOSE who take every event in their lives as a matter of 'special providence;' who make a shop-keeper and supercargo of Omnipotence; who refer to celestial interposition the recovery of a debt, the acknowledgment of a larceny, or the profits on a box of candles, or a bundle of ten-penny nails; who perceive something *more* than a special providence in the death of a sparrow, or the fall of a brick-bat, sent from vagrant hand; to those, all argument of reason would be useless, even if they who employed it were warm and sincere, as I know *I* am, in a belief of the *general* watchfulness of my Creator over men's wo and weal. But, as in things that are of the earth earthy, there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, as was said by the great captain of his age, so it appears to me is it with things celestial. It seems impossible for the human intellect to appreciate that *trifling* ubiquity of supervision which some credulous persons, more devout than intelligent, impute to the supervision of the Almighty. That God is everywhere, admits of no dispute; but when we ramify his discernments into the scrutiny of those minutest matters which would scarcely attract for a moment the observation even of low-minded men, we create an anomaly which has, in proportion to its indifference, an aspect of frivolity, and an attitude of common-place. It seems to establish or defend that theory, which pronounces that whatever *is*, is right. This is a phrase of PORE's, which in my humble opinion contains much more poetry than philosophy. To maintain that all which *is*, is right, does away, in my poor sense, with all true appreciation of rectitude and wrong. It nullifies the Decalogue. If the postulate be true, why the tablets of the law, or that divine mountainous sermon? What need of statues, or the jury of a man's peers? Why arraign a man who abstracts the horse from his stable, without a 'by y'r leave' from the owner, or seduces a ram from the pasture, without clover or salt? Why should penitentiaries be filled? Why Auburn or Sing-Sing hear the groans of the prisoners? If all that *is*, is right, these prisoners have but done their duty; counterfeiting is but a pastime, though fruitful; perjury is a species of verbal romance, sanctified by a kiss on calf or sheepskin; larceny and burglary, the acts of brief visitors who make strong *attachments*; and even murder itself, a modification of the *code d'honneur*—a kind of 'popping the question' in the great matter of the future; sometimes put with lead to the aorta, or with steel to the jugular.

BUT while I impugn the philosophy of Pope, in the phrase hereinbefore mentioned, let me not arraign his verse, or cast one doubtful shade upon the brightness of his thoughts, or the sweet harmony of his numbers. How often have their cadences satisfied my ear, and enriched my mind! In his *Elöise*, the actual, solemn swell of the music which distracted the nun betwixt the choice of Earth or Heaven, seems pouring from the strain. He brings to my mind those sunny seasons when my sense of harmony, though less acute, was perhaps more rapturous, than now; when the rustle of leaves, the casual trills of summer birds, the chiming dance of waters, and the zephyrs, floating from the fragrant south or balmy west, seemed to breathe of the concords, and herald the dulcet airs, of Paradise. Sometimes, in the jostling din and bustle of active life, I lose these harmonies for a little season, and I feel oppressed with the spirit of discontent and complaining; and could say within me, as do the Hebrews in their service of the morning of the ninth of Ab, lamenting the sweet bells lost from the priestly robes of Israel; the lost language of seers and poets, the ephod, and the memorials, 'The voice of wailing hath passed over my melodious psalteries; wo is me!'

Is there any poetry equal in severe simplicity, and quiet natural beauty, to that of the Hebrews of Israel? I confess that I think not. In his inspired wanderings, I can conceive that Shakspeare walked as it were arm-in-arm with Moses and the prophets; with that complaining man of Uz, who held colloquies with the Almighty, in whirlwind and storm. In truth, as I have pored over some of the beautiful inspirations of the Dispersed of modern days, they come to my spirit like 'the airs of Palestine.' Indeed, I have had great doubts, whenas I have overlooked the pages which have been lent me by a Rabbi of the Synagogue, written on one page with mysterious characters, and on the other with the pure English version of those venerated Scriptures, whether the renderings of YARCHI and LEESER, and others, were not more beautiful than those which have given to us the Word, from the sovereign command of the First James of England. Let us list the following, as read in the Fast of the ninth of Ab. The lot of the Lord's inheritance is Jacob. He encircled him, and he watched him, and he guarded him as the apple of his eye. *As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth her young, spreadeth abroad her wing, taketh them, beareth them aloft on her pinions,* so the Lord did lead him. And how eloquently do they complain! 'Where,' they ask, in their deep and briefest language, 'where is the residence of the Divine Glory? the house of the

Levitic order, and their desk? Where the glory of the faithful city? *Where are the chiefs of thy schools, and where thy judges?* Who arrange the answers to them?—who ask concerning thy mysteries? Where are they *who walk in the paths of truth, enlightened by the brightness of thy shining?*

There is something extremely touching to me in these Israelitish lamentations. They were wailed *con amore*, and by the card. I truly believe, that all the sackcloth poetry of modern time, put together, would give a mere dividend of the great capital of dolor employed by the olden-time Hebrews. They wept and howled copiously, yea, abundantly. There is something, after all, sacred in sorrow. It has a *dignity*, which joy never possesses. The sufferings of Medea in Euripides; the scenes betwixt Andromache and Hector; the pangs of Virginius; these are remembered, and will be, when the glittering treasures of Cræsus at Delphi shall be forgotten, and the gay *measures* of Gyges be lost to *men*. Here is a strain in this kind; one that was spent at the close of a summer day, some year or so agone. It needs a little preliminary blazon.

You must know, reader, that there lieth, some three miles or so from Brotherly Love—a city of this continent, a delectable city—a place of burial, ‘Laurel Hill’ by name. On a sweeter spot, the great sun never threw the day-spring of the morning, nor the blush of the evening West. There the odors and colors of nature profusely repose; there, to rest of a spring or summer afternoon, on some rural seat, looking at trees, and dancing waters, and the like, you would wonder at that curious question addressed of Dean Swift, on his death-bed, to a friend at his side: ‘Did you ever know of any really *good weather* in this world?’ You would take the affirmative. Well, thus I sang:

HERE the lamented dead in dust shall lie,
Life’s lingering languors o’er—its labors done;
Where waving boughs, betwixt the earth and sky,
Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.

Here the long concourse from the murmuring town,
With funeral pace and slow, shall enter in;
To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,
No more to suffer, and no more to sin.

And here the impressive stone, engraved with words
Which Grief sententious gives to marble pale,
Shall teach the heart, while waters, leaves, and birds
Make cheerful music in the passing gale.

Say, wherefore should we weep, and wherefore pour
 On scented airs the unavailing sigh—
 While sun-bright waves are quivering to the shore,
 And landscapes blooming—that the loved should die?

There is an emblem in this peaceful scene:
 Soon, rainbow colors on the woods will fall;
 And autumn gusts bereave the hills of green,
 As sinks the year to meet its cloudy pall.

Then, cold and pale, in distant vistas round,
 Disrobed and tuneless, all the woods will stand;
 While the chained streams are silent as the ground,
 As Death had numbed them with his icy hand.

Yet, when the warm soft winds shall rise in spring,
 Like struggling day-beams o'er a blasted heath,
 The bird returned shall poise her golden wing,
 And liberal nature break the spell of death.

So, when the tomb's dull silence finds an end,
 The blessed Dead to endless youth shall rise;
 And hear the archangel's thrilling summons blend
 Its tones with anthems from the upper skies.

There shall the good of earth be found at last,
 Where dazzling streams and vernal fields expand;
 Where Love her crown attains—her trials past—
 And, filled with rapture, hails the better land!

Thus I strummed the old harpsichord, from which I have
 aforesaid, at drowsy hours and midnight intervals, extracted a
 few accidental numbers, (more pleasant doubtless to beget than
 read,) 'sleepless myself, to give to others sleep!'

WELL, that is the only way to write without fatigue, both to
 author and reader. In all that pertains to the petty businesses
 which bow us to the routine of this work-day world, I am as it
 were at home. I am distinctly a mover in the great tide of Ac-
 tion sweeping on around me; yet when I enter into the sanc-
 tuary of the Muses, lo! at one wave of the spiritual wand, this
 'dim and ignorant present' disappears. I breathe a rarer atmo-
 sphere. Visions of childhood throng upon my soul; the blue
 mountain-tops; the aerial circles of far-off landscapes; the hazy
 horizon of ocean-waters; the wind-tossed verdure of summer;
 the hills that burst into singing; and the sweet harmonies of na-
 ture—Universal Parent!—all appeal to my spirit. This dis-
 memberment of the ideal from the actual, is a fountain of enjoy-
 ment, which whoso knows not, has yet the brightest lessons of
 life to learn. He has yet to enter that fairy dominion which
 seems the intermediate territory betwixt the airy realms conceived

of in this world, and the more radiant glories of that undiscovered country,

——— 'from whose bourne
No traveller returns.'

There is something in the feeling, beyond the impulses of fame, beyond the 'mouth honor, breath,' which the falsest of the world are the most ready to bestow; something beyond the empty plaudits, the spurious honors, of the multitude, given to-day, withheld to-morrow. Anathemas a moment gone, benedictions now, these are the marks and signals of the multitude. I would not seek their favor, for their disapproval is the same in the end. It is a curious truth, that no man realizes fame, until he is *beyond* it; that the tardy honors which men receive from kingly or from republican powers, generally come too late to be appreciated — or rather, too late to be of value.

YET there is something exceedingly solemn in the mutability of a name. 'T is indeed as a vapor, which appeareth but for a little season, and then vanisheth away. I like not this life-after-death repute, this post-mortem vitality. 'Give it to me, if I deserve it, while the breath of existence sports in my nostrils; while I can walk, and hear and see, and jostle among men!' Such are my aspirations, malgré the littleness of it. To have antiquaries puzzling themselves with one's merits, supposing that they might reach beyond his sepulture, is to my mind a dry and arid prospect. One wants to be quiet. 'To subsist in bones,' saith my old friend, Sir Thomas Browne, 'and to be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which in the oblivion of Names, Persons, Times, and Sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes of pride. Oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men, without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse — confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favor of the Everlasting Register. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name, than Herodius with one; and who had not rather have been the good thief than *Pilate*? Who knows whether the best of men be known? Or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time?' These be puzzling queries.

IN our own country, methinks I can depaint the means and methods of posthumous fame. Here, if one who had attained to some eminence in his life-time, could awake fifty years after he had been quietly inurned, and be permitted to read the newspapers, he might find that a steamer of his name had burst her boiler; 'a terrible accident, with loss of lives,' on river Mississippi or Ohio; or mayhap that a horse, commemorating his cognomen, had been beaten at the Eagle or other course, with the particulars. Perhaps that he had devoted himself to posterity; to be cited in other years as the source whence sanguinary mixtures of renown had sprung; advertised in hand-bills; and to aid, perhaps, in promoting to the legislature his owner, or guardian, or friend. This is fame, or a part of its mode of bestowment, here below. Fame!—a bet-word—a paragraph—a *feuille volante*—a hand-bill. Thank the powers! I have precious little thereof. And the most I would have, reader, is to write myself your friend,

OLLAPOD.

NUMBER ———?

October, 1839.

SITTING down, good my reader, to write a few paragraphs, named of the above, I was sorely perplexed as to the number. 'Ollapodiana: ' Number ——— *what?* By the mass, I could not tell; the time was so long; my thoughts and subjects were a broken chain; I seemed, indeed, to have but just returned from some other land, beyond the influence of days, and hours, and all those vile admeasurements of time, so rigidly observed by such as send Williams (bills, in the vulgate,) for services rendered in artisan line, and by banking institutions. Time seemed to have dissolved all partnership with my vitality, and I was well nigh upon the point of exclaiming upon him, in the tone of honest Diccon, in Gammer Gurton's Needle:

——— 'out upon thee,
Above all other loutes, fye on thee!'

But I checked the malediction. 'Out upon Time?'—no! Thou reverend softener of human sorrow; thou who, throned upon the clouds of undiscovered fate, or with thy bright lock and thy insatiate weapon, enrobed in the sunshine of hope, and gay with that golden haze which plays above the distant vale of vernal

Expectation ; no ! not out upon thee ! Friend to the wretched, thou shouldst be a woman, for men, in the profundity of their blundering, talk of events in thy 'womb ;' Great Unsexed, and yet evermore preserving in the primer thy masculine identity ; thy *rather* disreputable and misplaced queue ; and displaying in thy somewhat ancient physiognomy that desire of getting-ahead, so peculiar to thy respectful fellow-citizens, the American people. They speak of thee with respect, yet they take thee unceremoniously 'by the forelock,' whether thy yellow hair floats on the eastern mountains, or thou tremblest at the gates of the West. Twin-brother of *Eternity* ! oh, why so taciturn to human hearts, whose yearning core would thrill with undying rapture, to hear the particulars of the doings and scenes in that vast country, the dim dominion of thy Great Relation !

OBSERVE, my friend, I am not writing *against* time ; so let us slowly on. My impressions of the old gentleman are sometimes extremely fantastic. I was looking, the other day at a playful young cat, just emerging from the fairy time of kittenhood ; something between the revelry of the fine mewer, and the gravity without the experience of the tabby. Now one would think that no great subject for contemplation. It would be looked upon by the million as inferior to astronomy. But it is the connexion of the events having reference to the quadruped, which renders her of interest. *Time* will expand her person, increase her musical powers, and bring her admirers. In her back, on winter evenings, will sleep a tolerable imitation of the lightnings of heaven. She will make great noise o' nights, and lap at interdicted cream. So much for her exterior—her love-passages and obstreperous concerts. But look within ! That compact embodiment of ligaments and conduits, now treading gingerly over those fading leaves, and grapes of purple, what may they not be hereafter ? Whose hearts may they not thrill, when strung on the sonorous bridge of a cremona, guided to softest utterances by the master hand ? How many memories of youth, and hope, and fond thoughts, and sunny evenings, and bowers by moonlight, radiant with the beams of Cynthia, and warm with the sweet reflex of Beauty ; the heart, touched by the attempered entrail, rosin-encompassed and bow-bestridden, may bound in age with recollections of departed rapture. And all from what ? Smile not at the association, my friend—from Time and cat-gut.

It is a pleasure to the bereaved, to think that time, which sadly overcometh all things, can alone restore the separated, and

bring the mutually-loved together. Time, which plants the furrow, and sows the seed of death, stands to the faithful spirit a messenger of light at that mysterious wicket-gate, from whence we step and enter upon the vast Unknown. Compare with this enlarged, this universe-embracing view, which breaks at once upon the soul, the act of laying down in what to some may seem a sleep of cold obstruction; and where is the resemblance of the one, or what eye hath heard, or what heart conceived, of the infinitude of the other: where the blooming immensity of a dominion, beyond all realms enrolled of earth, spreads brightly to the sight, illumined for ever with the bountiful smile of the Giver of Good.

Now there are some who do love marvellously to talk about the dainty glories of Spring. One of this sort is my friend DAF-FODILLY. Daff. is a clever individual, with a heart as open as the day to the charities of life. But he turns up his nose at all the seasons, excepting Spring. The sight of an early flower in April makes his head a watering-pot. He is troubled with a kind of *green-sickness*, and reads Thomson as though his like never was nor could be. He has the 'pink incense' always upon him. Summer he despises; and Autumn, to him, is one scene of storm and gloom. Winter he associates with blue noses, cracked lips, and the absence of all feeling among men. 'But Spring!' he says, 'that opens the heart, that excites the sympathies of men and hens, and produces glory and goslings!' I verily believe that Daff. would listen with more delight by the side of a green frog-pond, to the swollen concert of its occupants; in spring-time, than to the sweetest opera in the world. I know his taste, and I know a glorious book* he has not read. Let me commend unto him this passage therein: 'In all climates, Spring is beautiful. In the South, it is intoxicating, and sets a poet beside himself. The birds begin to sing; they utter a few rapturous notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make a holiday in the neighboring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of Nature; whose vast theatre is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost, like cobwebs. This is the prelude which announces the rising of the broad green curtain. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth; the sap through the veins of the plants and trees; and the blood through

* Professor LONGFELLOW's 'Hyperion.'

the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in spring-time ! What a joy in being and moving ! Men are at work in gardens ; and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes ; and ere long, our next-door neighbors will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. • The May-flowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold buttercups under each other's chins, to see if they love butter. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions ; pull out the yellow leaves to see if the school-boy loves them, and blow the down from the leafless stalk, to find out if their mothers want them at home. And at night so cloudless and so still ! Not a voice of living thing, not a whisper of leaf or waving bough, not a breath of wind, not a sound upon the earth nor in the air ! And over head bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust, and breathing fragrance. Or if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain ; but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep ; but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain.'

I MUST say, myself, that after we have done with June, the summer mislikes me. The sun becomes impertinent ; his choler increases, untill he is absolutely insufferable, and you fly from his presence. You can hunt small panting birds in the woods, then, if you have the heart, as they sit on the boughs, with their hot mouths open ; and great is the glory thereof. I once damaged the fetlock of a wren in that way, from the end of a rusty musket, which kicked the hunter over ; and sent the entrails of a red squirrel, from the corner of a zig-zag fence, upon the roundabout of a traveller, who was journeying westward in a stage of the Telegraph line ; my venatory exploits being all within the compass of these.

As I write, I can appreciate the *autumn-feeling* — something holy and peculiar — prevailing within me. I can see, by the increasing azure of the sky, by the enlarged clearness of the distant landscapes, when the eye greets them from the city, and by the transparent briskness of the air at evening, that the summer has gone, and the autumn-time begun. The woodlands stand in calm solemnity, robed in that rainbow coloring, the herald of their fallen honors, and the November storm. At such a season, the heart goes back, as on wings of the dove, to departed friends,

and vanished pleasures ; and the sad hours of memory come up in long review.

The evening approaches. The clouds arise ; rain-drops patter on the branches ; the winds are loud : the hours pass imperceptibly. I will write — and rest :

'T is an autumnal eve — the low winds, sighing
To wet leaves, rustling as they hasten by ;
The eddying gusts to tossing boughs replying,
And ebon darkness filling all the sky ;
The moon, pale mistress, palled in solemn vapor,
The rack, swift-wandering through the void above,
As I, a dreamer by my lonely taper,
Send back to faded hours the plaint of love.

Blossoms of peace, once in my pathway springing,
Where have your brightness and your splendor gone ?
And *Thou*, whose voice to me came sweet as singing,
What region holds thee in the vast *Unknown* ?
What star far brighter than the rest contains thee,
Beloved, departed — empress of my heart !
What bond of full beatitude enchains thee,
In realms unveiled by pen, or prophet's art ?

Ah ! loved and lost ! in these autumnal hours,
When fairy colors deck the painted tree,
When the vast woodlands seem a sea of flowers,
Oh ! then my soul exulting bounds to thee !
Springs, as to clasp thee yet in *this* existence,
Yet to behold thee at my lonely side :
But the fond vision melts at once to distance,
And my sad heart gives echo — *she has died !*

Yes ! when the morning of her years was brightest,
That Angel-presence into dust went down ;
While yet with rosy dreams her rest was lightest,
Death for the olive wove the cypress crown ;
Sleep, which no waking knows, o'ercame her bosom,
O'ercame her large, bright, spiritual eyes ;
Spared in her bower connubial one fair blossom —
Then bore her spirit to the upper skies.

There let me meet her, when, life's struggles over
The pure in love and thought their faith renew :
Where man's forgiving and redeeming Lover
Spreads out his paradise to every view.
Let the dim Autumn, with its leaves descending,
Howl on the winter's verge — yet Spring will come :
So my freed soul, no more 'gainst fate contending,
With all it loveth, shall regain its home.

No more, my reader — save only I am thine.

c.

TWENTY-SIX.

April, 1840.

How do you bear yourself, my friend and reader, on the subject of *winter* generally? What are 'your views?' If you are young and sanguine, with no revulsions or tempests of the heart to remember, I will warrant that you like old Hyem, and patronize that most windy individual, Boreas, of that ilk. Well, you have a free right to your opinion, and if you held it two years or less ago, you had the honor to agree with me. But I confess on that point a kind of a warped idiosyncrasy; an unaccountable change of opinion. The truth is, reader, between you and me, there is not much dignity in winter, in a city. When, in the country, you can look out upon the far-off landscapes, the cold blue hills rising afar, and where a snow-bank is really what it is cracked up to be; where the blast comes sounding to your dwelling over a sweep of woods, and lakes, and snowy fields, for miles of dim extension, there is some grandeur in the thing. But what is it to hear a blast, half choked with the smoke and soot of the city, wheezing down a contemptible chimney-pot, or round a corner, where the wind, that glorious emblem of freedom, has no charter at all to 'blow out' as he pleases, but is confined by the statute of brick-and-mortar restrictions?

I BEGIN to affect the softer seasons; and I look with more than usual earnestness for the coming-on of Spring. I am not universal chronologist enough to know whether the *creation* began in the spring, but I should suppose it did. If, when 'the morning stars sang together,' there was one out of tune; one whose rôle was imperfect; that belonged rather to the stock company of stars; that took no part in the concert; I apprehend it must have been one of those cold winter stars, that glister, and go through you, with their cold and unimpassioned blinking. I do not affect the 'dog star;' but I must admit that the stars of spring, summer, and of autumn, are my favorites. Those of spring seem to *throb* with love, and light, and joy, that multitudes of flowers are springing, and that unnumbered sighs are breathing, in the world beneath; as if indeed they knew and relished the fact, that the roses and violets had again appeared on the earth; that 'the time of the singing of the birds had come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land.' True, the summer stars have rather too fervent a glitter; they look down with a tropical kind of aspect, and induce one to go on the shady side of a street, even at evening, in order to avoid the intense

heat of the moonshine. At such hours, one seems to have reached that point, mentioned in nautical phrase, which I translate for ears polite, where the first settlement beyond purgatory is to be remunerated, and there is no tar to cancel the obligation. As for the autumn stars, they are to be praised in *numbers*; not in a series, but in verse, as dazzling and pure as the light they dispense, and the thoughts they awaken. Whoever gazed at them, in their homes of blue infinity, without rapture and gratitude?

TALKING of gratitude, reminds me of one of the most extraordinary developments of that quality, which I ever remember to have heard of any where. It occurred in a southern city; where there did live a person, otherwise called an individual, who was considered one of the most parsimonious of all the tribe of Adam. He had gone for nearly fifteen years without the imbuing of his personal top, or apex, with a new hat. He was singularly irascible, owing to the fact that he peculiarly answered to the comprehensive definition of man in general; he was an irregular digestive tube, with the principle of immortality at his top, and pedal grain upon his understanding. Having worn his eternal ram-beaver into greasy desuetude, he came to the conclusion to get a new one; which he did — price twelve dollars. It was placed, in glossy youth, upon his hall-table; the ‘old hat,’ as he called it *only* after he had got its successor, was removed, and he sat down to his dinner with all the certainty that the next day he would strike the town with a fresh sensation. He was not often ‘on the street;’ for be it known,

He was a man retired in wealth,
An ancient man, in feeble health.

But the fatal sisters with their intolerable shears, clipt his hope in the bud. A varlet who had watched him all the way from the hatter’s to his home — a sort of crazy loungee of the place, more knave than fool, though enough of either — determined to ‘regain his felt, and feel what he regained.’ And as the citizen sat at meat, and thinking of the novelty of hat which he should sport on the morrow, it came to pass that the varlet entered, and stole the unhackneyed chapeau from the hall. He left in the place of it, his own miserable head-gear, open at top, and smothered in grease, with the following words on a slip of whitey-brown paper, in pencil:

‘MY SUFFERING SIR:

‘I have taken your new hat, but I leave you my *eternal gratitude*.

‘Your anonymous friend,

‘B. BARLOW.

‘P. S. I leave you an *open* apology for what I have taken, which I wish you to show to a candid world.’

‘B. B.’

Great was the proprietor of that hat's consternation, (this is rather an obscure, but a very common, mode of transposition,) when he came out after dinner to seek what was lost. 'Confound him! curse him!' was his vehement ejaculation. 'Curse his 'gratitude!' What good does that do me? *Where is my new hat?*'

I HAVE read, with a great deal of interest, the extraordinary and quite original proposition, by the favorite writer and pulpit orator of the 'Messiah' congregation,* concerning the progress of music. There are few who do not love the concord of sweet sounds; if they are, we have assurance, on the highest literary authority, that they are fit for stratagems, and the 'spoils of victory' won thereby. But I launch forth at once upon a strong expression, which I seldom use, when I say, that I rather think that the subsequent theory of my favorite aforesaid is likely to make an immense revolution in the progress of musical science; namely, *music by steam*. When we look back to what was done in the musical days of 'Salmagundi,' when a fall of snow, parliamentary deliberations, and other soft and sleepy transactions, were expressed by appropriate music, we find that the science, like the witness in his box, 'stared into the face of the public with rapid strides.' There was no evading the current melody.

But this was in the infancy of the science, in our happy land. And I have been thinking it most surprising that this matter has not before been discovered. I have supposed that it must have been owing to the alarming want of taste which has been ascertained to exist, by those who are only enabled to remark on this most obtruse and interesting subject, that there are 'two beats in a bar; two down, and two up.' Indeed, it is a curious thing, this same music. My old friend, Sir Thomas Browne, with all the inquiry of his mind, tells us that he considers the question, 'what songs the syrens sang,' as a decided enigma; and I believe it has never been accurately ascertained what tune was 'pitched upon,' when the morning stars sang together. But we may venture to indulge the idea that they were all perfect in their parts, from the glittering *basso* to the effulgent *tenore*; the Bear, the Pleiades, and all. Under the circumstances, and with no opportunity for rehearsal, I am persuaded that the whole concert was as well 'got up' as could have been expected in the case, and at so short a notice.

* REV. ORVILLE DEWEY; who suggested, in a secular address, that the whistle of the locomotive might yet give place to a safety-valve that should 'discourse most excellent music.'

I HAVE turned this subject of steam-music extensively over in my mind, of late ; and I have married myself to the idea, after a very short courtship, that it is a kind of thing that must *go on*. At the first blush, indeed, it might appear chimerical ; but I ask the skeptic why the steam-whistle of a locomotive should not discourse in tones more soft and winning ? Why can not a locomotive ask a cow to leave a railroad track in a politer manner than in that discordant shriek, which excites the animal's indignation, and awakens her every sentiment of quadrupedal independence ? I protest against such conduct. We presume a locomotive to buzz, and *vapor*, and deport itself pragmatically ; but its conversation by the way ought to be chastened into something like propriety ; and please Apollo, I think it will. I once saw an animal of this stamp killed instantly by the crushing transit of a train ; and I thought I saw in the singular turn of her upper lip, as her torn-out heart lay yet palpitating on the rails, a peculiar curl of disdain, in her dying moments, at the treatment she had won. I put this down, because I hope 't will be remembered as a warning to whistlers in especial, and the great generation of calves unborn.

ON one of those warm April-like afternoons, with which, in our Philadelphia meridian, the fierce February chose to delight us, as if by contrast, I sat by my open window, which commands, through and over pleasant trees, fine glimpses of the country : and

‘As the red round sun descended,
Mid clouds of crimson light,’

I began to feel coming upon me the influence of a reverie. For a long time, my good friend whom I ‘occupy’ at present with this matter, I have had my day-dreams sadly broken in upon ; in the few roses I have gathered, I have found the cypress mingling among their faded leaves ; and a voice, as from the lowly leafiness of an autumnal wilderness, has spoken of the lost and of the past. Why is it, that though the mind may wander, the *heart* can never forget ? Well could I say with him who sings so well :

‘THOU unrelenting Past !
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain ;
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

‘In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown ; to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea !’

And there they rest in dust and cold obstruction! Oh, that those who walk about in the beauty of the morning, with the greenness of earth around them, and the mysterious vitality which makes the elements in their nostrils, would think of this; considering truly their coming end!

BUT I digress entirely; being about to say, that this reverie was superinduced by looking at some observations that had been made upon the charming theory of my friend. I thought of the time when such a thing as steam-music should at least equal the common museum-music, if not surpass it, and distance conclusively the airs wherewith the goodly puritans of yore were wont to chant the immortal metre of Sternhold and Hopkins. Imagination took a wide range—and presently I was in a dream.

And methought in my dream, that I was in the second story parlor of the 'Atlantic and Pacific Hotel, and United States' Half-way House,' on the very top of the Rocky Mountains. This hotel was built of marble, with splendid Corinthian pillars, gracing a portico nearly three hundred feet long. Meseemed I had just arrived there by rail-road, in four hours and a half from Philadelphia, which I remembered, as I left, was on each side of the Schuylkill, that being central, as the Thames is in London. We did not stop at Pittsburgh, or any of those immense metropolises, but whizzed at the rate I have mentioned. My destination was to the city of Memphiis, on the shore of the Pacific, where I expected to arrive at two o'clock the next day.

A considerable village stretched along the mountain, although the place was not in existence three weeks before. After a sumptuous repast, and a beautiful view of the *country*, east and west, which I may hereafter describe, I took up the village newspaper. It was entitled the 'New-Babylon Observer, and Register of the World.' The copy I held in my hand bore the date of May the seventeenth, nineteen hundred and forty. It was sent round the place by a rail-car, and was thrown into the dwellings by machinery, conducted by steam. The first paragraphs that struck my eye, were these, amply emblazoned, suddenly to catch the general eye:

'REPORTED FOR THE NEW-BABYLON OBSERVER.

'TERRIFIC CIRCUMSTANCE!

'It becomes our painful but imperative and extraordinary duty, to promulgate the facts of a disaster which reached us to-day, by the mail from Thebes, *via* the perpendicular railroad. As a party were ascending, with the locomotive playing a lively tune, assisted on the *piana-forte* by another locomotive, that had been hired by Signor GOITINI, preparatory to his first

concert in New-Babylon, some religious persons of the 'United States' Established Mormon Church,' insisted that the tune, being irreverent, should be changed. This offensive tune was no less than the well known and popular song, (supposed to have been written in England, previous to the subjugation of that place by the Russians,) entitled 'Proceed it, ye Crippled Ones, Babylon's Nigh.' This complimentary course on the part of the locomotive, and the gentlemanly engineer with whom it associates, was hissed by the Mormons, until they were overcome by the *encores* of the majority. The locomotive was of course embarrassed, but we understand, continued to play. One of the Mormons, enraged beyond measure at this circumstance, rushed forward through the door-ways of the train, and wantonly turned the stop-cock of 'What's become of Good Old Daniel?' one of the slowest tunes of the day. The consequence was, that the train proceeded with the greatest discord, because the latter tune was for the back-track, in descending the mountain. The result was, the cars were thrown off the rails, down a precipice of nearly three hundred feet; but owing to the exertions of Mr. INCLINATION PLAIN, first engineer, they were got back by his Upward Impulse Screw, which has thus far answered admirably, stopping cars in mid-air, if they run off a precipice, and returning them, safely, by means of the patent steam wind-bags, which extend beneath the trains, and destroy their gravity.

'We are authorized to state, that no blame attaches to the quick-tune party; whereas the slow-tune faction were entirely in the wrong. Thus has a science, invented by a monk of the Unitarian order, in the city of Alleghania, (then called New-York,) and which worked its way into so much respect and favor, been the cause of danger, by the pertinacity of a few. We trust it will not occur again; if it do, we shall proclaim it to the tune of the Rogue's March, through the whole of New-Babylon, in our Steam-car Extra. No doubt our dastardly contemporary, of the 'War-horse of Freedom and America's Champion,' whose prospectus and types arrived last night, and whose first number appears to-morrow, will endeavor to contradict this statement. We dare him to his teeth to do so. He knows, while the snaky blood writhes at his caitiff heart, and the malignity of twenty-three demons, (we think we should be justified in mentioning more,) glares from his diabolic eye, that what we state is fact; and that each member of the quick-tune party, in asserting his inalienable musical rights, was as innocent as an unbegotten merino.'

READER, the record of my reverie is not ended, but my sheet is full. If I live and prosper, we will meet again. Heaven bless you, and all the children! Ever thine,

OLLAPOD.

THE END OF OLLAPODIANA.

PROSE MISCELLANIES.

THESE MISENTENDIMENTS

PREFACE
TO THE
PROSE MISCELLANIES.

It is proper to remark, in relation to the foregoing 'Ollapodiana' Papers, as well as of the ensuing Prose Miscellanies, that they were all written at such stolen intervals as the sole editor of a daily journal can command from pressing avocations. This fact, it is hoped, will be taken into consideration, in forming an estimate of the writer's powers. If these pages could have been carefully revised and pruned by his own hand, they would doubtless have better deserved the favorable regard of the public. There is another point, touching the accompanying prose papers, on which the Editor would offer a word or two in explanation. It was his purpose to have presented nothing which should have served as a contrast to the uniformly *amiable* character of his brother's writings. Such a contrast is perhaps however afforded by the article on '*American Poets, and their Critics.*' But its insertion has been advised by several of the oldest and warmest friends of the deceased; and the Editor has not thought it proper to resist their counsel. The criticism, indeed, as the reader can plainly see, was most justly deserved. It was every where welcomed as a felicitous and timely exposure of an 'inveterate literary pretender.' The *New-York American*, among many other journals, eulogized the article as 'a capital paper, wherein the impostures of that miserable literary charlatan, the Hibernico-Philadelphia-Reviewer, were most humorously exposed;' adding, that 'the fact of the Editor of the 'American Quarterly' allowing so absurd a character to figure in that publication, rendered him respectable enough, in a literary point of view, to receive a lashing in the KNICKERBOCKER.' This was the general tone of the American press. It may not be amiss to observe, that the 'Leaves from an Aëronaut' record the actual experience of an aërial voyager; Mr. DURANT, the American pioneer in aërostatics, at the request of the writer, having furnished him with a detailed account of the occurrences of one of his 'flights into heaven.' The laughable tale of 'Desperation,' the

writer was wont to say, describes an actual occurrence in the life of a Philadelphia student. Captain MARRYAT, some four or five years after the story appeared in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, adopted it for a London Magazine, merely substituting English for American localities, and slightly changing one or two of the minor incidents. The thrilling events narrated in 'An Old Man's Records' are matters of history. 'The Snake Eater' is almost revolting in its opening revelations; it is satisfactorily explained however in the conclusion, and is, moreover, founded upon what was stated to the writer to have been an actual occurrence.

PROSE MISCELLANIES.

A CHAPTER ON CATS.

I MET with a good article the other day in a native magazine, on the subject of *whiskers*—a pilosus and prolific theme. Talking of whiskers reminds me of cats. The transition is natural. Feline quadrupeds are justly celebrated for their claims to admiration in respect of whiskers. In the conformation of his mandibular appendages, Nature has been generous with the cat. Not only do they stand out from his face like the elongated mustaches of old Shah Abbas of Persia, but there is within them a sleepless spirit, a shrewd and far reaching sense, which puts to shame the similar ornaments on the faces of bipeds of the *genus homo*. They, indeed, can make their whiskers look well, by baptizing them with *eau de Cologne*, and Rowland's Macassar Oil, or peradventure, the unctuous matter won from the 'tried reins' of defunct bears; but where is the intelligence, the discernment, of their rivals?

The whiskers of a cat are truly sparse and unseemly; but their qualities of observation and apprehension furnish an ample recompense for the absence of beauty. How many a heedless rat or truant mouse has paid the forfeit of his life by those all-scenting properties which are concentrated in the whiskers of a feline hunter! How have their little ribs cracked between the jaws of some notorious tabby, and their long tails lashed her head in the agonies of dissolution! This, however is a painful subject, and I perceive that in treating it I am falling into the sentimental.

Talking of sentiment, as connected with cats, reminds me of an epoch in my life, over which the shadows of unpleasant fate hang like clouds in an evening firmament, and turn the past into darkness. Shall I rend away the veil, as your crack novelist would say, and harrow up my recollections, until my heart swells and my

head aches with the melancholy retrospection? Perish the idea! No—no : prepared as I am to go all lengths along the fence which divides me from the dominion of memory, yet when I look at *that* length, I feel as though I could not ‘go it!’ But—yes—no matter; the warning of my example may be of service to some reader, who may happen hereafter to be ‘situated, and I may say, circumstanced,’ as I was.

I am a respectable young bachelor, with a courteous address, a musical taste, some acquaintance with letters, and a too susceptible heart. In choosing my whereabouts in this good city of brotherly love, where I arrived a few years ago from the country, to hang out my tin sign of ‘Attorney,’ etc., I sought for such lodgings as would be convenient to the office, where I wrote my briefs, and took in my clients. Acting on this principle, I made my *cong  * one bright May morning to a landlady in Chestnut street, of whose table and apartments I had heard the best ‘exclamation.’ She was a short, pousy woman, with a long neck, a lawn cap on her head, and a most respectful demeanor. The cap was thin, and the gray hair was very perceptible under the same; but on her forehead were parted two raven waves :

———‘the dowry of some second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.’

Pleased with her smile, for it was benevolence itself, I asked her if she could furnish me with a small parlor and bed-room adjacent? Her reply showed that her benevolence did not extend to her native tongue, which she grossly maltreated in divers hostile expressions, then and there used on the premises. She responded that the ‘parlors was all took, but one in the third story, with a bed-room contagious, for which I would be taxed five dollars and three levys a week.’ I replied that I did not wish to be taxed with apartments subject to *levies*; that the property of which I desired to stand seized as tenant, ought to be unincumbered, and beyond the discomfort of any pecuniary lien or claim. I was soon eased on this point by an affirmation, on the part of the respondent, that a *levy* was a coin; corresponding, as I afterward learned by some fiscal inquiries, to a New-York shilling.

A few moments’ conversation in the parlor, into which I was invited, finished the business. I took the lodgings, and with pleased alacrity ensconced myself therein. Every thing went on much to my satisfaction. The victuals and drink were praiseworthy, the lodgers few, principally boarding-school misses, *beyond* a certain age, learning the then latest music, such as ‘The Minstrel’s Return from the War,’ ‘When my Eye,’ ‘Come where

the Aspens quiver,' 'Lightly Tread,' et cetera. With these airs, accompanying themselves on a broken-winded piano, a chattel of the establishment, did they diurnally bore my ears.

I soon became perfectly domiciliated. The ladies grew more and more communicative; and it was sadly-pleasing, to see the pensive manner in which they would flirt their fans when we all sat by the windows at nightfall in the great parlor below, which commanded a broad view of the street. Sometimes on these occasions, when in a reverie, I used to hum some familiar air; and this once led one of the oldest ladies, whose education had just been *finished* by the greatest instructress in the city, to remark that 'she was sure I could sing *lovely*, if I should try; but that she believed I did n't want to *let on*.' I did not at first comprehend this phraseology of the fair scholar, and it remains until this day with me a mystery undefined. It is understandable, but not explainable. I made an answer to the remark, that was apposite enough not to expose my ignorance of the lady's meaning; for it is well to stand high in the estimation of those who are completed in 'composition, drawing, geography, and the use of the globes.'

I did not however bless the parlor with much of my presence. The one which had been assigned me was a perfect gem of an apartment. Everything in it was neat; and I took no small delight in hanging it with paintings and pictures. It looked directly into Chestnut-street, our Philadelphia Broadway, and I was wont to sit by the casement in the summer twilight, listening to the negligent footfalls of the promenaders, who strolled abroad on the thousand errands and purposes of business or pleasure. Directly to the east, a door opened into my bed-room, the *contagious* apartment of which my landlady had spoken. Here the window looked into a garden, the property of the next resident on the street. And a fine garden it was. Flowers of every hue, the first and fairest of the year, were glowing along the walks in red, golden, and purple luxuriance. The verdant and ductile vines gadded over tasteful trellices, and the breath of growing things floated up to my casement like incense.

Perhaps the reader may desire to know what this has to do with the subjects of *cats*? You shall see anon. The facts are extant, and must not remain unwritten.

I soon found my bed-room *contagious*, sure enough. I could not study, because of a fair dulcinea across the garden. Even at night we used to look at each other. It was a kind of indistinct, moonshiny speculation, it is true—but it had its raptures.

My inquiries respecting the damsel were of the most satisfac-

tory kind. Her name was Florence Dillon. She was just seventeen; amiable, and accounted rich, but for the latter consideration I cared not a rush when connected with her. It was a source of unbounded perplexity to me how I should manage to make her acquaintance. I consorted with few of those young men, wearing bushy whiskers, white inexpressibles, vacant countenances, and small canes, with which Philadelphia abounds; for I had never fancied their amusements of riding to the Lamb tavern for a julep, fighting dung-hill fowls on the Schuylkill, or playing at faro in the obscure dens and alleys of the town. Being unaccomplished in these fashionable amusements, and withal rather addicted to reading and mental improvement, my associates were limited, for I found few spirits either choice or congenial.

Finally, a lucky chance favored my desires. I saw Miss Florence one evening at the theatre, with her brother. Just at the close of the first play, it came on to rain. I ascertained by accident that the Dillons were without an umbrella. I knew they had a very short distance to go, and therefore would not be likely to call a coach. I immediately rushed home and procured my own umbrella, and one in addition. When I returned, the green curtain had dropped, and they were in the lobby, on the point of departure. The shower was then at its height. It was one of those nights when play-bill boards are dripping; when pedestrians, swift in locomotion, are seen in long perspective along the streets, with their umbrellas shining in the lamp-light; a doleful night, especially at the theatre,

‘When tender Beauty, looking for her coach,
Protrudes her gloveless hand, perceives the shower,
And draws the tippet closer round her throat:
Perchance her coach stands half a dozen off,
And ere she mounts the step, the oozing mud
Soaks through her pale kid slipper. On the morrow
She coughs at breakfast, and her gruff papa
Cries, ‘There you go! this comes of play-houses!’

Determined to be gallant, yet coloring a little at my boldness, I took the liberty of offering my umbrella to the gentleman, giving him at the same time some information respecting its necessity on account of the weather. My impression is that my manner was agreeable, for Miss Dillon surveyed me with a very affectionate recognition; and her soft blue eyes, shaded by rich brown hair, parted on her beaming brow, were filled with what Thomson would call ‘lively gratitude.’

I called the next evening at Dillon’s, per promise, for my umbrella. I found the family most agreeable. The mother was

delighted to hear me praise her favorite minister, after I found out who he was ; and the father was what is now-a-days called 'a gentleman of the old school ;' namely, one whose education has been wofully neglected, but whose assaults upon the venacular are overlooked on account of his good nature, good dinners, and good wine.

Thenceforth I was a faithful visitor two or three times a week. I grew desperately enamored—my passion was returned : I was a happy youth ; I walked among the stars. I bent my soul to distinction in my calling, and resolved to merit my mistress before I won her, or to amass, in the words of Diggory's adviser in the play, 'summat to make the matrimonial pot boil.'

The charming Florence was amiability itself. I found her affections were so exuberant, that she bestowed them upon everything within the magic circle of her presence—even upon animals. Among the objects of her esteem was a cat ; a beautiful, tortoise-shell creature, I confess, but deserving the objection which the housemaid preferred against her, of having 'never had no broughtage up.' She had been Miss Dillon's companion from her childish years, and had grown to graceful and dignified maturity under her fostering hand. I will not deny that I respected the old tabby for her sake. We used to discuss her merits often. I little thought the venerable quadruped would blight my hopes, and precipitate all my wo.

Florence and myself were soon accounted engaged. We used to walk arm in arm in the street, to let the gossips know that such was the fact. I plunged like a gladiator into the law ; I was a favorite at court ; and my causes and fees, in hand and in prospect, were neither few nor small.

I am subject, in summer, to restlessness. Thick-coming fancies mar my rest, and my ear is peculiarly sensitive to the least inappropriate sound. One sultry evening in July, I returned home later than usual, from an arbitration, wherein I lost a cause on which I had counted certainly to win. I suspect I bored the arbitrators with too long a plea, and too voluminous quotations of precedents ; for, when I finished, two were asleep, and most of the others yawning. They decided against my client, and I came home mad with chagrin, and crept into bed, longing for speedy oblivion in the arms of Sleep.

But that calm sister of death would not be won to my embrace. I lay tossing for a long time in 'restless ecstasy,' until vexed and overwearied nature at last sunk to repose. I could not have slumbered over ten minutes, before I was awakened by the most outrageous caterwauling that ever stung the human ear. I arose

in a fury, and looked out of the window. All was still. The cause for outcry appeared to have ceased. Now and then there was a low, guttural wail, between a suppressed grunt and a squeal; but it was so faint that nothing could have lived 'twixt that and silence. After a listening probation of a few minutes, I slunk back into my sheets.

I had scarcely dozed a quarter of an hour, when the obnoxious vociferations arose again. They were fierce, ill-natured, and shrill. I arose again, vexed beyond endurance. All was quiet in a moment. I am not given to profanity; I deem it foolish and wicked; but on this occasion, after stretching my body like a sheeted ghost, half out of the window, and gazing into the shadows of the garden to discover the object of my annoyance, I exclaimed, in a loud and spiteful voice, which expressed my concentrated hate:

—‘*D—n that cat!*’

‘Young gentleman,’ said a passing guardian of the night, from the street, ‘you had better pop your head in, and stop your noise. If you don’t, you will rue it; now mind-I-tell-ye.’

‘Look here, old Charley,’ said I, in return, ‘do n’t be impertinent. It is your business to preserve the peace, and to obviate every evil that looks disgraceful in the city’s eye. You guard the slumbers of her citizens; and if you expect a dollar from me at Christmas, for the poetry in your next annual address, you will perform what I now request, and what it is your solemn and bounden duty to do. Spring your rattle; comprehend that vagrom cat, and take her to the watch-house. I will appear as plaintiff against the quadruped, before the mayor, in the morning. Her character is bad—her habits are scandalous.’

‘Oh, pshaw!’ said the watchman, and went clattering up the street, singing ‘N’hav pa-a-st dwelve o’glock, and a glowdee morn.’

I reverted to my pillow, and fell into a train of conjectures touching the grimalkin. Possibly it might be the darling old friend of Miss Dillon. Then I thought of others—then I slept.

I can not declare to a second how long my fitful slumber lasted, before I was startled from my bed by a yell, which proceeded apparently from a cat in my room. I had just been dreaming of a great mouser, with ears like a jackass, and claws, armed with long ‘pickers and stingers,’ sitting on my bosom, and sucking away my breath. I sprang at once into the middle of the room. I searched everywhere—nothing was in the apartment. Then there rushed toward the zenith one universal cat-shriek, which went echoing off on the night-wind like the reverberation of a sharp thunder-peal.

My blood was now *up* for vengeance. One hungry and fiery wish to destroy that diabolical caterwauler, took possession of my soul. At that instant the clock struck one. It was the death-knell of the feline vocalist. I looked out of the window, and in the light of a stray lot of moonshine, streaming through the tall chimneys to the south-east, I saw Miss Dillon's romantic favorite, alternately cooing and fighting with a large mouser of the neighborhood, that I had seen for several afternoons previous, walking leisurely along the garden wall, as if absorbed in deep meditation, and forming some libertine resolve. In fine, they each seemed saturate with the spirit of the Gnome king, Umbriel, in the drama, when he

‘stalked abroad,
Urging the wolf to tear the buffalo.’

The death of one of these noisy belligerents being determined on, I looked round my room for the tools of retribution. Not a moveable thing, however, could I discover, save a new pitcher, which had been sent home that very day, and to which my name and address were appended on a bit of card. I clutched it with desperate fury, and pouring into my bowl the water contained in it, I poised it in my hand for the deadly heave. I had been a member of a quoit club in the country, and the principles of a clever throw were familiar to me. I resolved to make the vessel describe what is called in philosophy a *parabolic curve*, so that while it knocked out the brains of one combatant, it should effectually admonish the survivor of the iniquity of his doings. I approached the window—balanced the pitcher—and then drove it home. Its reception was acknowledged by a loud, choking squall—a faint yell of agony, and then a respectful silence. Satisfied that my pitcher had been broken at the fountain of life, and that the silent tabby would not soon tune her pipes again, I retired to bed, and slept with the serenity and comfort of one who is conscious of having performed a virtuous action.

In the morning, the cat was found ‘keeled up’ on a bed of pinks, with her head broken in, and her ancient and venerable whiskers dabbled in blood. The shattered pitcher lay by her side. The vessel had done its worst—so had my victim. The body was taken off early in the forenoon, and decently interred by the gardener, who said to the chambermaid in my hearing, that ‘Miss Florence must n’t not by no means whatsoever come for to know that the old puss had gone the v’yage.’ Stupid hind! He neither knew the cause of the animal's death, nor the impossibility of its concealment.

Sorrow is always communicative. Betty had scarcely made

the beds in the mansion, before she hied to Miss Florence's apartment, and related to her the doleful demise of her spotted companion. They forthwith descended together into the garden; reconnoitred the spot where the poor thing breathed her last, and found my broken pitcher with the card attached, on the very theatre of destruction.

Suspicion was aroused. I was the object. Circumstantial evidence was clear against me. When I went home to dinner, I found a note from Florence, accusing me of the murder. I could have turned state's-evidence, and poured the tide of obloquy upon the vile paramour of the deceased; but I scorned all subterfuge. I answered the note immediately, acknowledging that, in a moment of bewilderment, drowsiness, and passion, I perpetrated the deed, and throwing myself upon her generosity for pardon.

But it was in vain. I had made a wrong throw. Another angry note reached me at supper. This, I was determined to answer in person, and called, as soon as tea was over, in a state of profuse perspiration, to effect that object.

I found Miss Dillon perfectly furious. Her fair face was red with indignation; consuming fires flashed from her eyes—those orbs which I had praised so often, and which were wont to exhibit only the light of 'generous meanings.' She inexorably refused all attempts at an apology. She gave me back my miniature and ring, and protested that I might spare myself any further concern on her account. She was deeply-read in elementary school-books, and she quoted copiously from a didactic piece in one of them, I think the American Preceptor, 'On Cruelty to Animals,' in which it is conclusively shown that the man who would harm 'a necessary cat,' would not scruple to treat his father like a pickpocket, his wife like a fisherwoman, and his children like puppies. She repeated that she had done with me, and signified a hope that I would take that remark for her ultimatum.

Just after supper, of a July evening, a young man does not feel cool enough to pocket the slightest contumely. I arose with great dignity, and told Miss Dillon, that I had no desire to press my suit; that if she demurred, I was ready to confess the judgment, and bow to the same. I observed that from the specimens of her temperament that had just then fallen under my notice, I could have little regret in sundering a chain which had altered so soon from silk to iron. Memory began to disturb my feelings, and the thought of what I was about to lose, made my voice womanish; so I cocked my hat on fiercely, bowed politely, and walked rapidly out of the apartment with the tread of a sullen

stage hero, who mutters in soliloquy, and 'dialogues with his shadow.'

Since that period, I have been, in the main, a melancholy man. I am pale, and cynical. The '*opposite sex*,' as Mrs. Trollope calls them, charm me not as of yore. I am a waif upon the community, wherein none take an interest. I loved Florence Dillon as I shall never love again; and the *cause* of our disunion—a nullifying cat—has given me a sovereign antipathy to all the race. I have no ill-will against young kittens, with their tender voices and affectionate eyes; and I can contemplate even an old cat in the virtuous retirement of the country, purring drowsily by a winter's fire, with some complacency. Then, the tenor of her life is equable and innocent. She is not subject to be led away after fantastical delights; she goeth not into temptation. But your city grimalkins have no moral character. Their habits are loose—their clamors unceasing. Romantic appointments by night, and household pilferings by day, make up their existence; and the only time they are harmless, is in those fitful moments when

——— 'their little life,
Is rounded with a sleep.'

They fight and bustle like those celebrated Kilkenny combatants, which ate each other up in such wise that not the tail-end of either remained for a token of victory; 'that died and left no sign.' They creep into cradles, and feed upon the fragrant breath of young children; and a fatal instance of this kind was recorded in our newspapers only a few months ago. If well used, they grow familiar, and strew your garments with a bequest of hairs; if you maltreat them, or spitefully use them, they will waste the night-watches in mewing to keep you awake.

It is well to evoke consolation even from trouble. I know some good jokes of cats, which I can enjoy, even though I know that my Florence is the wife of a stupid old bachelor—an 'eligible match,'—a man with his brains in his purse, and his attainments in his breeches' pocket; in brief, a dough-head of the heaviest description. Yes! thank old Time, I am better than I was when I was so love-sick. A good story pleases me of late, as it did in my better days. Here is one, which excited my cackinations. I will vouch for its truth.

An anonymous wag not long ago placed an advertisement in each of our city journals, signed by an eminent house on the Delaware wharf, and stating that FIVE HUNDRED CATS were wanted immediately by the firm. The said firm in the meantime knew nothing of the matter.

On visiting their counting-house the next morning, the partners found the streets literally blocked up with enterprising cat-sellers. Huge negroes were there, each with ten or fifteen sage, grave tabbies tied together with a string. Old market women had brought thither whole families of the feline genus, from the superannuated *Tom*, to the blind kitten. The air resounded with the squallings of the quadrupedal multitude. New venders, with their noisy property, were seen thronging to the place from every avenue.

'What 'll you *guv* me for this 'ere lot?' said a tall shad-woman, pressing up toward the counting-room. 'The newspapers says you allow liberal prices. I axes a dollar a piece for the old 'uns, and five levys for the kittens.'

'You have been fooled,' said the chief partner, who appeared with a look of dismay at the door, and was obliged to speak as loud amid the din as a sea-captain in a storm. 'I want no cats. I have no use for them. I could not eat them. I could n't sell them. I never advertised for them.'

A decided mendicant, a member of the great family of loafers, with a red, *bulgy* nose, and bloated cheeks, who had three cats tied to a string in his hand, now mounted a cotton bale, and, producing a newspaper, spelt the advertisement through as audibly as he could under the circumstances, demanding of the assembly as he closed, 'if that there advertysment was n't a true bill?' An unanimous 'Sarting!' echoed through the crowd. Encouraged by the electric response, the loafer proceeded to make a short speech. He touched upon the rights of trade, the liberty of the press, the importance of fair dealing, and the benefits of printing; and concluded by advising his hearers to go the death for their rights, and 'not to stand no humbug.' Such was the effect of his eloquence, that the firm against which he wielded his oratorical thunder, found it necessary to compromise matters by-treating the entire concourse to a hogshead of wine. The company separated at an early hour, consoled for the loss of their bargains and the emptiness of their pockets, by the lightness of their heads and hearts.

Gentle Reader, — my tale is told. If you love cats, I have no objection, because it is none of my business. '*De gustibus*,' etc. But if I have not deposed enough to justify *my* hatred of all the tribe, then argument is powerless, and truth a matter of moonshine.

AMERICAN POETS, AND THEIR CRITICS.

THIS is some fellow,
 Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
 A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb,
 Quite from his nature : He cannot flatter, he !
 An honest mind and plain—he must speak truth :
 An' if they take it, so ; if not, he's plain.
 These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
 Harbor more craft and more corrupter ends,
 Than twenty upright, careful observants,
 Who weigh the matter nicely.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE fact is as undeniable as it is generally acknowledged, that since the death of Lord Byron, the best fugitive poetry of the United States has been greatly superior to that of England. We have bards among us whose productions would shine by the side of seven-tenths even of the authors collected in those ponderous tomes entitled, the 'British Classics,' or 'Select British Poets.' Let any reader of taste look over those collections, and see how much matter there is in them, of no superior merit, floating down the stream of time, like flies in amber, only because it is bound up with productions of acknowledged and enduring excellence. Let a reader glance, for example, at the volume of Aikin or even of Hazlitt—though that is less exceptionable—and he will find many effusions, whose authors, permissively, are almost sanctified to fame, that are yet greatly inferior to no small portion of American fugitive poetry. This may not at present be readily acknowledged ; because it is a weakness of human nature, that men are apt to attach far less credit to the productions of contemporary writers, than each of those same writers and his productions receive, after the palsy of death has descended upon the hand that recorded, and the heart that indited.

We need not cite examples in favor of the foregoing declarations. Their truth, we believe, is familiar, both to the American public, and the tasteful readers of Europe. In speaking of American poetry, we mean that which has been produced by natives, born and bred ; not the forlorn effusions of certain transplanted foreigners, who have labored so long and so unsuccessfully to be numbered among the bright train of native bards. We mean the writers and the products of 'our own, our native land.' We feel a glow of honest pride in their array. In the works of HILLHOUSE, we have a strength, a finish, and a profoundness of knowledge, which strike the mind and heart like the page of a

Milton; productions unsurpassed by any of recent origin, for their correctness, their grandeur, and beauty. In the effusions of BRYANT, the Thomson of America, we have those faithful pictures of natural life and human affection, fraught with the soundest philosophy, which can not fail or die. They are destined to live with the *Seasons*; to appeal with their pure truth and sweet fidelity, to the intellect and love of other generations. We may mark in HALLECK, the Byronic spirit and fire of song; the English undefiled; thrilling the bosom in his lyrics, and charming the taste in his lighter lays. In PERCIVAL, may be seen the flowing diction and imagery of Moore; and in SPRAGUE, a pathos and harmony, which Pope himself has never exceeded.

Are not these allegations undeniable? What European tragedy, produced within the last thirty years, is superior to the *Haddad* of Hillhouse? What poet, in that time, has surpassed in ease and truth the best poems of Bryant? Who, during the same space, abroad or at home, has written a more soul-stirring lyric than Halleck's *Marco Botzaris*? Will the best productions of Percival suffer by a comparison with the latest, and of course the maturest, of Moore or Campbell? Will Byron's Prize Address at Drury Lane *compare* with Sprague's at the Park Theatre? Has not the latter been pronounced every way superior, even in England? We propose these questions with pride. They have already been triumphantly answered on both sides of the Atlantic.

But this is not all. There are other names, full of promise, growing yearly more lustrous in our literary annals, to which we have not time or space at present to allude. They are names borne by scholars and men of intellect, whose busy pursuits may repress the influence of song within them, but can not mar their power. From them, and their compeers, something elevated and lasting may in due time be confidently expected.

There is one cause which has perhaps operated somewhat against a proper appreciation of the writers we have mentioned. Their actual merits are in our opinion undervalued, on account of the complaints occasionally made of them by journalists, that no one of them has produced a *long poem*. This is very true; but we do not conceive it necessary that a man should create a labored epic to substantiate a claim to the character of a first-rate poet. Gray has descended to posterity, and will go on to other ages, in his incomparable *Elegy*; Goldsmith is not less extensively known by his *Hermit*, than by his other productions; while Milton, and Pope, and numerous others whom we might name, are commended to the general world more by *passages* in

• their great works, than by the entire works themselves. Therefore we may say confidently, that all the native poets we have mentioned, have written matter which possesses all the elements of perpetuity ; poems, which though short, are perfect ; full of nature and life, without blemish or stain.

That we have such poets in our country, and that there are those who, by patient thought, unobtrusive study, and the untiring pursuit of knowledge in aid of their natural genius, are desirous to emulate such examples, until they themselves may deserve approbation and success, is, we believe, a source of gratification to the mind of every *American* critic. The course of our highest authorities in literature, the *North American Review* and the *Christian Examiner*, exhibits a patronizing and discriminating spirit in this matter, which is worthy of all praise, since it will conduce in an eminent degree to the advancement of polite letters in our country. The editors of these eminent journals in no instance permit their pages to be made the conduits of private bile, and individual spleen. They judge with justice, and in kindness they condemn. They permit no scribe who is scouted by the public, and whose name, when known, is an antidote to his adverse opinions, to sully their leaves with the suggestions of envious and revengeful sentiment, the results of disappointed authorship, and a galling sense of personal obscurity. They look to the *promise* of native works, and exhibit that good sense and feeling by whose guidance they escape the mortification of seeing themselves the objects of ridicule, and their opinions utterly reversed, both in Europe and America. They are regarded with respect, as men above the reach or the persuasion of contemptible motives ; and with the law of courteous impartiality guiding their pens, they perform, with honest impulses, their duty to the literary efforts of their countrymen.

It is a matter of praise, also, that these are gentlemen, the merits of whose productions entitle them to sit in judgment upon the works of others. Theirs are the benefits of an unbroken education ; the enlarged views and information acquired by travel ; the proper sentiments inspired by a love of the land of their birth ; and the honest desire to increase rather than diminish the reputation of their fellow-laborers in kindred pursuits. This course inspires in their contemporaries throughout the country a feeling of respectful confidence, which is the parent and prompter of every intellectual undertaking.

We sincerely wish that we might pursue this just tribute to other quarters of similar pretensions ; but we find it impossible. Two quarterlies remain—the *United States* and the *American*

Reviews, both of Philadelphia. The former has as yet put forth but one number, which is highly national and liberal in its character, and promises well for those which are to succeed; but the work has not existed long enough to merit the praise which we do not doubt it will deserve and receive. The American Quarterly has struggled along in the hands of different publishers, until the present time. The conductor of the work, very properly, has always refrained from laying any claim to consideration in the matter of poetry. It has never interested his mind, nor occupied his attention; he professes to experience none of its soul; and while the other departments of his periodical are sustained with a very laudable degree of talent, that of poetical criticism has been usually consigned to a person so utterly unfit for the office as to excite surprise and derision wherever his agency in this division of the Review is known.

In discussing the merits of this individual—which we shall do with all possible gentleness, consistent with the evils we are to expose—we disclaim every sentiment of unkindness or sinister partiality. We know that in literature, as in politics, he who undertakes to lead or guide, should be able satisfactory to answer two questions that may be asked concerning him: ‘Is he honest? Is he capable?’ We know that poetry is an important part of belles-lettres; and we desire to see no misleading of the general mind, in relation to its state and progress in our republic. We would invest this high department of art with a divine and holy atmosphere, into whose magic circle no motives of envy, of chagrin, of policy or revenge, should be permitted to enter. If we succeed in proving that these incitements have hitherto defiled the oracles of criticism, and poisoned the rich flow of song among us, then we shall be amply repaid for the use of the facts we have gathered, and the lash we wield.

It is difficult to describe a *live critic*, without some particulars. Johnson and Gifford gave these, each for himself. In the present case we shall eschew all personality, which we condemn; and in giving a few points of an author, shall avoid touching the man.

Imprimis—there is, in the city of Brotherly Love, on the corner of one of its rectangular thoroughfares, a small store, or shop, in which is sold Irish linen; whether ready made or not, we can not tell. It is the mart of a Quarterly Critic; once a practiser of the Galenian art, and as we have learned, with a success equalling the Asclepidæ of yore. In Hibernia he was ‘raised;’ to America he came; in Philadelphia he pitched his tent; and rejecting physic, took to trade, in which he now transacts a decent business, in a small way. We mention these bio-

graphical items in the outset, as arguments that his profession is neither literary nor akin to it; and that he is consequently quite unable to serve both Mercury and Apollo at once.

Speculation, however, is the spirit of the age; and our Censor determined not to be entirely occupied in the linen line. Accordingly he came the evil eye over an unfortunate publisher, who consented to issue a monthly magazine and Review of Literature under his supervision. Previous to this, we should remark, he put forth a poem entitled 'The Pleasures of Friendship,' a mediocre volume, containing, we venture to assert, more palpable *plagiarisms* than can be found in any book of its size in Christendom. The magazine was begun; and with it began the criticisms of the editor. Beside these operations, he had other irons in the fire; he had novels in embryo. Before alluding to these, we will show the gradations by which our critic rose to the acquisition of his present acumen as a quarterly reviewer.

When this monthly was in its maturity, the reputation of Lord Byron was at its height. They who once blamed, had become eulogists; the best intelligences of both hemispheres were warmed by his genius, and vocal in his praise. But our profound reviewer cared for none of these things. He expressed great commiseration for the noble poet. He speaks of him in his work, as a man 'whose heavy volumes of stanzas have pestered the world; a mere titled *rhymester*; the author of a mass of hobbling, teeth-grinding poetry; the major portions of whose writings possess *not the smallest particle* of the soul of poetry;' and after an assortment of criticisms, quite equal to the foregoing, he *lumps* the merits of Byron in the following summary passage: 'That in the multiplicity of his Lordship's writings we should, by dint of *industrious research*, discover *some* easy flowing passages and brilliant ideas, is not much to his credit — for we can find the same things in the dull heroics of Sir Richard Blackmore.' Finally, Byron is advised by our Aristarchus, in 1824, to quit poetry, wherein he is so deficient, and turn his attention to *prose*, in which he might hope for decent success!

Nothing seems to have yielded this critic more unqualified delight than the death of Lord Byron. It gave a clearer field for his publications; it 'left the world for *him* to bustle in.' His ecstasies on hearing of that sad event, were irrepressible. He came forth with a *Te Deum* in his Review, from which we make a few extracts: 'Wo, now,' saith he, 'to these witlings, (the admirers of Byron,) who have neither ears to discover harmony, nor skill to count numbers; who mistake rhymes for wit; the

Great Dagon of their idolatry is no more! Well may they raise the ul-ul-loo; he who *bullicked the crowd* into the reading of *bad English*, who inflicted upon men of good taste the penance of perusing hobbling numbers and false rhymes, has withdrawn from the scene of his exploits! Bellow forth, ye rugged verse lovers, till ye split your lungs with lamentations! Stiff, unwieldy couplets, or barbarous Spenserians, made the vehicles of unnatural quaintness or *affected* originality of ideas, have no longer a sprig of nobility to dignify them, or give them attraction to the unreflecting multitude!

Our Reviewer's opinions of Sir WALTER SCOTT, (a gentleman of Abbotsford, North Britain, who wrote some novels and poetry,) are kindred with those he entertained of Lord Byron. He speaks of him as 'an unknown Scotchman;' and of certain Waverley novels—that received by far the most praise on their appearance, and continue to be cherished with fond admiration by every reader of taste—as 'slovenly and insipid productions; abounding with affected sentimentality, blackguards and scoundrels, common as thistles in a Scotch glen; with sheepish heroes, foot-balls to every one that might choose to kick them.' These 'blundering works,*' he condemns *in toto*; calls them 'disgraceful literary manufactures, common-place, and *stupidly* constructed.' In conclusion, he gave it as his candid opinion, that 'the sooner Sir Walter Scott ceased to write, the better for himself and the public.' 'This, reader, was when the author of Waverley was covered with renown, and after he had produced some of his most immortal productions!

It is well known that Sir Walter Scott was a fervent admirer and friend of WASHINGTON IRVING. His letter, warmly commending the efforts of our celebrated countryman, published last year in a daily journal of high authority,† expressed the ardor of the Baronet's esteem and respect for the author of Knickerbocker. He also applauded him, publicly, in Peveril of the Peak. We regret to say, that our critic has as contemptuous an idea of Sir Walter's opinions, as of his works. We can best show how widely he differs from the author of Waverley, respecting Irving, by quoting his opinions of that writer, as contained in the Philadelphia Monthly Review. In that periodical he speaks of Geof-

* So unbounded is the popularity of one of these very novels; so strong the hold which it has taken upon the general reverence; that a large and flourishing town has arisen where the scene was laid. Its crowded streets are rife with bustle and animation, and its hotels thronged continually with visitors. Had it not been for the genius of SCOTT, the place would be at this moment a rural waste.

† The New-York American.

frey Crayon as a scribbler of 'skip-along, trim-the hop, popinjay prose; whose Sketch Book abounds with *heavy*, disagreeable matter, betraying throughout little merit but imitation.' Those portions which the world has decided to be the best and most graphic, are pronounced 'absolutely *silly*, fit only for the pages of two-penny primers, to amuse children.' The utmost credit conceded to Geoffrey, is 'that his productions may *possibly* beguile a dull hour, or please a blue stocking; but farther than this the critic can recognise no merit in them. With true Hibernian simplicity, he asks respecting these eminent works: 'What lesson do they teach? What information do they convey? What impression do they make?' and adds: 'We can not see their value.' He confesses that they are popular and successful; but he imputes the cause to the bribery and corruption of the Edinburgh and London reviewers, by the booksellers, to help Irving along!

A very general, though it would seem erroneous impression, has prevailed, and is still cherished, both in Europe and America, with regard to the *style* of Irving. Ripe scholars and *real* critics, everywhere, have given their suffrages in favor of this style, as possessing quiet sweetness and ease; pure as the Latin in 'Augustus' golden Age,' or the English, in the Elizabethan. But these men have been all in the wrong. Our Longinus can see, in this far-famed style, neither comeliness nor grace. He protests that 'it reminds him of a boy moving *awkwardly* on stilts, who is straining every nerve to prevent a downfall!'

Next to Washington Irving, in the condemnatory estimation of our critic, comes JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, who seems a peculiarly obnoxious culprit in the view of his judge. Fearful that Cooper would supplant some of his own sublime novels, then in process of manufacture, he pounced upon his rival right greedily. He damned 'The Pioneers' at once, by calling it 'unwieldily, slovenly, ungrammatical,' and insufferable; and 'as a story, entirely destitute of interest.' 'The Pilot' suffered very nearly the same fate. These works, however, yet survive, and the reputation of the author has recovered in a measure from the cruel and awful blow thus bestowed upon its integrity.

The popular poets of the Union did not escape the visitations of our Reviewer. He finished HALLECK, in a few words, by pronouncing him an inveterate *doggerelist*; 'a man capable of throwing the most common and contemptible ideas into metre.' PERCIVAL suffers in the same pillory. So great is the *furor* of the critic in relation to this gentleman, that he delivers himself in verse. We hope the reader will excuse the profanity. It is a

way the reviewer has of his own, and we give his lines verbatim :

‘As for our poets, d——n them, one and all,
Except the megrim-haunted PERCIVAL;
For his are lays that suit the Theban taste,
By sense unburthened, nor by music graced.’

In further discussing Percival’s merits, this literary Daniel takes occasion to remark, that the charm, both of prose and poetry, is *simplicity*; and he illustrates this charm as follows: ‘Mr. Percival would seem to think that harmony of cadence and musical numbers were mere *incumbrances upon the wild freedom with which the nine deities should be permitted to drag us through all the entanglements and confusions of an ill-sorted, unconnected, and heterogeneous mass of cogitations, conglomerated into one indefinable collection, by the wondrous instrumentality of that mighty father of discordance and grotesque originality, known by the name of haphazard.*’ Here is the prose style of this lover of simplicity!

It gives us pleasure to turn from cast-off bards, to a poet who has won the suffrages of our critic. In a review of the ‘Mountain Muse,’ (a crude, youthful production, now forgotten, and of which its amiable author, Mr. Bryan, of Alexandria, is heartily ashamed,) he says, ‘This poem, though long, manifests an *immense genius*, equal to that of Byron or Percival. In the tuneful movement of his *strains*, Mr. Bryan is much their superior.’

It may well be supposed that all these consistent specimens of acumen did their author no credit. He was derided by the best writers throughout the country. The ridicule he excited, awakened his angry muse; he buried his rowels in his Pegasus, and ‘rode in mud.’ We doubt whether the most phrensied effusions of Nat. Lee are wilder than the doggerels composed by our author, in reply to his critics. But as some of his own brain-born progeny were just then extant, *policy* whispered him that he should conciliate these high authorities in his favor. His novel of the *Wilderness* had appeared. He had transported copies of it to the North American Review, and was looking with painful anxiety to see them duly lauded. His eulogies upon that work, therefore, were cordial in the extreme. His Review teemed with its praise. We can only find room for the following sentences:

‘The *North American* is one of the fairest *Reviews* of the day. It has always advanced something of its own, to prove that it could be boldly original when it pleased. On the whole, we have found a spirit of *candor* and a vein of *good sense*, generally to pervade the work, which induces us to esteem it one of the most useful publications of the age.’

Whether the North American Review appeared sooner than its eulogist expected, we know not; but it reached Philadelphia before his monthly went to press. It contained a notice of the *Wilderness*; but alas! it was such a one as the author was not prepared to see. The Reviewer, after a few judicious remarks as to what *ought* to constitute an American novel, thus analyzes the *Wilderness*:

'By casting an eye over these pages, it will be seen at a glance, that the art of writing an American novel is neither more nor less than the art of describing, under American names, such scenes as are in no respect American, peopling them with adventurers from all quarters of the globe, except America, with a native or two here and there, acting as no American ever acts, and talking a language which on the other side of the water may pass for American simply because it is not English. Thus the chief *dramatis personæ* of the *Wilderness* are a Scotch Irishman, (by which we mean an Irishman who talks Scotch,) an American Irishman, (by which we mean an Irishman born in America,) with an Irish Irishman, (by which we mean Paddy himself,) for his servant; a sort of mad Indian, who turns out to be a Frenchified Scotchman; together with General Washington, and a few other mere nondescripts. The plot is carried on by means of the wars of the last century, between the French and English settlers of our western wilderness, and the loves of Gen. Washington, who plays the double part of Romeo among the ladies, and Alexander the Great among the Indians, with signal success.'

After describing some of those *lusus naturæ* characters with which the *Wilderness* abounds, and giving a slight insight into its undefinable plot, the Reviewer proceeds:

'But it is time to introduce another hero, who acts a most conspicuous part in the progress of the Tale. Upon the return of Mr. Adderly (one of the heroes) to Philadelphia, for the purpose of giving an account of himself to the Ohio company, the governor of Virginia despatches Mr. George Washington, who is spoken of as 'a very respectable looking young man,' on an embassy to the French government at Fort de Bœuf, to demand an explanation of the recent outrages committed by his people on the Indians, at their instigation, against the British settlers. Not long after, as the heroine and Miss Nancy Frazier were sitting under a tree together, as romantically as possible, Miss Nancy listening, and Miss Maria reading, 'with a tenderness and pathos of manner which showed that her whole soul was enwrappt with the delightful strains in which the poet of the seasons has told his sweetest tale.'

'Maria had just pronounced the following exquisite lines:

'He saw her charming, but he saw not half

The charms her down-cast modesty concealed,'

when Nancy happening to direct her attention to one side, perceived a white man (the reader should bear in mind that Washington was a *white* man!) leaning against a tree, scarce three yards distant. She immediately started to her feet in surprise, crying out:

'Oh! Maria! here is a white stranger!'

This 'white stranger' was Washington. The ladies shortly

after escorted him to their house. Here they placed feed before the Father of his Country, in the shape of cakes and metheglin. The author makes Washington eat merely to gratify the ladies, one of whom asks him, with great tenderness of manner, why he does not 'use' more of her victuals? After this, Washington becomes very intimate with Miss Frazier; delivers long speeches to her whenever a chance offers; fights Indians and makes love, 'off and on,' and finally ascertains that Miss Frazier is *engaged*. The North American Reviewer gracefully sums up these and ten thousand other improbable adventures, such as Washington's dancing jigs at parties; dressing in the character of an Indian chief, with leggins, porcupine quills, etc., and keeping nocturnal appointments, while, to use the words of the author, 'the earth was wrapt in a *tolerably thick mantle of darkness*.' The Review is perfectly fair; none of the incidents are distorted, and the ridicule is natural. Its humor and justice were universally acknowledged.

This article changed the opinions of the author of the Wilderness, respecting the North American Review, at once. Stung by the ridicule which the paper on his work excited, and panting for satisfaction, he came out, in the self-same number containing the plaudits that we have quoted, with the subjoined appendix. It is the most notable specimen of word-eating on record:

'DEGENERACY OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW!'

'In the leading article of our present number, we complimented this Review for the honesty which it had hitherto displayed in its animadversions on authors. When we committed that *compliment* to paper, we were far from *expecting* that we should so soon have to change our opinion. The sheet containing it, however, was hardly printed off, when the Review for the present quarter fell into our hands, and afforded decisive and *melancholy* proof that it no longer continued the honest and able journal of criticism we have so long esteemed it!'

Pursuing this topic in the same number, this author asks, with a feeling of injured self-complacency: 'To what principle in human nature are we to ascribe this ill-natured feeling of the critics? It is to *envy*; it is to a dread of being *surpassed* in literary reputation!'

The 'degenerate' article of the North American Review finished our critic as an author. The feebleness of his inventions, the emptiness of his pretensions, and his utter ignorance of every attribute calculated to make a real American novel, were fully established. His self-esteem, however, was insatiable; and so novel after novel oozed from his cerebellum, and fell dead-born from the press! Finally he began to fancy that romance was not his *forte*, and renewed his suit with the Nine.

On this point of evidence in his literary history, we feel completely posed. We are surrounded with gems of various waters; we are in a wilderness of flowers; and how shall we cull them? We feel like Franklin's little Philosopher, with the superfluous apples. Our author has written on all subjects; on Ireland, and the far West; on the Sun, and also the Moon; on land and sea, *arvorum et sidera cæli*. Our only method is to plunge at once into this vast collection of themes, and select the best. As the present month is particularly patriotic in its associations, we commence with the following quatrains. They came out of the author's mind, on account of seeing some ladies 'fetching a walk,' one fourth of July. We have only room for fragments. The reader is desired to note the numerous *possessives* in the first verse, and the blending of past and present in the other stanza. Well was it written on the glorious *Fourth*. It celebrates the Union of the Tenses:

'Columbia's fair, a lovely train,
All ardent in your country's cause;
With glowing hearts ye join the *strain*,
That sings the birth of freedom's laws.

* * * *

'Dependent on a stranger's will,
Your sires long owned a tyrant lord,
Their wrongs on wrongs increasing still,
While tyrants no relief afford.'

There are two qualities strikingly manifest in the critic's metre; namely, his rhyming words, and a peculiar system of joining a whole line together with matrimonial hyphens. In an effusion on Early Scenes, he gives us the subjoined lines. It is not for us to instruct so able a poet in the art of verse; but we make bold to suggest, that if the *o* were out of 'joy,' in the annexed stanza, its *rhythmus* would be considerably eased:

'For then, if ills or fears invade,
The lightsome spirit bids them fly;
And then th' impressions strong are made,
Of ne'er to-be-forgotten-joy.'

The quality exhibited in this last line, to wit, that of compound compression, by means of the conjunctive hyphen, is beyond all praise. We know nothing to exceed it, save the remark of the *Morning Post*, in Horace Smith's *Rejected Addresses*, where the people are informed that 'they may expect soon to be supplied with vegetables, in the in-general-stewed-with-cabbage-stalks-but-on-Saturday-night-lighted-up-with-lamps market of Covent Garden.'

It is perhaps in the elegiac stanza that our critic's poetry runs

the smoothest. Witness the following, from a long and a strong *strain*, near the grave of a rural poet in Ireland. The rhyme is ineffably grand. The only improvement that could be proposed, would be to spell the last word in the first line, *desarts*, instead of the present mode. We think it might give the metre a benefit, but we make the suggestion with profound diffidence :

‘Turn to your hut, the falling roof desarts—
There genius long her darling will deplore ;
His country owned him as — *a man of parts* —
She owned him such — but — ah ! she did no more !’

No man is fonder than our author of a *strain*. It is a constant operation with him. Thus :

—— ‘to the Indian shines the gem in vain,
The richest product of his native fields,
The tiger crushes with regardless *strain*,
The loveliest flower the sylvan desert yields.’

Now we are not intimate with wild animals, having but a slight *menagerie* acquaintance with them : but we believe the tiger must be a weaker beast than naturalists are aware of, if he is obliged to *strain* much in crushing a flower.

Here comes a strain in another verse ; or rather a verse in another strain :

‘Now to the lonely wood or desert vale,
With lengthened stride, he hurries o’er the plain ;
And mutters to the wind his wayward tale,
Or chants abrupt, a discontented *strain*.’

This, be it remembered, is the gait of a musing, melancholy bard. Now, the walk of a thoughtful man is solemn and slow. He gives his pensive fancies to the air beneath a beech at noon-tide, or he saunters in listless idleness along. Who but our author would represent him, ‘locomoting’ on a long, dog-trot over the bogs of his neighborhood, or going ahead like the famous steam-boat of Davy Crockett’s, that jumped all the sawyers in the Mississippi ?

An amatory effusion, addressed by this writer to a virgin of his acquaintance, commences thus :

‘Maid of the lovely-rolling eye !’

In truth, he appears always to have preferred Venus to Minerva, and a defective education was the result, which is everywhere exhibited in his writings. He tells us that he used to throw his books to the dogs,

—— ‘and mingling in the sprightly train,
In many a gambol, scoured the plain.’

Indeed he is candid enough to say, expressly :

——‘I boldly *shunned the school,*
And *scorning all distracting rule,*
The dreaded master’s *voice behind*
I thought *I heard in every wind.*’

A person conversant with the writings of GRAY, might fancy a kind of plagiarism here, from the following lines in the Ode to Eton College, where, speaking of school-boys, he sings :

——‘still as they run, *they look behind—*
They hear a voice in every wind,’ etc.

But we will be merciful. The similitude is merely one of the thousand and nine strange coincidences with common English authors, in which all the verses of this very *original* writer abound. In this particular instance he was excusable for imagining that he heard a voice in the wind, and for saying so in his rhymes, since his stolen relaxation was very suspicious. He went, he says, to meet a young woman,

——‘with charms divine that first could move,
And fire my youthful soul to love,
And *show the hawthorn in the mead*
To whose well-known, concealing shade
In evenings cool we oft would stray.’

He remarks, also, that being thus cosily situated, under the hawthorn aforesaid, they concluded ‘to *bring the vale to witness their tale,*’ and that ‘she was *kind,* and he was *blest.*’ Particulars are omitted. It is possible that this is the same maid whom he immortalizes in another production, and to whom comfort is administered, just as the twain are leaving Ireland for Philadelphia, in the following affectionate and hopeful lines :

‘We need not grieve now, our friends to leave now,
For Erin’s fields we again shall see;
But first a lady, in Pennsylvania,
My dear, remember thou art to be !’

Here, capricious in luxury, we must pause, and turn to another department in which our critic has excelled ; namely, in the Drama.

His first tragedy was called ‘The Usurper,’ and although it was a most deplorable failure, yet the author strenuously contended that it was no fault of his. Everything that benevolence could suggest was done to make it live, and to resuscitate it after death ; but in vain. Prometheus himself could not have revived it, with all the authentic fire of Jove. To herald its advent, every possible exertion was made in the newspapers, under the immediate direction of the author. How many were the free admissions, how numberless the antecedent puffs which he caused to be

caused to be manufactured, or else produced himself; all setting forth, in sugared phraseology, that 'our gifted fellow-townsman, Dr. McH***y,' would appear as a dramatist on such a night! It was even publicly hinted, by a friendly journalist, at our author's special solicitation, that 'it was understood that the seats were nearly all taken, and that all who desired to witness its first representation, must make immediate application at the box office!' But alas! the tragedy was inflicted but twice upon an exceedingly sparse audience, and then expired. The cause of its untimely demise was explained at length to the public at the time, by the author, and proved to be, that the actors were jealous of the writer's reputation! 'Sir,' said he to an unfortunate gentleman whom he held by the button in Chestnut-street, 'the decline of this production was principally owing to one of the supernumeraries. He was despatched to secure a distinguished prisoner, one of the heroes of the play. When he returned without him, he should have replied thus to the question, 'Where's your prisoner?'

'My lord, we caught him, and we held him long;
But as d ——d fate decreed, he 'scaped our grasp,
And fled.'

Now, sir, this is poetry; it stirs the blood, and makes an audience feel very uneasy. And how do you think that elegant passage was spoken? Why, it was done in this wise:

Quest.—'Well, have you catch'd the prisoner?

Ans.—'Yes, Sir, we catch'd him, but we could not
Hold him—and he's off.'

'That very passage, my friend, together with the pre-disposed stupidity of the audience, *ruined* my tragedy; and it is lost to the stage.'

But these reverses did not damp the vanity of our author. Though the public condemned and laughed, yet his familiar friends looked upon all the works that he had made, and pronounced them good. Thus, the Usurper, though dead and buried, was duly glorified in the American Quarterly Review. A labored analysis of its incomprehensible plot was given, and 'its sweetness, tenderness, and *simplicity*,' set forth by extracts!

Animated by these partial plaudits, our dramatist turned his attention to comedy. Feeling indignant at the unbending Mor-decais of the critical world, he determined to crucify them all, emblematically. So he wrote a piece called 'Love and Poetry.' This lived two nights. One passage only is preserved in the memory of the hearers. The hero, a poet, was made to commit

a highway robbery ; and his poor old father, lamenting the infatuated criminality of his boy, exclaims in a burst of parental anguish :

‘ Alas ! my brain is wild — my heart is sad ;
And, as ’t is troublesome to tarry here,
Where every thing reminds me of my son,
I think, upon reflection, I will go
And live in the Western Country !’

On the second representation, at the theatre in Walnut-street, the quondam Circus, there were about a dozen persons in the boxes, perhaps twenty in the pit, and one enterprising Cyprian in the third tier. The piece was listened to with great solemnity. It was written for amusement, but the author had the fun all to himself. So irresistibly comic was it, that there was scarcely a smile during the whole performance. The friends of the writer, unwilling to be ‘in at the death’ of his comedy, had staid away. They knew it would be dismal to look upon the bantling of a fellow-townsmen, *in articulo mortis*, and they spared themselves the trial. The curtain descended ; and sundry peanut-eating pit-lings, (who lay along on several benches, each occupying two or three,) made an unanimous call for the author. He arose from his solitude in the second box, second tier, where he had ensconced himself, and said :

‘ Ladies and Gentlemen : I thank you for this triumphant mark of esteem and honor. It is not on account of pecuniary considerations that I thank you, for I perceive by a glance at the house, that the avails will not be extensive ; but ladies and gentlemen, I am thankful for the *glory*,’ (and here he smote his breast with sonorous emphasis,) ‘ the undying *glory* which I feel at this moment. Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you ALL.’

This was the last of our critic’s dramatic productions. He has since attended to the linen trade, and occupied the stool of poetical criticism in the American Quarterly Review. All the long, dull articles in that periodical, from first to last, on the subject of American poetry, have been from his pen. The drift of them generally is, to show that there is not and can not be such a thing as American verse, and that in this particular the only way to succeed, is to abandon the idea of any independent literature of our own, and trust for that commodity to trans-atlantic producers.

We can not enumerate the various critiques in which this same sweet bard has destroyed all the chief minstrels of the land ; but the ideas of the American Quarterly with respect to the merits of BRYANT, are too peculiar to be lost. It is true, that they differ in the matter from the recorded opinions of every eminent Review in Europe ; but then taste is taste, and there is no accounting for

it. The productions of Bryant are esteemed by this Philadelphia quarterly as utterly devoid of any qualities to excite the reader's curiosity or interest his heart. 'Page after page,' it says, 'may be perused, if the reader has sufficient *patience*, with dull placidity, or rather perfect unconcern, so that the book *shall* be laid aside without a single passage having been impressed upon the mind as *worthy of recollection*.'

Now, when opinions like these are advanced, in utter opposition to the whole world of letters, in defiance of taste and sense, the question naturally arises, *Who* judges thus foolishly? This, as far as the American Quarterly Review is concerned, we have endeavored to show in the foregoing pages, and in so doing, have set down naught in malice. The choice morsels of biography that we have presented, are inseparable from the works of our author; they are, moreover, notorious. The moral of all is, that our literature has been long enough degraded by alien intruders, who have neither learning nor genius, and by those enemies of the most dignified interests of the country, who have aided and abetted their shallow pretensions. Were it likely that a discontinuance of the evil is at hand, we might be content to let such literary empirics make themselves as ridiculous as they please. But when, *because anonymous*, their bad taste infects even a limited number of readers, their influence becomes offensive. The divine Plato, in his immortal dialogue of Protagoras, tells us, that in the arts it is only the opinions of those who are themselves gifted and skilful, that ought to be respected. And what kind of skill, by our present unbiassed showing, has been evinced by this Critic? He is a walking synonym for a failure, in everything. We are told on good authority, though the work has not yet reached us, that in the last number of the American Quarterly, our Aristarchus is at his work again. He confesses the general popularity of several American poets, but lays the blame on the press and the public. He thinks that both should be slow to commend, and be careful not to be gulled. Such advice comes with miserable grace from the author. His insatiate hunger for praise, and his continual supplications for it, of the editorial fraternity of Philadelphia, are proverbial. And, as to deceiving the public, we place him at our bar, and ask him to establish his own innocence. Did he not once determine to take the general applause by storm, and on the publication of one of his unhappy novels, repeatedly stop the press, and cause *second*, *third*, and *fourth* editions to be inserted in the title-page of the *same* impression? Was not the *third* edition for sale at the book-stores before the *first* was bound? Was not the same

system adopted with several of his other works, the plagiarized 'Pleasures of Friendship,' especially? Any Philadelphia bookseller can answer these queries, much more readily than our critic would like to admit them. It is only by such modes of grasping at ephemeral praise, through trickery, coupled with advance eulogies and surmises in newspapers:

————— 'e l' augurio, a la bugia,
E chiromanti, ed ogni fallace arte,
Sorte, indovini, e falsa profezia,'

that this critic has ever been honored, even with ridicule. All his articles have proceeded from the ignoblest private motives, either of hope or of retaliation. Thus, the argument spoken of as contained in his last Review; namely, that we have yet no great, long poem; no big book of American metre, and that there is now a want of it; is only to herald a manuscript volume of his, in some nineteen 'books,' which he has just been obliged to send to London, because the publishers on this side of the water can not see its merits. It has been shown about very generally, and we learn, is similar to Emmons' *Fredoniad*; only of greater length. It is y'clept 'The Antediluvians;' and we venture to say, if any hapless London bookseller is seduced into its publication, that the first copy which reaches America will be lauded in a certain quarter, under the author's immediate supervision, as a work 'unparalleled, unpaired,' equal to Klopstock or Milton in sublimity, superior to Pope in harmony, and a touch beyond anything ever produced in the United States, for 'sweetness, tenderness, and simplicity!' We wait patiently for its coming.

NOTE.—THE effect of this article was a decided one. It put an end, from that time forth, to the literary career of the writer whose productions it exposed. The work here referred to was subsequently published in London by the author, but it dropped still-born from the press. CHRISTOPHER NORTH, indeed, revived a copy of it for a sort of galvanic experiment in criticism, which established an electrical 'communication' with the risible nerves of his fifty thousand readers. The critique commenced, if we rightly remember, with these flattering words: 'To compare these two volumes with a couple of bottles of small beer, would be greatly to belie that fluid!'

EDITOR.

AN OLD MAN'S RECORDS.

WHEN the sober and mellow days of Autumn are passing by me with a melancholy smile, I love to go back upon the pinions of memory, to the scenes and enjoyments of other years. I joy to retrace my footsteps along the journey of life ; to call up in long review the sunny scenes that flitted from my vision, like the gay but withered leaves of the departed Summer, which I now behold from my window, floating with a low and mournful whisper on the breeze. I love to call old friends and old events to mind ; to linger in thought by the low mansions of dust, in which are dwelling in silent repose the forms I have loved, waiting to awake at the resurrection, in the light of immortality and the likeness of God. I gaze again, as from some lofty eminence, upon those glorious realms of my early imagination, once peopled with forms and scenes of surpassing beauty, and redolent of the sweet odors of delight. Such are my thoughts at this calm and solemn season. The chilling influences which are usually allotted by men to the octogenarian, are not with me. This Sabbath of the Year descends upon me like some holy and heavenly spirit, with gentle voices, and on dove-like wings ; until, as I repaint the faded pictures of the past, with the magic dyes of fancy and of memory, I gaze again upon them with a feeling of honest and refreshing rapture, or a not unpleasing sadness. Age, unlike the Idleness of the great moralist, has not yet wreathed for me its garland of poppies, or poured into my cup the waters of oblivion. I renew, in thought and feeling, the joys and the sorrows of by-gone times. A holy tenderness creeps warmly into my heart ; and as I approach the great gate which opens from time into eternity, I turn to survey the vistas through which my wayfaring has lain, as the traveller pauses at sun-set to look back in the waning light upon the dim and distant landscape that he has traversed.

This comparison of life to a journey, reminds me how pleasant it is to overlook the records of inmodern pilgrims, in *Pays d'Outre Mer*. I compare what they see, with what I have seen on the same extended theatre, in times long past ; ere yet the school-master was abroad, as now ; when Johnson thundered his pompous anathemas against American independence ; when Pitt and Burke wielded their tremendous eloquence in the popular assembly, and ' France got drunk with blood to vomit crime.' Those were days of interest ; of deep, stern, and awful import ; and

I witnessed them as they passed, on the very arena from which they borrowed their glory and their gloom. I have seen the fatal axe descend upon the heads of a Marie Antoinette and a Louis Capet; I have witnessed the tumults of a revolution, the thousand excitements of political life in a departed age; and as at 'a theatre or scene,' have beheld those great actors play their parts in the vast drama of existence, who are now quietly reposing, some in tombs of honor, and others in vaults of infamy. My youth was spent abroad, at a period when every object was to me new and impressive; when the contrasts between the new world and the old were large and various; and when my country, then glimmering like a faint star in the West, had scarcely begun to clothe herself in that meridian brightness wherewith she is now invested.

I passed the best portions of my early manhood in France and England. This foreign sojourn was in days lang, lang syne; and no one can tell the enthusiasm which filled to overflowing my truly American bosom, as I heard, by slow and uncertain arrivals, how the current of free principles was rolling onward in my native land. I used daily to read, with stormy indignation, those journals which teemed with obloquy upon the 'Rebels' of the New World, even after the war-cloud had ceased to 'muffle up the sun' of liberty. In all things I was, from principle, profession, education, and habit, an uncompromising republican. In the best sense of the word, thank Heaven! I am so still.

As I cast my eye backward over that period in my humble history, and the scenes it embraced, I bethink me of the great truth in the words of the wise man of Jerusalem: 'The thing that hath been, is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; there is nothing new under the sun.'

The principal causes of common events in our country at present, are much like those of Europe then; there were mobs and murders, and desperate adventures among the debased and the passion-led; but among the majority of the people there was paramount a sincere respect or reverence for the laws.

But the affections and frailties of mortals alike impress all ages. 'Nature is—nature,' says some profound 'saw'-yer, and its attributes, at one period or another, are always the same. I have seen offenders against the laws lay down their lives at home and abroad; I have heard the shouts of infuriated multitudes on both sides of the Atlantic; and I have drawn from all a meaning and a moral, of which the principal is this: that while in our own country there exist no external excuses for crime, it is often in Europe the dire result of positive, unescapeable compulsion.

When I say this, I speak of course of those crimes which are begotten of Indigence and Ignorance; crimes which may as it were be naturally looked for in a population like that of the great capital of England, where it is asserted that sixty thousand unfortunate persons arise every morning, from hap-hazard lodgings in by-places, without a morsel of bread for their lips, or a place to lay their hapless forms when the evening draws nigh.

The first execution that I ever witnessed, was in London. I was also, by accident, a spectator of the dreadful deed which brought the wretched criminal to the gallows. I proceed to give a description of both the culprit and his act; of the causes which made him the former, and brought about the latter. All the scenes of this extraordinary and romantic catastrophe arise to my mind as vividly as if they had happened but yesterday.

On the evening of the seventh of April, 1779, I left my lodgings in the Strand, at an early hour, for Covent Garden Theatre. The house was filling as I sought my box. The play was *Love in a Village*, and the cast for the night embraced some of the then most popular performers of the day. There was a continual influx of beauty and fashion, until the dress circles assumed an appearance of absolute splendor. Plumes waved; jewelled hands lifted the golden-bound glass to the voluptuous eye; and all the pomp and circumstance of a brilliant auditory garnished the scene. One 'taken' box still remained without its occupants; but at the close of the first act, they entered. A middle-aged, but fine-featured and cheerful-looking gentleman, with an Irish physiognomy, handed into her place a lady of such surpassing loveliness, that, the first glance being taken, I could scarcely withdraw from her the patronage of my eye. She was dressed in the magnificent fashion of the time; her hair parting off from her temples and forehead like a wave, and falling in two large masses on either side of her polished neck. Her brow was high and clear; her eyes of heaven's own azure; her nose had the fair lines and nostril curve of Greece; her cheeks and chin softly dimpled, and her ruby lips wearing 'a smile, the sweetest that ever was seen.' The dazzling creature took her place, and adjusted her scarf with inimitable gracefulness. Her dress, I well remember, was in the height of taste; the white lace ruffles of her short sleeves terminating at the elbows, and showing the perfect symmetry of her hand and arm, as she plied her pretty fan, or peered through her glass at the *Pride of the Village*. I was quite overcome with admiration.

'Pray who *can* that be?' said I to a friend.

'What a question!' was the reply. 'How ignorant you are!

'Not to know her, argues yourself unknown.' That is the splendid Miss REAY, the fair *friend* of Lord Sandwich, who is her *protector*. He has given her the protection that vultures give to lambs. She has borne him two or three lovely, cherub-like children. He is twice her senior in years, has robbed her of her best treasure, and it is strongly whispered that she loves him not. When in public, as at present, she usually appears without him.'

I did not prolong my inquiries, for the lady herself attracted my sole attention, to the utter disregard of the play. As I was gazing in that direction, I saw a person standing at the door of a box near by, whom at the first glance I took for a maniac. His eyes glared with unsettled wildness; his face was pale as death, and the damp hair hung in heavy threads over his forehead. He was looking at Miss Reay with an expression in which love and hate seemed struggling for empire. He was well-sized, handsome, and of goodly presence. He was dressed in black. I never beheld a countenance in which so much mental excitement was depicted. His livid lips moved as if in a kind of prayer: he would sometimes press his hand against his forehead or his heart; and finally, after a long and lingering look at the lady I have mentioned, raised his handkerchief hurriedly to his eyes, and disappeared.

I never remember to have passed an evening in such perfect abstraction as this. The intoxication of beauty overpowered me; and so rapt had been my attention, that I scarcely knew when the play was over. I hurried out, as soon as the curtain fell, and stepping to the Piazzas, waited to see the fair creature enter her carriage. She passed by me, with her attendant, his epaulettes glittering in the lamp-light. A kind of enchantment possessed me, and a foreboding that some doleful disaster was about to happen. I was moving onward, and stood within a few feet of the lady, when I heard the loud and stunning report of a heavily-charged pistol. Another followed, and shrieks and groans resounded along the arches. I rushed toward the spot whence the deadly sounds proceeded, and found the brilliant being whom I have described, weltering in her blood. The ball had entered her fair forehead, and her vestments were deluged with gore. The sight was horrid beyond description. She was perfectly dead. I penetrated the crowd that had surrounded the murderer. It was the same person whom I had noticed in the theatre, and whose looks were so desperate. His face was white as snow; his eyes dilated, and his lips compressed; but his demeanor evinced a kind of peaceful tranquillity, or dead stupor; the awful calm that follows a tempest of passion. The blood,

and even portions of the brain of his victim were on his sleeve. Never shall I forget the terror of that scene ! He had attempted immediately after killing Miss Reay to destroy his own life ; but his murderous weapon failed in its effect, and he stood mute before the multitude, a personification of immoveable Horror.

I returned to my lodgings, but sleep fled from my eye-lids. The excitement of fixed attention during the evening, and the awful catastrophe I had witnessed, left me in a state of dread, and nervous feeling. If I slumbered, my slumbers were not sleep, but a continuance of melancholy scenes and impressions. Sometimes I fancied myself the murderer, flying from the sword of justice to my own place of abode, and seeking relief upon my pillow. It seemed in vain ; for methought,

That Guilt was the grim chamberlain
Who lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red !

The next day, all the events which led to the deplorable deed I had witnessed, were brought to light. The murderer was a young *clergyman* named *James Hackman*. He was formerly an officer in one of the British regiments ; and being invited on one occasion to dine with Lord Sandwich at Hichinbrook House, he met Miss Reay, and soon became so desperately enamoured of her as to weaken his health. He finally, more probably for the purpose of being near the object of his love, than for any other cause, left the army, took holy orders, and obtained the living of Wiverton in Norfolk.

Perhaps a more affecting and melancholy termination of unlawful love never occurred than this. Miss Reay had little or no affection for the nobleman who had so foully wronged her ; and the first object of her passion was undoubtedly the young military clergyman. In the course of time he completely won her heart, and alienated her regard, if any she had, entirely from her first lord. A series of letters passed between them for several years, printed copies of which are now before me, and some of which, or extracts from them, it may not be improper to give. He ultimately removed to Ireland ; and on his return found the heart of his versatile mistress changed forever, and in favor of a third admirer. While, however, in the mutual ‘tempest, torrent, and I may say, whirlwind of their passion,’ while he was in the constant course of dishonoring the man whose hospitality he had so often enjoyed, (if dishonor it may be called under the circumstances,) the epistles which the parties addressed to each other breathe the very soul of feeling. Never, perhaps, was there a

more awful exemplification, than in the case of these short-lived lovers, of the truth of Shakspeare's lines :

'These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their sweetness die.'

'Huntingdon, 8th Dec., 1775.

'To Miss —. Then I release my dear soul from her promise about to-day. If you do not see that all which he can claim by gratitude, I doubly claim by love, I have done; forever. I would purchase my happiness at any price but at the expense of yours. Look over my letters, think over my conduct, consult your own heart, read these two long letters of your own writing, which I return you. Then tell me whether we love or not. And if we love, (as witness both our hearts), shall gratitude, *cold* gratitude, bear away the prize that's due to love like ours? Shall my right be acknowledged, and he possess the casket? Shall I have your soul, and he your hand, your lips, your eyes?

'Gracious God of Love! I can neither write nor think. Send one line, half a line, to

'Your own, own H.'

This impassioned letter, with others previously sent, induced the following reply :

'H. 10th Dec., '75.

'To MR. H——. Your two letters of the day before yesterday, and what you said to me yesterday, have drove me mad. You know how such tenderness distracts me. As to marrying me, that you should not do upon any account. Shall the man I value, be pointed at and hooted for selling himself to a lord for a commission? * * * My soul is above my situation. Beside, I will not take advantage of what may be only, perhaps, (excuse me), a youthful passion. After a more intimate acquaintance of a week or ten days, your opinion of me might very much change. And yet you may love me as sincerely as I——

'But I will transcribe you a verse which I don't believe you ever heard me sing, though it's my favorite. It is said to be a part of an old Scottish ballad—nor is it generally believed that Lady L. wrote it. It is so descriptive of our situation, I wept over it like a child, yesterday :

'I gang like a ghost, and I do not care to spin,
I fain would think on Jamie, but that would be a sin;
I must e'en do my best a good wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray has been kind to me.'

'For God's sake let me see my *Jamie* to-morrow. Your name also is *Jamie*.'

It would of course be useless for me to follow up these epistolary details of passion and crime. At my present age, when 'the hey-day of the blood is cool and humble, and waits upon the judgment,' I look upon them as the confessions of two minds alienated from reason by temporary madness. Three days after the date of the foregoing, the reverend lover wrote thus :

'Huntingdon, 13th Dec., '75.

'To Miss —. My Life and Soul! But I will never more use any

more preface of this sort, and I beg you will not. A correspondence begins with dear, then my dear, dearest, my dearest, and so on, till, at last, panting language toils after us in vain.

'No language can explain my feelings. Oh, yesterday, yesterday! Language thou liest! Oh, thou beyond my warmest dreams bewitching! Are you not now convinced that Heaven made us for each other? * * * Have I written sense? I know not what I write.

'Misfortune, I defy thee now! M. loves me, and my soul has its content most absolute. No other joy like this succeeds in unknown fate.'

To say that the whole correspondence is marked on both sides with good taste, often with learning, and always with enthusiastic but guilty tenderness, is but justice to the memory of the parties. In one of his letters, Hackman quotes the following among other stanzas, entitled, 'The moans of the forest after the battle of Flodden Field:'

'I have heard a liltin at the ewes' milking,
A' the lasses liltin before break of day;
But now there's a moaning in ilka green loning,
Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away.

'At bughts in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
Our lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbin, but sighing and sobbing,
Ilka lass lifts her leglin, and hies her away.'

During the lover's sojourn in Ireland, he wrote to his mistress, and in doing so, spoke unwittingly of pleasant female acquaintances that he had formed in that kingdom. This, I have reason to believe, was the first impulse to her estrangement. Her previous letters to him had been overflowing with affectionate sentiments. In one of them, speaking of her devotion, she says, 'I could die, cheerfully, by your hand, I know I could.' The letter to which I have just alluded, however, provoked the following reply:

'England, 25th June, 1776.

'To Mr. ——. Let me give you joy of having found such kind and agreeable friends in a strange land. The account you gave me of the lady quite charmed me. Neither am I without my friends. A lady from whom I have received particular favors, is uncommonly kind to me. For the credit of your side of the water, she is an Irish woman. Her agreeable husband, by his beauty and accomplishments, does credit to this country. He is remarkable also for his feelings.

'Adieu! This will affect you, I dare say, in the same manner that your account affected me.'

This letter, with others that followed it, soon brought Mr. Hackman to London. He lodged, on his return, in Cannon's Court, and addressed an immediate letter to his mistress. The answer returned, purported to come from a female servant, writing by the sick bed of her lady, and at her dictation. The

epistle was humbly written, and filled with prevarications and cold compliments. By degrees, the melancholy truth of the lady's estrangement was established. Proof of the most positive description was furnished. It drove the lover to despair, and he resolved upon self-destruction. Information having been communicated to him at his parsonage in Norfolk, (whither before the full proof of his suspicions he had retired,) calculated to awaken every dark surmise, he hastened to London, where everything was confirmed. In his first tumultuous resolve for self murder, he expressed his fears in a letter to a friend, as follows: 'My passions are blood-hounds, and will inevitably tear me to pieces. The hand of nature has heaped up every species of combustible in my bosom. The torch of love has set the heap on fire, and I must perish in the flames. And who is he will answer for passions such as mine? *At present*, I am innocent.' His last letter before committing the deed for which he suffered an ignominious death, was addressed to a friend, and couched in the following terms:

'7th April, 1779.

'To Mr. B. My Dear F——. When this reaches you I shall be no more, but do not let my unhappy fate distress you too much. I strove against it as long as possible, but now it overpowers me. You know where my affections were placed; my having by some means or other lost hers, (an idea which I could not support,) has driven me to madness. God bless you, my dear F——. Would I had a sum of money to leave you to convince you of my great regard! May Heaven protect my beloved woman, and forgive the act which alone could relieve me from a world of misery I have long endured! Oh! should it be in your power to do her any act of friendship, remember your faithful friend,
J. H.'

In the afternoon of the day on which the preceding letter was written, Mr. Hackman took a walk to the Admiralty, from his lodgings in St. Martin's Lane, probably to take a last view of worldly objects, ere he plunged into the great gulf of Eternity. Near the Admiralty, he saw Miss Reay pass in a coach, with Signora Galli, an attendant. He rushed into the theatre, in the desperate condition I have before described; and unable to control his thick-coming and bitter thoughts, returned to his lodgings, where he procured and loaded the pistols, with one of which he committed his dreadful crime. In his attempt to kill himself after Miss Reay, he was severely wounded. Mr. M'Namara, a gentleman who was assisting the lady into the coach, was so covered with blood, and filled with horror, that he was seized with violent sickness. The mangled remains of the 'Beauty once admired,' were conveyed to the Shakspeare tavern, near the theatre, to await the coroner's inquest.

The unhappy clergyman was conveyed to Newgate, whence he addressed the ensuing note to a friend :

'8th April, 1779.

'TO CHARLES —, ESQ. I am alive, and she is dead. I shot her and not myself. Some of her blood is still upon my clothes. I don't ask you to speak to me. I don't ask you to look at me. Only come hither, and bring me a little poison; such as is strong enough. Upon my knees I beg, if your friendship for me ever was sincere, *do, do bring me some poison!*'

This was not furnished him, and his trial soon came on. I was present. The prisoner sat with his white handkerchief at his cheek, his head resting languidly on his hand. His face wore the gloomy pallor of the grave. The plea of insanity, put in by his counsel, did not avail. When he rose to offer his defence, many an eye glistened with the tears of pity. His words, hollow and sepulchral in their sound, seemed to come forth without breath from his livid lips; while a large dark spot on his forehead seemed like a supernatural seal of ruin. His defence was brief, clear, and pointed. In the course of it he said: 'I stand here this day the most wretched of human beings; but I protest, with that regard to truth which becomes my situation, that the will to destroy her who was ever dearer to me than life, was never mine, until a momentary phrensy overcame me, and led me to the deed I now deplore. Before this dreadful act, I trust nothing will be found in the tenor of my life, which the common charity of mankind will not excuse. *I have no wish to avoid my punishment.*' This state of mind prevailed to the last. He hungered and thirsted for death. Lord Sandwich addressed him anonymously, the note subjoined, to which I annex the reply :

'17th April, '79.

'TO MR. HACKMAN, in Newgate: If the murderer of Miss — wishes to live, the man he has most injured will use all his interest to procure his life.'

'The Condemned Cell in Newgate, }
Saturday Night, 17th April, 1779. }

'THE murderer of her whom he preferred, far preferred, to life, suspects the hand from which he has just received such an offer as he *neither desires nor deserves*. His wishes are for death, not for life. One wish he has: Could he be pardoned in this world by the man he has most injured! Oh my lord, when I meet *her* in another world, enable me to tell her, (if departed spirits are not ignorant of earthly things,) that you forgive us both, and that you will be a father to her dear infants! J. H.'

The rest of his time was passed in a state of mind almost too horrible to relate. Among his writings, were such records as these: 'Since I wrote my last, I caught myself marching up and down my cell, with the step of haughtiness; hugging myself in my two arms; and muttering between my grating teeth, *What a*

complete wretch I am." 'The clock has just struck eleven. The gloominess of my favorite Young's Night Thoughts, which was always so congenial to my soul, would have been still heightened, had he ever been wretched enough to hear St. Paul's clock *thunder through the still ear of night, in the condemned cells of Newgate.* The sound is truly solemn—it seems the sound of death. Oh that it were Death's sound! How greedily would my impatient ears devour it! And yet, but one day more. Perturbed spirit!—rest till then!"

His dreams were tumultuous and dismal. In one vision, he saw himself in perdition, and having a distant view of Heaven, beheld his adored mistress walking with angels, and looking down with a look of peace and joy upon his miseries. She did not seem to know of them. 'I could not go to her, nor could she come to me: nor did she wish it—there was the curse! Oh, how I rejoiced, how I wept and sobbed with joy, when I awoke *and found myself in the condemned cell of Newgate!*'

HE met his fate at the scaffold with the firmness of despair. Only two or three years before, the criminal had attended the execution of the celebrated Dr. Dodd. I employ his very description of that scene, as a complete simile of that which attended his own death, as witnessed by me; and with it, close the melancholy tale. 'At last arrived the fatal moment. The driving away of the cart was accompanied by a noise which best explained the feelings of the spectators for the sufferer. Did you never observe, at the sight or the relation of anything shocking, that you closed your teeth hard, and drew in your breath hard through them, to make a sort of hissing sound? This was done so universally at the fatal moment, that I am persuaded the noise must have been heard at a considerable distance. For my own part, I detected myself, in a certain manner, accompanying his body with my own.'

'His agony was soon over, and his cold form conveyed to its last couch of silence and oblivion.'

WE have been much alarmed of late, by the mobs and disturbances which have prevailed in some quarters of our Republic—but we have never yet experienced anything half so terrific as the mobs of Europe. The Bristol Riots, and the *Evennements de Lyons*, must be fresh in all minds; while some of the more remote riots in the British capital stand out like pyramids from the general level of ordinary madness and crime. It was my hap to see the Great London Riot of 1780, for the instigation of which Lord George Gordon was tried for high treason,

and left, though acquitted, with a stain upon his name. He was the champion of a numerous class of the lower order of Protestants, who held large meetings in various parts of the metropolis, and sent heavy petitions to Parliament, praying for enactments against Catholicity. One of these documents, signed by many thousands, which was presented by Lord Gordon, was so large that it required the united strength of all the officers of the House to lift it into the presence of that noble Legislature. Though every signature was genuine, they were declared to be fictitious, and the petition was treated with contempt. Incensed at this imputation, Lord Gordon vowed that he would convince Parliament of its error, by bringing up the petitioners *in propria persona*, before their representatives and servants.

He kept his vow; and at ten o'clock on the next Friday morning, several thousands of his petition-signers assembled in St. George's Fields, where the noble Lord met them, as a Roman general would have done his legions. He directed them to proceed to the Parliament House, over the Westminster, Blackfriar's, and London Bridges. Before this great multitude had reached their place of destination, it had doubled its numbers and become a mob. Lords, bishops, and archbishops, were made objects of popular fury; cries of 'No Popery!' rang through the dusky streets; carriages were upset, and their occupants obliged to escape from the *melée*, and glide in disguise from roof to roof, to which they ascended from dwellings where they sought refuge.

This day was but the beginning of tumult. Like an half-cured ulcer on the human form, the riots, when suppressed in one quarter of the town, would break forth in others. Saturday and Sunday witnessed the most dreadful excesses. Indeed, the mob was quite uncontrollable, and yet the horrid Saturnalia had but just begun. The rioters convened in immense force on Monday, the anniversary of the king's birth-day. Efforts had been made, but ineffectually, to suppress them; large rewards were offered for the apprehension of the ring-leaders among the lawless bands, who had burned several Catholic chapels, in different sections of the capital. A few offenders were secured, but the flame was spreading, and the great body of miscreants rioted on.

The events of Tuesday were dreadful. The mob made a desperate attack upon the Newgate prison, mounting in swarms over the walls, and besieging the cells, (where a few riotous principals were confined,) with pick-axes and hammers. The chapel, and the house of the keeper, were soon destroyed. This occurred between six and nine o'clock in the evening. The loud alarms and rising flames drew me to the spot. The fire had

then communicated to the wards and cells, from which the af-frighted prisoners rushed into the yard, where many of them were supplied with liquor by the mobocracy, and went yelling and shouting around their enlarged boundary of exercise, with the fury of uncaged tigers. Many who were under sentence of death were among the liberated prisoners. The new prison at Clerkenwell was also stormed and broken open, and all the inmates set free. Many of them, grateful for their sudden and unexpected discharge, entered heartily into the cause of those who had played for them the part of liberators. They next destroyed the mansions and furniture of Sir John Fielding, and Lord Mansfield; pictures, libraries, wines, and splendid furniture, might have been seen, strewed in all directions, and clutched by the crowd.

Thus waged the horrid war. The next day witnessed only the increase of a lawless power, which seemed destined to know no future abatement. The establishment of a private citizen, a distiller in Holborn, a papist, Langdale by name, was attacked and fired. Then ensued a scene, such as pen can not describe. Five hundred thousand dollars' worth of property was destroyed in a space of time so short, that it seemed as if the whole had perished in a tornado of fire.

The spectacle at twilight was awful and sublime. At one and the same moment the billowy clouds of flame were seen surging upward from the King's Bench and the Fleet Prisons: from the ponderous toll-gates on Blackfriar's Bridge; from the new Bridewell, and from dwellings in different sections all over the metropolis. With a few friends who had purchased admission, I surveyed the terrific scene from the cupola of St. Paul's. The crowds that ran howling through the streets; the occasional thunder of artillery; the spires of blazing light darting up on all sides, occasionally revealing the red waters of the Thames, and the sails like sheeted ghosts wavering along its bosom; the towers and steeples innumerable, clothed in lurid light; the maniac vociferations of numerous straggling parties of the mob, who had come intoxicated from Langdale's distillery, where they drank to excess, and where hundreds of hogsheads, emptied in the gutters, were ignited by torches, and ran from street to street, a tempestuous torrent of fire;—these were sights, that, once seen, could not fail to be forever remembered. Words are powerless to describe them. On Thursday they ceased.

We have had some violent mobs in America, but none like this, wherein nearly five hundred persons, beside the numerous victims of the law, perished together. Long may such sanguinary tempests be averted from *our* land!

DESPERATION.

A TALE OF WO AND WEAL.

A GENTLEMAN, whose word, like his penmanship, is straight up and down, and deserving of credit, has sent us the following Tale, which has about it a touch of the Germanic pencil. The discoverer of the narrative says he picked it up in Philadelphia, as he turned from Chestnut-street into Ninth, near the University. It is evidently the work of some young student, who is merely auto-biographical. His adventures, which seem to be described in a letter, are not without parallel, and certainly not without warning.

THANK HEAVEN, my dear George, I have arrived at home, after a fortnight's mad siege at the Great Metropolis. How curiously inscrutable are the freaks of fortune! Three weeks ago, I could scarcely have met my tailor with a smile, or heard a friend propose an extra bottle of Sillery at dinner, without feeling in my bosom a void similar to that which reigned in my purse. But I am bravely over all these unpleasant sensations. Impudence and stratagem have set me superbly upon my legs. I have made the maxims of Jeremy Diddler my vade mecum: and now, methinks, I could lend a clever chum any given amount of shekels, within the circumscription of an X on the Monster. I am *flushed* by success, and 'my countenance gives out lambent glories.' Every thing needs a preface, and my good fellow, for what is to come, these remarks serve only as a head. I will address myself to my tale.

'Eugene Dallas,' said Tom Edwards to me, as we sat at Parkinson's, on a mild afternoon in December, discussing a delicious punch, *à la Romain*, 'I have just been reading an article at the Athenæum, in a Washington paper, describing the society there; the beauty, the brilliancy, the life. It has made me sick of college and books, and the parties we meet here; where the music is but so-so, the ladies clannish, sometimes dull; and where the young men line the long halls of their entertainers from parlor to kitchen, in order to besiege the first invoice of champagne, unmindful of the fair, who, fatigued with moving in the dance, await with Christian patience their allotment of ice-cream, oysters, and chicken-salad. I say, I begin to tire of these things. I should like to cut the town, 'clandestinely,' for a fortnight or so, and go to Washington. Wouldn't you?'

THE next day, we were warming our feet by the stove in the gentlemen's cabin of the steam-boat, and watching through the

windows the receding shores of Chesapeake bay. With trunks hastily packed, a confused wardrobe, and only thirty dollars between us, we had entered upon this hair-brained frolic. A hurried letter to one of the Faculty announced that we should be absent a week or two, and the inference instantly transpired over town, that we had 'gone gunning at each other,' or in other words, to fight a duel.

Baltimore is an agreeable place. The approach to the city is picturesque; the Cathedral and the Washington Monument rise magnificently to the view; the principal streets are elegant; the ladies petite and pretty. We staid there two days; attended one splendid soirée; smelt the gas foot-lights at Holliday-street Theatre, and then—on for Washington.

The monumental city fades beautifully on the traveller's eye. The noble statue of the Savior of his Country, towers, a white and shining column in the sky; a pharos of liberty, sending the warm beams of patriotism into every American heart. Its tall form dwindled, over the brown landscape, to a slender shaft against a gay host of clouds, as we rolled toward the capitol.

How shall I describe the feelings which animate a young citizen of this great republic, as he approaches the place where the destinies of a confederacy of *nations* are controlled and guided! Throned on a lofty hill, he sees the domes of the capitol, colored by the sunbeam, and shining amid the striped and starry banners that roll out and rustle above them. A flood of historic associations pours upon his mind. He bethinks him of the surmounted perils of the past, and the unrecorded glory of the future, until his heart and his eyes are filled with emotion, and he rises with enthusiasm from his carriage-seat, and waving his hat on high, *hurrahs* for the land of the brave and the free!

Beyond the capitol lies the city, covering ground enough for half a dozen times its houses and inhabitants, yet no inapt emblem of the country itself; large in plan, and rapidly fulfilling its scope, even beyond all original conjecture.

Drove to Gadsby's. Fine house. Good *table d'hôte*, excellent wines, and a talkative barber, who kills the English language, speaking daggers to it, at every breath. Went to the capitol. How proudly it rises at the end of the Pennsylvania Avenue! what views from its dome! The gay and winding Potomac, the outspread city; Georgetown, Alexandria; the gorge near Mount Vernon, in the distance; the solemn burial ground of Congress nearer at hand; the vast doings below and within! It is a great place, Washington.

TOM EDWARDS had a senatorial uncle at Washington ; but I knew nobody, except a country member of the House from our District. The chances of admission into society, therefore, were good for him, but faint for me. The result of his relationship was an almost immediate invitation for him, the next evening, to a party at Sir * *—'s, the Foreign Minister. There was none for me ; but my wild chum vowed that I should go, on his introduction, and I assented.

My first movement was to cast about for a *blanchisseuse*. This was easily arranged. But my dismay can better be conceived than described, when I found that I had left my best coat at home, and brought away a cloth one, of summer-green, somewhat marked by the careless positions of study. It had an unctuous collar, and buttons of disreputable antiquity, singularly rubbed by the finger of Time. What was to be done ? I observed from my window a tailor's sign ; and thither, after night-fall, I hied. On the 'board,' like a Turk with his pipe and slippers, was seated an old Frenchman, the master of the premises. I produced my garment, and desired to know what the swindle would be for a new set of buttons, a professional renovation of the sleeves, and a banishment of the oil from the collar. I told him the habit was an indifferent one, but that if he would make its amendment cost me only a trifle, he should receive all my future patronage, which I hinted would be pretty extensive. The enterprise of the Gallic snip was awakened ; and, 'promise-crammed,' he said :

'You shall ax me tree dollar.'

'Cheap enough,' said I, feeling conscious of my ability for the outlay, with a present sufficiency beside, if Edwards made a fair division : 'But mind, my friend, let the thing be nicely done ; renew the youth of the garment, and let the buttons be yellow, flashy, and fashionable.'

'*Certainment, Monsieur,*' replied the complaisant artisan ; and I took my leave.

THE brilliant apartments of Sir * *— never looked *more* brilliant, I am sure, than they did on the next evening after this economical colloquy. Tom bowed me in, but by what species of social smuggling, I am unable to tell. At any rate, *in I was*, elbowing my trembling way through a glittering maze of beauty and fashion, humming with small-talk, and shining in gorgeous apparel. Supposing Edwards at my side, I turned my head to address him. The fellow had gone. It was indispensable to seek him ; and, 'all unknowing and unknown,' I attempted an awkward

retrogression for the purpose. At that instant, I saw him bowing to a splendid young creature of about sixteen : at the next, they were standing together in a cotillon. I edged my way thither, and gave him a supplicating look, which said, ‘*Do, my good fellow, introduce me to somebody.*’ The mischievous wretch glanced at me, with an eye whose oblique winter I shall never forget. He *cut* me dead ! He had a malicious smirk on his phiz, which expressed the meditated deviltry that was working in his mind. My pride was roused, and I was determined to show him my independence of his protection. Fortunately, I saw close at hand, a young gentleman, with whom I had formed a slight dinner-table acquaintance at Gadsby’s. I am not ungenteel ; the blood of wounded pride was in my cheek, its fire was in my eyes ; and as to dress, thanks to the felicitous metamorphosis of the old tailor, my coat was handsomer than ever. My other appointments were unexceptionable. I tied a good neckcloth ; my buttons shone lustrously, and my linen was fair as the brodered sails of Tyre. Never did I look more like a gallant, *comme il faut*. My mere *presence* at the party established a claim to my new friend’s attention ; so, stepping up to him, I bowed obsequiously, and said : ‘Do you know that beautiful young lady yonder, whom you are regarding with such devoted attention ?’ ‘No,’ said he politely ; ‘by Jove, I wish I did !’ I touched his arm, and insinuated a white lie into his ear. ‘You *shall* know her. I can effect that for you. But first, let me beg you to acquaint me with the lady to whom I saw you just now so courteous and cordial.’

‘Certainly,’ was the answer ; and it was done.

I flourished like a prince for the remainder of the evening ; and through the diplomacy of my first fair partner in the dance, was enabled to perform my promise to my friend, being first introduced myself. The stratagie of that night could not be surpassed. I flirted with be vies of beauty ; and while walking in a general march through the rooms, with the gay daughters of two certain Secretaries in the Department, Tom Edwards passed me : ‘*Huge,*’ said he, (this was his abbreviation for Eugene,) ‘you are well supported, eh ? Army and Navy !’

‘*Sir !*’ I replied, staring at him, ‘who are you ? You are mistaken.’ Tom quailed away, looking daggers at me, which I forgot in a moment. The excitement of wine, the glitter of lights, the sweet gushes of music, thrilled through my nerves ; while, amid the rich odors of scented kid gloves and ‘kerchiefs, ‘the rustling of silks and the creaking of shoes betrayed my fond heart to woman.’ It was an evening, to my apprehension, that

might have been stolen, with all its dramatis personæ of the opposite sex, fresh from Paradise.

As the visitors began to lessen, I saw afar the country member from our District. He was obviously out of his element. He moved like a bear among young chickens. His white cravat, which was tied behind his neck, where the ends projected among his lank and tallowy locks, awakened a doubt whether it was in use for ornament or strangulation. Had it been a thought tighter, that necessary vessel called the jugular would have been a useless conduit. His face was like to the setting sun, in an Indian summer. He was making toward me, with his broad hands spread on his black tabby-velvet vest, his thumbs inserted in the arm-holes; whereupon I decamped, for fear of an interview.

I took my *breakfast* the next day at five o'clock, P. M. In my room, I found a note to my address, in Tom's chirography. It discoursed to me thus:

Gadsby's, 9 o'clock, A. M.

DEAR HUGO:

I AM gone to spend a fortnight, in a Christmas festival, with some friends in Virginia. I enclose a regular division of our joint funds. I have spoken to my uncle about our hotel bills here, and he will fix them. It is all understood. You can stay a fortnight if you like; though how you'll get back to Philadelphia, after that, the Lord only knows. Perhaps you may accomplish the transit without trouble: if so, I shall be, (as I was last night, when I *thought* I knew you,) *mistaken*.

Yours,
TOM.

Here was a pretty business! He had enclosed me *five dollars*! In my perplexity, I was on the point of descending to book myself to Baltimore, when I remembered that I had received two verbal invitations to parties, early in the ensuing week, and one from my fair first acquaintance of the preceding evening, to accompany her to church on the morrow, which was Sunday, and hear her favorite parson 'bray canticles.'

There was no alternative. I must stay a week; and stay I did. My five dwindled to three. I had glorious times in society, but when I thought of my breeches pocket my suspense was actually horrid. Could some stout pugilist have knocked me into the middle of the next month, I should have blessed the transportation. The future seemed a blank, and Philadelphia as inaccessible as Jerusalem.

'ALL settled, Sir,' said the bar-keeper, as I asked him the amount of my bill. I forgave Tom on the instant. I had feared, for a week, that it would all be a trick, though I dared not ask.

'What is the fare to Baltimore, in a private carriage?'

'Five dollars, Sir; but here is a barouche, about to leave with some passengers, in which you may have a seat for three.'

I paid out the last cash of which I stood possessed, and seeing my trunk properly lashed, embarked. After taking a final look at the city and the Capitol, as we rolled away from the metropolis, I was in an unbroken reverie, till the domes and pillars of Baltimore rose again to view. We wheeled on, until by the increased rattling, I found we were on the city pavements.

'At what hotel shall I set you down, Sir?' said the driver, touching his hat.

I was in a quandary; and so I answered his question by asking another. 'Do you know any quiet and fashionable, but retired hotel, near the centre of the town?'

'Oh, yes, Sir;' and he deposited me accordingly.

I did not put my name on any book, but was shown directly to my room. It was a pleasant one, commanding a distant view of the Great Square and Battle Monument. Here I staid three days; eating my meals stealthily, and being out nearly all the time. On the afternoon of the third day, I resolved to disclose my condition; and to nerve myself for the effort, I ordered dinner and wine in my room. I determined if a splendid repast and sundry bottles of good wine would screw my courage up; that it should arrive before bed-time at a proper tension. I regret to say, when I had finished my dinner, and punished an unusual quantity of champagne, all alone, that I was, as Southey says of the sky, in Madoc,

'Most darkly, deeply, beautifully blue!'

At eight o'clock in the evening, I retired to bed, after a lusty pull at the bell. The servant came.

'Ask the landlord to step up to my room, and bring his bill.' He clattered down stairs, giggling, and shortly thereafter his master appeared. He entered with a generous smile, that made me hope for 'the best his house afforded,' and that, just then, was *credit*.

'How much do I owe you?' said I. He handed me the bill with all the grace of polite expectancy.

'Let me see—seventeen dollars. How *very* reasonable! But my dear Sir, the most disagreeable part of this matter is now to be disclosed. I grieve to inform you that, at present, I

am out of money : but I know, by your philanthropic looks, that you will be satisfied when I tell you that *if I had it*, I would give it to you with unqualified pleasure. But you see my not having the change by me is the reason I can't do it; and I am sure you will let the matter stand, and say no more about it. I am a stranger to you, that's a fact; but in the place where I came from, all my acquaintances know me, as easy as can be.'

The landlord turned all colors. 'Where *do* you live, any how?'

'In Washing—— I should say in Philadelphia.'

His eye flashed with angry disappointment. 'I see how it is, Mister: my opinion is, that you are a black-leg. You don't know *where* your home is. You begin with Washington, and then drop it for Philadelphia. You *must* pay your bill.'

'But I can't.'

'Then I'll take your clothes; if I don't, blow me tight!'

'Scoundrel!' said I, rising bolt upright: 'Do it, if you dare! *do it!*—and leave the rest to me!'

There were no more words. He arose, deliberately seized my hat, and my *only* inexpressibles, and walked down stairs.

Physicians say that no two excitements can exist at the same time in one system. External circumstances drove away, almost immediately, the confusion of my brain.

I arose and looked out of the window. The snow was descending, as I drummed on the pane. What was I to do? An unhappy wight, *sans culottes*, in a strange city; no money, and slightly inebriated. A thought struck me. I had a large, full cloak, which, with all my other appointments, save those he took, the landlord had spared. I dressed immediately; drew on my boots over my fair white drawers, not unlike small clothes; put on my cravat, vest, and coat; laid a travelling cap from my trunk, jauntily over my forehead, and flinging my fine long mantle gracefully about me, made my way through the hall into the street.

Attracted by shining lamps in the portico of a new hotel, a few squares from my first lodgings, I entered, recorded *some* name on the books, and bespoke a bed. Everything was fresh and neat; every servant attentive; all augured well. I kept myself closely cloaked; puffed a cigar, and retired to bed, to mature my plot.

'WAITER, just brush my clothes, well, my fine fellow,' said I, in the morning, as he entered my room. 'Mind the pantaloons; don't spill anything from the pockets; there is money in both.'

'I don't see *no* pantaloons.'

'The devil you don't! Where are they?'

'Can't tell, I'm sure: I don't know, s'elp me God.'

'Go down, Sirrah, and tell your master to come up here immediately.' The publican was with me in a moment.

I had arisen and worked my face before the glass into a fiendish look of passion. 'Landlord!' exclaimed I, with a fierce gesture, 'I have been robbed in your house; robbed, Sir, robbed! My pantaloons, and a purse containing three fifty dollar-notes, are gone. This is a pretty hotel! Is *this* the way that you fulfil the injunctions of Scripture? I am a stranger, and I find myself *taken in*, with a vengeance. I will expose you at once, if I am not recompensed.'

'Pray keep your temper,' said the agitated publican. 'I have just opened this house, and it is getting a good run: would you *ruin its reputation*, for an accident? I will find out the villain who has robbed you, and I will send for a tailor to measure you for your missing garment. Your money shall be refunded. Do you not see that your anger is useless?'

'My dear Sir,' I replied, 'I thank you for your kindness. I did not mean to reproach you. If those trowsers can be done to-day, I shall be satisfied; for time is more precious to me than money. You may keep the others if you find them, and in exchange for the one hundred and fifty dollars which you give me, their contents are yours.'

The next evening, with new inexpressibles, and one hundred and forty dollars in my purse, I called on my guardian in Philadelphia for sixty dollars. He gave it, with a lecture on collegiate desertion, that I shall not soon forget. I enclosed the money back to my honorable landlord, by the first post, settled my other bill at old Crusty's, the first publican, and got my trunk by mail. I have now a superflux of thirty dollars; and when Tom Edwards returns, if I can find no other use for it, I will give it to him, for the lesson he has taught me.

If this story has bored you, George, you must forgive it. It is pleasanter to remember, being past, than it is to tell.

Cordially Thine,

EUGENE DALLAS.

CONTEMPORARIES.

'T is a queer word. Where or how it first came into use, the memory of man scarce can tell. Political editors use it when they wish to deal sly cuts at each other, without calling hard names; and it is, in truth, one of the commonest little fragments of parlance extant. How journalists would get on without it, passes conjecture. This, with the phrase 'some people,' and 'certain persons,' gives them ample room for oblique thrusts and anonymous allusions. Verily, they have reason to bless the word.

But it is not alone in the word itself that interest lodges. It is an honor to be contemporary with the great—I mean the *fortunate* great, who happen to receive during their natural term of life that reward and renown which are often left to fling a halo about the tomb, and ring triumphant music in the dull ear of death. Who among the young does not look with a kind of envy upon the aged acquaintance that has seen General WASHINGTON, and was a contemporary with him? I have a friend, now just in the best part of manhood, who loves to tell how he met the Father of his Country, when Congress sat in Philadelphia. The lad was playing in the State House Square, with some young companions, while Washington passed along. 'There's the Commander in Chief,' said a dozen voices. All the little company ran to meet him. A storm was approaching; and my friend, drawing near to Washington, offered him an umbrella. Several others did the same. 'No, my dear lads,' said the Pater Patriæ, 'keep your umbrellas for yourselves; I have been in many storms, and can endure them.' There is not a lad, present at that time, who does not recall the circumstance with pleasure, and feel a delight in saying, 'Washington was my contemporary!'

There is something in the grave, which hallows the goodness, as it buries the foibles, of its tenant. The form which wastes away within its precincts, has ceased to move and to be. Perhaps it had numerous enemies; perhaps some imperious spirit agitated that mouldering heart, and fired that busy brain. But death smote them, and that form was no more the object of disesteem, or the nucleus of envious fancies. *Post mortem cessat invidia*. No longer contemporary, the vices and the goodness of the common departed, become, the one softened, the other enlarged, to the imagination. Above, the sun rolls round upon his

circuit, in his chariot of gold ; the winds dispense abroad the music of streams and the breath of flowers ; contemporaries hear and inhale them ; but One has gone. He enjoys them no more. He has travelled along the twilight vale of his decline, and is lost from among the living.

I have often thought, when looking at some patriotic spectacle at the theatres, on a Fourth of July evening ; when the apotheösis of our Great Departed has been pictured forth, accompanied with solemn and mournful music, ending at last in triumphant harmony ; I have thought, I say, what a sensation would be produced, were the men thus honored to enter the theatre in the flesh, clothed, and with bones and sinews ! Awe and wonder would possess the multitude. Women would faint ; and men, iron-hearted men, would weep for very enthusiasm. But let the wonder cease ; let the re-appearance of these great men be accounted for on some rational principle, supposing that possible, and those restored patriots, *being contemporary*, would soon be talked of with the same freedom that has ever distinguished and yet distinguishes the political contests of this nation ; a freedom, from which even the character of Washington, spotless as it was, could not always be sacred.

The farther we go into the past, the greater is our wonder at any thing which brings those olden ages near. Thus a *mummy*, preserved for dozens of centuries, is truly a marvellous object. We look upon the antiquated face, once fanned by the airs of Egypt ; on the closed lids that perhaps opened to greet the sunlight as it poured its matin influence on the harmonious Memnon ; on the hands that may have woven the brodered sails of Tyrus, or waved some signal of applause to Ptolemy or Cleopatra. A British Poet has indulged in some beautiful reflections on this subject, suggested by seeing one of these Ancient of Days in the exhibition of Belzoni, at London. They are in the form of an address to the mummy :

I NEED not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We above ground have seen some strange mutations ;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations ;
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
 When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyzes,
 March'd armies o'er thy tomb, with thundering tread,
 O'erthrew Osiris, Opus, Apis, Isis,
 And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
 The nature of thy private life unfold;
 A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern vest,
 And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled;
 Have children climb'd those knees, and kissed that face?
 What was thy name and station, age, and race?

Statue of flesh — immortal of the dead!
 Imperishable type of evanescence!
 Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecayed within our presence,
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
 When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning!

Distance, which in space belittles objects, in time enlarges them. That which time spares, it hallows or curses. It bears to after ages the brightness of a mighty reputation, or it adds fresh grimness to 'a wounded name.' Its plaudits and its anathemas are alike enduring; and that which, when contemporary, was not deemed especially worthy of either, has its claims strengthened in the lapse of years.

Contemporaries! Could any one go back into bodily presence, as we may in mind, among the great beings of the past—great for good or evil—how common-place would seem to him the thousand objects which history, and those deeds that ages sanctify, and fate, preserve immortal! That traveller into antiquity might sport with Anthony in his voyages, with the dark eyes of 'his Egypt' darting their liquid lustre, and witness the mighty littleness of the loving Roman; he could stray with the philosophers through the groves of Athens; find Aristotle writing hymns to please his sense, and gratify the master of a concubine, notwithstanding his ethics that sense was non-essential to happiness; he might see Tiberius fight with an oysterman, or hear Nero fiddle. Coming slowly down the vista of years, he might hear Shakspeare play at the Globe Theatre, in London, or enjoy his early and ample fortune at Avon; he might play with Goldsmith, dine with Milton, at Mr. Russell's the tailor's; or laugh at Thomson as he sat on the fence of his rural retreat, with his hands in his pockets, eating out the blushing and sunny sides of peaches in his garden, that he was too lazy to pick! This traveller, too, might see what were the *real* knights of chivalry, about whom so much is prated in these degenerate days. He would find them

boisterous, revengeful, bilious and dishonest fellows ; vulgar in attire, awkward in harness, covered with salve-patches on their arms and legs, where they were galled with their iron mail, and leaving their scores at the blacksmith's shops unpaid, all the way from France and Britain, even to the Holy Land. Alas ! how much of romance fades away in that one word, contemporary ! It is ratsbane to the imagination ; it is a green shade over the eagle eye of Genius !

For heroes whose lives are passed at the head of armies, amid 'the stir of camps and the revelries of garrisons ;' who are from year to year the observed of all observers ; for them, there is the reward of their own era. Such men enjoy during their own mortal span a kind of antepast of that renown which settles after death upon their name. But they pay heavily for their glory, by the responsibility and peril in which they exist. Failure even in judgment would be ignominy ; multitudes of restless spirits are to be guided and kept subordinate by their power, kindness, and skill ; and what with one object and another to harass and distress them, their lives are passed upon the rack, and they pay dearly enough for that two-penny whistle, *posthumous fame*. It is only by the bustle and turmoil in which they live, that they receive more passing applause than the quiet civilian, whose works and merits, after his departure, add radiance to his name.

I have said that, to be a contemporary, is to be *belittled*. The remark is true, indubitably. I might prove it by a thousand instances, but I will content myself with a very few. Homer was called by Aristarchus, a vain, foolish fellow, who fancied he could make poetry, and under that delusion had produced his stupid *Iliad*, whose speedy transit to oblivion was confidently predicted. Now his fame fills the world. When Milton's *Paradise Lost* appeared, a contemporary critic condemned it as trash ; and it sold for fifteen pounds. Now it is immortal. Every body will acknowledge that Shakspeare was a poet whose works are imperishable ; whose observation was unfailing ; who looked *through* Nature ; whose pathos and humor are irresistible ; who was, in short, at once sublime, yet simple and delicate ; touching and witty, deep and playful. He was such a man as centuries do not match or approach. And how would these eulogistic words have been received in his time ? As downright hyperbole. He was probably looked upon in pretty much the same light as Sheridan Knowles, that fine poet of humanity, is now viewed in London ; namely, as a man who wrote plays, and acted parts in them. The majority of the common people undoubtedly esteemed him 'no great *shakes*.' I find in the chronicle of a quaint

historian of Shakspeare and Queen Elizabeth's time, the following venerable sketch, which shows that the Swan of Avon stood but indifferent well: 'Our modern and present excellent poets which worthily in their owne workes, and alle of them in my owne knowledge lived in this Queene's* reigne, *according to their priorities*, as neere as I could, I have orderly sette downe, (viz.) George Gascoigne, Esquire, Thomas *Church-yard*, Esquire, Edward Dyer, Knight, Edmond Spenser, Esquire, Sir Philip Sidney, Knight, Sir Thomas Chaloner, Knight; Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, and Sir John Davie, Knight; Master John Lillie, gentleman, Master George Chapman, gentleman, Master William Warner, gentleman, *Mast. Wil. Shaks-peare, gent.*; Samuel Davie of the Bath, Master Christopher Marlo, gent.; Master *Benjamin Jonson*, gent.; John Marston, esquire; Master Abm. Francis, gent.; Francis Meers, gent.; Master Joshua Sylvester, gent.; Master Thomas Decker, gent.; John Mecher, gent.; John Webster, gent.; Thomas Haywood, gent.; Thomas Middleton, gent.; and George Withers.'

Now of all the poets, here 'orderly sette downe, *according to their priorities*,' how few survive! We have a host of knights and esquires, of whom, with a few exceptions, nothing is known: and *after* Masters Chapman and Billy Warner, we have 'Mast. Wil. Shaks-peare!' Of his fellow-bards, with some omissions, what have we heard? What of Chaloner, Davie, Lillie, Webster, Meers, Sylvester, and Thomas *Church-yard*, eke? We can only fancy the latter a melancholy writer, but darkness covers nearly all the rest. Doubtless Shakspeare conceived himself inferior to all those whose names here precede his; and therein, (with the exclusion of his king and queen, and a few choice, learned spirits, who knew his surpassing power,) he probably coincided with the general impression of his merits. Such is the judgment of 'contemporaries!'

* Elizabeth.

LEAVES FROM AN AËRONAUT.

'BUT in Man's dwellings, he became a thing,
Restless, and worn, and stern, and wearisome;
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon, with clipt wing,
To whom *the boundless air* alone were home.'

BYRON.

I HAVE realized one of the dreams of my youth, and gratified the strongest aspirations that ever agitated my manhood. I look back with a kind of intoxicating bewilderment upon the perils I have encountered, and the fears I have subdued; for, to me, the memory of excitement is excitement still.

My early days were passed in a village in the country. I first opened my eyes to the light, near the banks of the Hudson; and my juvenile hours were full of the most flighty visions. I always had a very aerial imagination. Anything in *motion* always had for me a peculiar charm. I shall never forget the delight I experienced in seeing the doves fly from their shelter in the end of my father's carriage-house. They would alight, and poise themselves for a moment on the eaves, turn their bright necks in the sunlight, pour forth a few reedy murmurs, and then launch out upon the bosom of the air. Often, in the fulness of youthful desire, have I felt ready to say:

'Oh, for thy wings! thou dove,
Now sailing by, with sunshine on thy breast,
Thou thing of joy and love,
That I might soar away, and be at rest!'

My school-bench commanded a view of a long and distant range of the Kaatskills, lifting their tall summits aloft, 'and printing their bold outlines against the sky.' How did I love to watch the evening clouds as they drave before the summer gale, along those gigantic tumuli of blue, in throngs of gold and purple, magnificent waftage, of rack undislimned! My ardent fancy peopled them with fairy inhabitants. Sometimes, castles and cities seemed rising from them, groves nodded in beauty, and sometimes there would seem to spring up from their midst a mighty rock 'o'erhanging as it rose, impossible to climb.' I used to think how those misty peaks of cloud could be surmounted, and was wont to muse and dream over my shut arithmetic, until I thought myself among them.

With my years, this soaring passion increased within me. I constructed large paper-kites, and sent them out of sight, at the end of some thousand yards of twine, procured by the outlay of

every cent of my pocket-money for holidays. My heart bounded with every move of those bird-like objects. Finally, I constructed one of linen, nearly six feet long; and, considering the shape of a kite, proportionably wide. I had conceived the idea of sending up a *cat* at the end of it, suspended a few feet from the paper tail. One gusty afternoon in autumn, I attempted the enterprise. Taking the kite on the terrace of my father's house, with the cat tied to a chair, I arranged my large spindle of almost interminable twine, and perfected my arrangements. I secured the affectionate old grimalkin to the cord, and attached it to the kite, which I had much ado to hold steadily in my hand, for the violence of the gale. Swinging the affair over the balustrade, I let the small windlass slowly unroll with my left hand, while with my right I held the cat by the soft velvet strap which I had tied around her body, just behind her fore-legs.

The kite was now moving slowly upward, and puss was purring most cordially, 'her custom always of an afternoon.' As soon as the kite rose above the garden trees, it felt the full press of the wind, and rushed upward like an arrow. At this juncture, my venerable tabby was lifted from the chair where she stood in unsuspecting quietude, and went dangling off, zenithward. As I heard her hysterical *yowlings* grow fainter and fainter, and saw her feline corporation fading into indistinctness on the edge of a cloud, I came to the conclusion that I had performed one of the greatest achievements ever consummated by man. That curious, Yankee-like Ancient, who stumped about, crying *Eureka!* on making his great discovery, could not have enjoyed himself more, in that paroxysm of rapture, than I did when I heard and saw that old puss squalling her way into ether. When the twine had completely unrolled, she was entirely out of sight, among the clouds. I tied my string to the balustrade, and let the poor old quadruped remain *in nubibus*, by the space of three hours, when I wound her down, wet and shivering. Her large green eyes were dilated with fear, and their sockets looked as if they would soon have had, to use a boarding-school phrase, 'a vacancy for pupils.'

But this adventure did not satisfy my ambition, I wished to be, *personally*, in the air. The blue fields above me looked ever to my eye, like the abodes of beauty and peace. One afternoon, about this period, I gave notice to my school-mates, that I would treat them to a specimen of 'the art of sinking,' from the roof of the village academy, a stone edifice, five stories high. Choosing a breezy day, and having each hand occupied with a large umbrella, made for the occasion, I stalked gingerly out of the dor-

mer window of the cupola, and walking to the end of the roof, looked down upon a whole green-full of spectators. I had experimented, previously, as an *amateur*, from divers heights, without injury. Getting a little dizzy, I opened my umbrellas, and made the spring. I descended with a decent slowness at first, but the operation of gravity upon me, after I passed the second story, was too strong for breath, or comfort. I struck the ground with force enough to cut my tongue desperately between my teeth, (for I suppose I was about to say something in the ejaculative way,) and to be jarred into a state of feeling like that of a glass of jelly, allowing that article to have the capacity of sensation. I rose to my feet, laughing as if the exploit were a fine one, and I delighted; but at the same time, with my mouth full of blood.

The memory of this feat was only a stimulant to the prosecution of others. But science now began to lend her influence and aid to my longings. One part of my academical studies was chemistry. I listened to the lectures of the Principal with a pleasurable wonder, which I can not describe. The best portions of the course were the evenings set apart for *experiments*. One circumstance tended to render them peculiarly attractive. My heart, about this time, became touched with the living fervors of the tender passion. The object of my regard was a lovely creature, only seventeen years of age. Sweet Sophia Howard! She is one whom I remember as a perfect beauty, if one ever lived. How richly the golden hair disparted on her calm forehead, and lay in silken waves upon her rosy cheek! There was a light in her clear, hazel eye, that used to fill me with a kind of dreamy transport, which no time can annul.

In some of the lectures, the lights were extinguished, for the purpose of showing the effects of phosphorus. On such occasions, how great was the change of places among the students! Every young lover hied to his mistress' side, for all the refined young ladies of the village attended, and many were the kisses exchanged in the darkness, then! With my Sophia near me, I was supremely comfortable. We watched the marks and letters of flame as they played on the wall, and heard the lecturer talking in his obscurity, 'but our hearts were elsewhere!' Ah, good gracious! those were happy days! But I rhapsodise.

The study of chemistry interested me beyond any other. It seems so *supernatural*, in many respects, to the half-initiated, that it is very difficult to believe that an unearthly agency is not exerted, in its results and combinations. It always reminded me of the tales of wonder and enchantment, and the *diablerie* of Faust, Monk Lewis, and other Satannic intellects. By degrees,

the study became to me a passion. What with that, and love, I was well nigh distraught. Finally, after a good deal of thought upon the subject, and a careful estimate of my chances of prosperity in any other pursuit, I resolved to become a chemist by profession.

As soon as I had made up my mind, I came to the city to continue the study. I pressed forward in my career with unabated ardor. In the course of my researches on the subject of gases, I encountered some histories of *Aéronauts*. They acted upon my imagination as a spark of fire would on a nitrous train; they kindled it into a blaze. With what enthusiasm did I pore over the recorded experiments and doubts of Cavallo and the Montgolfiers', of Charles, and d'Arlandes! I resolved at some future time, and that not remote, to try *my* silken sphere in the sky, and to live, in fame, with those bold adventurers of Paris and Avignon.

This era of my life was one of unmingled enjoyment. My charming Sophia passed her winters with her relations in town; and our evenings were, of course, mutually shared. In her society, music and beauty warmed me into rapture; and when the summer called her and her gentle cousins of the city to her rural home, I used to feel like a hermit. Then my thoughts would revert to chemistry with increased earnestness. The goodness of my father enabled me to surprise my friends with a superb store, and I conducted it with brilliant and unexpected success.

Practical chemistry is a severe calling, and I was only a superintendent of my establishment. I had faithful and competent subordinates for all the details, which left me nearly one half of my time to spend at leisure, with men of science and letters. The inspiration thus acquired, all tended to one point, my ultimate ascension. There was not a day in the year, in which the thought of it was absent from my mind. Occasional notices of ascensions abroad, which met my eye among the foreign quotations, served only to fan the flame.

One bright morning in June, as I was passing along Maiden Lane, I saw a piece of light-colored silk, at the door of a fashionable shop. I stepped up to examine it. The quality was of uncommon excellence. It was light, but very firm. Here, thought I, is the *materiel* for my balloon. I entered, asked the price, and found that the shop-keeper had several pieces of precisely the same quality. I purchased them at once, and leaving my address, walked home as if on air. I had made the primary movement in my enterprise, and I felt that it would not be long, ere I should cease to be one of the 'undistinguished many.' I

was determined to make some sensation in the world ; to rise superior to that large number, each of whom is only famous for counting one in a general census ; but to preserve a strict *incognito* until the time arrived, when I should blaze upon the public like a stray comet.

My intimacy with scientific gentlemen was of much service to me ; although I do not imagine that a close knowledge of men and things will add much to one's self-confidence. My acquaintance with the science by which I expected to rise, was by no means complete, and perhaps my limited attainments inspired me with vigor to trample with a firm and resolute step upon every obstacle that might interpose to prevent my flight. The mystery of the *aéronaut* was of no very remote introduction in the country ; and though I had witnessed one or two ascensions, and conversed with the *aéronauts*, as to the details of their efforts, yet I found myself unable properly to comprehend them. They were of transatlantic origin, and after one or two voyages aloft, generally returned whence they came, each bearing with him the marvellous *aérostat*, that he had brought from foreign lands. Books, therefore, and my own judgment, supplied my deficiency in practical knowledge, and my soaring resolution daily grew stronger and stronger.

At this period, I surveyed the heavens by night and day, with an intensity of interest. *There* swelled that broad blue theatre, among whose cloudy curtains I was yet to rise ; there, were the empires of the imagination ; from thence came light, enveloped in heat ; and there, was *the source of life*. There the sun 'looked from his sole dominion like a God,' sowing the earth with his vital smile ; from that endless vault came the subtle, invisible, and mystic fluid, which pervades the globe, ubiquitous in its principle, resistless in its power. There, the tremulous stars sang together ; there, the Thunderer lifted his voice ; there, the meteor streamed its horrid hair ; and from thence, the moon poured her religious lustre on the earth, blending her rays with the sweet influences of Orion and the Pleiades, of Arcturus and his sons.

I never prided myself much on my weather-wisdom ; and the atmospherical phenomena or changes of the seasons seldom occupied much of my attention. But now, as I meditated an early voyage, I began to compare a few old almanacs together, to ascertain the mildest part of the season. Whether the comparison was accidental or not, I am unable to tell ; but I found that the early days of September had been for many years previous, remarkably clear and calm. Presuming on the continuance of such weather, I fixed upon the first part of that approach-

ing month for my aërial début. The sequel proved that my ratiocination was at fault. I looked for a day such as we sometimes experience after the fervors of the solstice, when the sky appears palpable, and you can see the downy beard of the thistle, gradually moving through its depths, as if empowered to make its way, fast or slow, by inherent volition. But there is such a thing as a premature equinox, and in dry weather all signs fail.

Not a week now passed, without finding me in the possession of some new materials, all tending to the ultimate object. My nights, instead of sleep, gave me visionary slumbers, fitful passages of repose, which made my waking hours seem like the fragments of a dream. I felt like one rapt, inspired. I shunned all company, I neglected my affectionate Sophia's correspondence from the country. In fine, I was half demented, perhaps a monolithiac, a fool on one point. But there was method in my mood. I had a determinate purpose in my mind, where every energy centered.

About a month before the time, I sent a confidential notice to an editor of one of the journals, requesting him to observe in his original department, that, early in September, a young American would make his first ascension in a balloon from Castle Garden, and that due information would be given of the day on which the event would take place. The article appeared, and went the rounds. I immediately sent a paper, and wrote to Sophia Howard and her brother, giving her the intelligence that the aëronaut was a friend of hers, whom we both knew, and requesting the brother to accompany the family to the city in the steamboat, on the Saturday evening previous to the ascension, the time of which I promised to communicate as soon as definitely known. I had the satisfaction of receiving a compliance with my request, and a thousand questions from Sophia, concerning 'the intrepid young gentleman, who was about to leave the world in so singular a manner.'

I kept my secret, and perfected my arrangements. Long before the day selected for my enterprise, my balloon was made, and folded, according to the forms I had seen; the netting, iron, oil of vitriol, barometer, vessels, all the apparatus, prepared; even the ice was engaged, with which the conductors were to be cooled. I had proceeded with the utmost caution; and the proximity of the wished-for yet dreaded time occupied almost every thought. Gas and love divided my intellect between them. My scientific confederates were all sworn to be *mum* about my name; the newspapers announced the day, and 'keen the wonder grew.'

At the time specified, my friends came. The expected voyage was then a town's talk, and I had much ado to keep my counsel from Sophia. An evening or two after her arrival, on visiting her with my accustomed punctuality, I found her beautiful eyes filled with tears. I asked the cause. She handed me one of the evening journals. It announced *my name* as that of the aeronaut who was about to make his perilous venture. Sophia *implored* me to say that it was erroneous, and thus remove her misery.

For a moment I was utterly unmanned. The tears of a lovely being, who had never before met me but with a smile, and whom I adored so tenderly, were too much for me. I hesitated a little: but *Truth* was my counsellor: I knew that some of my confidants must have '*blabbed*,' and I owned that the statement was veritable.

I will not describe the scene that ensued. Had not my *unusual* eloquence succeeded in explaining to her the comparative safety of the attempt, and in soothing her fears, I would have flung a thousand balloons to the wind, rather than wound that gentle heart. But Sophia Howard had a yielding spirit. When she found that my whole soul was bent on the effort, when I showed her the reputation and advantages it might give me, she grew calm with a 'sweet reluctant delay,' that endeared her to me more than ever.

At last came on the evening previous to *the* day. As I walked among the busy throngs of Broadway, heard my name uttered by hundreds, and caught occasional views of the rich scenery across the Hudson, where twilight was then faintly blushing, I could not help asking myself, '*Where shall I be at this time to-morrow?*' Perhaps, a lifeless corse in the ocean, or perchance dashed upon some rocky crag, or blasted by some dreadful explosion!' But my mind was made up, and I drove the forebodings from my brain. I spent a *holy*, melancholy evening with my beloved, and our adieu was like that of friends who part to meet no more.

That night I could not sleep. Perturbed by a multitude of thoughts, I tossed upon my couch in restless longings. At last, I slumbered, and dreamed.

Methought I embarked in my balloon to cross the ocean. I cut the ideal cord, and set forth in my imaginary car. Day after day, to my fancy, I rode on the posting winds, far above the long green swells of the Atlantic. At last, I made the coast of England, and sailed among the clouds to London. Here, methought, news had been received of my approach, and an escort

of several pilot-balloons came out to meet me. I found a committee of both Houses of Parliament, with the Lord Mayor, on the broad, flat-roof of St. Paul's, ready for my reception. They offered me the hospitalities of the city. How fantastic is a dream! I declined the honor, and pushed on to Windsor. There I stopped for a moment, fastened my balloon to the terrace, and took a glass of wine with the king, who I thought was walking on the terrace, in his *robe de chambre*, and eke his night-cap. He gave me a passport to France. I shook his royal hand, borrowed some pigtail tobacco of him, and sailed away. I reached France soon after. Passing over the heights of Montmartre, I looked down upon the capital. I seemed to *know* the city; and when I arrived over the Place Vendome, I was made to look up, by some irresistible monition, and lo! my balloon had changed to the semblance of a horn! a long, bright trumpet of silk, the little end towards the earth, and from it, by a mere thread, was my car suspended! All at once, the thread parted. I went down, down, in a way that one can only sink in dreams. I *saw* my head strike against the statue of Napoleon, and fall separate from my body to the earth. I *observed* the jabbering crowd picking up my limbs, (these are *sights* for dreams only!) and then I awoke.

THE morning sun was shining in my window. I dressed instantly. My dream seemed to indicate that I should at any rate have an extensive sail, though the close omened that I should come out at last from the little end of the horn. 'Never mind,' said I, 'that last part was dreamed in the morning; and there is an adage, that 'morning dreams always go by contraries.' This satisfied my superstition, and I took my slender breakfast in cheerfulness and hope.

I had scarcely finished this hasty meal, when my apartment was entered by a meagre-looking gentleman, who seemed nervous and agitated. I inquired his pleasure. He answered me with a marked French accent. 'My dear Sir,' said he, 'you are not acquainted with me, but I have taken the liberty to come and try to dissuade you from your voyage this day. I have never seen but one balloon ascension, and God forbid that I should ever see another. It was that of M. Romain, and Pilatre de Rozier, in '85. I saw them rise from the shore of France, to cross to the English side; as their double balloons ascended among the clouds over the waves, I saw the flames burst forth in the lower globe; I saw the fierce blaze flashing aloft, and the daring *aéronauts* precipitated from on high, mangled by the fiery

gas, and swept to death by that ærial power which they had fondly hoped would give them fame! Horrid remembrance! My dear friend, can I persuade you not to go?"

I was touched with this abrupt evidence of friendship; but I argued with the adviser, that important discoveries had since been made in the science; that my gas would be cool, and no embers be placed near the *aërostat*, as there was with that of Rozier and Romain. My determination, I added, was inflexible. The gentleman smiled reluctantly, and bowed himself out as suddenly as he entered, leaving me surprised at the quickness and singularity of the interview.

I now consulted my barometer. It had risen during the night, but there were flying clouds in the sky, and they drifted along with a rapidity which betokened a strong wind. I found, however, on opening my window, that it was light but summer-like. The barometer could not be doubted, and my hopes were assured.

I was now delayed for hours with men from the amphitheatre at the garden, wishing my directions. I gave them like a general commanding his legions. One I ordered to the sail-maker's, for canvass to spread the balloon on; one to the cooper's, for extra casks: one to one place, one to another. I issued my ukase that no particle of iron, or any sharp, hard substance be left on the ground about the canvass; that the policemen should be on the ground, tickets sent to editors, and arranged every thing with a promptitude that has since astonished me. I then retired to my room, and dressed in a plain suit of *American* cloth, for the occasion, had my chin new reaped by a dainty barber, and sallied into the street.

It was now about twelve o'clock. I called for a moment on the Howards, to inform them that one of the best seats had been reserved for their use, and that an attendant would be at the gate, to conduct them to it. This, to me, *first* duty arranged, I walked slowly down Broadway to the Garden. As general a turning of heads occurred among the most of those I met, as if I had been the sea-serpent. There was excitement in this. I felt like a monarch.

I found the garden by no means empty, even at that early hour; and around about the scene, were premature groups of curious sailors, country urchins, and Fly-market loafers, looking up at the flags, and other popular furniture, that fluttered above. I examined every thing connected with the apparatus most strictly. Minutes seemed hours. At length, the canon, booming over the bay; and startling the distant shores and heights, announced

the opening of the gates, and the commencement of the process of inflation. Throngs of well-dressed citizens, ladies and gentlemen, began to arrive. The empty benches became fewer and fewer; and there was a bustle around me, which filled me with impatience. My natural timidity was lost in the consciousness that my preparations were perfect, and an assurance that I should perform what I had promised. The wind had lulled, the clouds dispersed from overhead, though a few bright-edged ones still lay along the west.

The attendants now opened the carboys of oil of vitriol, some of which they poured into large jars: these were emptied into capacious hogsheads, where three thousand pounds of iron, and some thousand gallons of water had already been placed. The chemical compound was complete; the noise proceeding from the casks, proved the powerful action of the agitated acid on the iron. The water was fast decomposing, the gas rushed through the tubes to the condenser, and thence poured in volumes into the balloon, which now arose from the canvass, gradually distending into a globular form, and quivering like a thing of life, in impatient bondage. Finally, it was permitted to rise a few feet, for the proper arrangement of the delicate cord-work, by which it was encompassed. I now experienced a strong feeling of pleasure, when I heard the loud cheering which attended the letting off of the little pilot balloon. It passed to the east of the city, and describing a vast semicircle over the north part of the town, floated, at last, away to the west, beyond the wind-mills of Jersey city, toward the town of Newark. There was a kind of pleasing bewilderment in being thus the focus of ten thousand eyes, in the bursts of national music, and the encouragement of so many hearts. I felt it all. It surpassed every previous experience of *condensed* excitement.

Only twenty minutes now remained before the hour of ascension. 'The time of my departure was at hand,' and I was 'ready to be offered.' Every thing requisite had been placed in my fairy gondola; my pigeon, the poetry, in hand-bills, for the occasion; the tissue-paper, flags, ballast, all. Every moment seemed an hour. I did not trust myself to look often at the seat where Sophia, and all my nearest relations, were seated; for I feared that they might disconcert me. Observing a broken carboy of oil of vitriol lying carelessly by the passage through which the balloon with its netting had been brought, I ordered it instantly removed. The amphitheatre was now filled; the Battery trees 'bore men;' the bay was crowded with craft of all sorts, and every eminence in the neighborhood was clothed with clusters of human beings.

My gay wicker-car was now attached, with the minutest care, to the long cords that depended from the buoyant globe above. I was looking at my watch, observing that the time of twenty had dwindled to eight minutes, when I heard the cry of 'Fire!' I sprang toward the aërostat, as if a bullet had perforated my heart. 'Where?' said I. 'There, in the balloon!' was the answer. Looking upward, I perceived that the netting had become entangled with the valve, which ever and anon flew open, as the wind surged against the balloon, and the gas, mixed with vapor, issued from the aperture, resembling smoke. The netting was soon disengaged; and the valve, closed and held by its stout springs, remained firm in its place.

My hour had now come, and I entered the car. With a singular taste, the band struck up at this moment the melting air of 'Sweet Home.' It almost overcame me. A thousand associations of youth, friends, of all that I must leave, rushed upon my mind. But like Dashall in the play, I had no leisure for sentiment. A buzz ran through the assemblage; unnumbered hands were clapping, unnumbered hearts beating high; and I was the cause. Every eye was upon me. There was pride in the thought.

'Let go!' was the word. The cheers redoubled, handkerchiefs waved from many a fair hand, bright faces beamed from every window, and on every side. My last look was toward Sophia. She was pale, and her lips parted 'like monument of Grecian art.' Her white fingers touched them, as I cut the cord. One dash with my knife, and I rose aloft, a habitant of air.

How magnificent was the sight which now burst upon me! How sublime were my sensations! I waved the flag of my country; the cheers of the multitude from a thousand house-tops reached me on the breeze; and a taste of the rarer atmosphere elevated my spirits into ecstasy. The city, with a brilliant sunshine striking the spires and domes, now unfolded to view, a sight incomparably beautiful. My gondola went easily upward, clearing the depths of heaven, like a vital thing. A diagram placed before you, on the table, could not permit you to trace more definitely than I now could, the streets, the highways, basins, wharves, and squares of the town. The theatres and public buildings, I recognised from their location near parks or open grounds, and from the peculiarity of their being covered with various metals, as well as slate, or tiles. The hum of the city arose to my ear, as from a vast bee-hive; and I seemed the monarch-bee, directing the swarm. I heard the rattling of carriages, the hearty yo-heave-o! of sailors from the docks that, be-

girt with spars, hemmed the city round : I was a spectator of all, yet aloof, and alone. Increasing stillness attended my way ; and at last the murmurs of earth came to my ear like the last vibrations of a bell.

My car tilted and trembled, as I rose. A swift wind sometimes gave the balloon a rotary motion, which made me deathly sick for a moment ; but strong emotion conquered all my physical ailings. My brain ached with the intensity of my rapture. Human sounds had faded from my ear. I was in the abyss of heaven, and *alone* with my God. I could tell my direction by the sun on my left ; and as his rays played on the *aërostat*, it seemed only a bright bubble, wavering in the sky, and I a suspended mote, hung by chance to its train. Looking below me ; the distant Sound and Long-Island appeared to the east ; the bay lay to the south, sprinkled with shipping ; under me the city, girded with bright rivers and sparry forests ; the free wind was on my cheek and in my locks ; afar, the ocean rolled its long blue waves, chequered with masses of shadow, and gushes of ruby sunlight ; to the north and west the interminable land, variegated like a map, dotted with purple, and green, and silver, faded to the eye.

The atmosphere which I now breathed seemed to dilate my heart at every breath. I uttered some audible expression. My voice was weaker than the faintest sound of a reed. There was no object near to make it reverb or echo. Though rising with incredible swiftness, I had nothing to convince my eye that I was not nearly still. The weak flap-flap-flap, of the cords against the balloon, in regular motion, as the trembling *aërostat*, moved by its subtle contents, continued to rise, was all that indicated my tendency. My barometer now denoted an immense height ; and as I looked upward and around, the concave above seemed like a mighty waste of purple air, verging to blackness. Below, it was lighter ; but a long, lurid bar of cloud stretched along the west, temporarily excluding the sun. The shadows rushed afar into the void, and a solemn, Sabbath-twilight, reigned around. I was now startled at a fluttering in my gondola. It was my *compagnon du voyage*, the carrier pigeon. I had forgotten him entirely. I attached a string to his neck, with a label, announcing my height, then nearly four miles, and the state of the barometer. As he sat on the side of the car, and turned his tender eyes upon me in mute supplication, every feather shivering with apprehension, I felt that it was a guilty act to push him into the waste beneath. But it was done ; he attempted to rise, but I out-spied him ; he then fell obliquely, fluttering and moaning, till I lost him in the haze.

My greatest altitude had not yet been reached. I was now five miles from terra-firma. I began to breathe with difficulty. The atmosphere was too rare for safe perspiration. I pulled my valve-cord to descend. It refused to obey my hand. For a moment I was horror-struck. What was to be done? If I ascended much higher, the balloon would explode. I threw over some tissue paper to test my progress. It is well known that this will *rise* very swiftly. It *fell*, as if blown downward, by a wind from the zenith. I was going upward like an arrow. I attempted to pray, but my parched lips could not move. I seized the cord again, with desperate energy. Blessed heaven! it moved. I threw out more tissue. It rose to me like a wing of joy. I was descending. Though far from sunset, it was now dark about me, except a track of blood-red haze, in the direction of the sun. I encountered a strong current of wind; mist was about me; it lay like dew upon my coat. At last, a thick bar of vapor being past, what a scene was disclosed! A storm was sweeping through the sky, nearly a mile beneath, and I looked down upon *an ocean of rainbows*, rolling in indescribable grandeur, to the music of the thunder-peal, as it moaned afar and near, on the coming and dying wind. A frightened eagle had ascended through the tempest, and sailed for minutes by my side, looking at me with panting weariness, and quivering mandibles, but with a dilated eye, whose keen iris flashed unsubdued. Proud emblem of my Country! As he fanned me with his heavy wings, and looked with a human intelligence at the car, my pulse bounded with exulting rapture. Like the genius of my native land, he had risen above every storm, unfettered and FREE! But my transports were soon at an end. He attempted to light on the balloon, and my heart sunk; I feared his huge claws would tear the silk. I pulled my cord; he rose, as I sank, and the blast swept him from my view in a moment. A flock of wild fowl, beat by the storm, were coursing below, on bewildered pinions, and as I was nearing them, I knew I was descending. A singular effect was now produced by my position. It was a *double horizon*, one formed by the outer edge of the upper cloud, and the other by the angle of the eye to the extreme strata of the storm over the earth. A breaking rift now admitted the sun. The rainbows tossed and gleamed; chains of fleecy rack, shining in prismatic rays of gold, and purple, and emerald, 'beautiful exceedingly,' spread on every hand. Vast curtains of cloud pavilioned the immensity, brighter than celestial roses, or 'jasper, bdellium, or the ruby stone,' glittered around; masses of mist were lifted on high, like steps of living fire, more radiant than

the sun himself, when his glorious noontide culminates from the equator. A kind of ærial Euroclydon now smote my ear; and three of the cords parted, which tilted my gondola to the side, filling me with terror. I caught the broken cords in my hand, but could not tie them. They had been dragged over the broken carboy of oil of vitriol, of which I have spoken, and had rotted asunder.

The storm below was now rapidly passing away, and beneath its waving outline, to the southeast, I saw the ocean. Ships were speeding on their course, and their bright sails melting into distance: a rainbow hung afar, and the rolling anthems of the Atlantic came like celestial hymnings to my ear.

Presently, all was clear below me. The fresh air played around. I had taken a noble circuit, and my last view was better than the first. I was far over the bay, 'afloating sweetly to the west.' The city, colored by the last blaze of day, brightened remotely to the view. Below, ships were hastening to and fro through the narrows; and the far country lay smiling like an Eden. Bright rivers ran like ribands of gold and silver, till they were lost in the vast inland, stretching beyond the view; the gilded mountains were flinging their purple shadows over many a vale; bays were blushing to the farewell day-beams; and now I was passing over a green island. I sailed to the main land; saw the tall old trees waving to the evening breeze; heard the rural lowing of herds; heard the welcome sound of human voices; and finally, sweeping over forest tops and embowered villages, at last descended with the sun, among a kind-hearted, surprised, and hospitable community, in as pretty a town as one could desire to see, 'safe and well.'

If I have told too long a yarn for so short a voyage, I crave the reader's mercy. My feat has not diminished the number of my friends, and nothing could increase Sophia Howard's love. She is now mine; and when she wishes to amuse *our* little Sophia, as some childish casualty bids her weep, she takes her on her knee, and tells her 'about Pa's voyage in the sky,' until,

'Throned on her mother's lap, she dries each tear,
As the sweet legend falls upon her ear.'

THE STONE-FLINGER OF CAMPEACHY.

(EL PEDRERO CAMPECHANO.)

WHOEVER has been at Campeachy within the last twenty-five years, has probably seen, and must remember, a fellow of curious look and gait, wandering to and fro through the streets of the city. His nether garments have never been considered remarkable for their cleanliness or beauty; his tattered *sombrero de paja* hangs ever slouchingly over his cunning and restless eyes; and he is evermore to be seen poking his intrusive nose into other people's business; not *unblushingly*, it is true, for the member of which I speak has always glowed and beamed as did the 'maintained salamander' of Bardolph, which Falstaff used as a sort of lantern, to light him about from tavern to tavern; from the Boar's Head, and its dependencies, to all the adjacent tap-rooms, near and far, in London. I say most if not all people who have seen Campeachy, will remember the nondescript of whom I speak—*El Pedrero Campechano*, or the *Stone-flinger*, of that ilk. He is a well-educated and accomplished loafer, the very head of his tribe, having been brought up at the feet of loafers from childhood. No adventure was ever too arduous for his undertaking. He would pick a pocket, or thresh a friend's enemy, for the same *quid pro quo*, and with equal good will. He was eternally busy in the day time, about nothing; for the moonlight evenings and the twilight hours were his only seasons of pecuniary harvest. His eye was an unerring, unerratic orb, in its wildest and most maudlin rollings; and for hire or from caprice, he would take a stone in his right hand and send it to the distance of a quarter-mile with arithmetical precision. He could single out a man from a crowd, among thousands, and consign him to oblivion, without mistake or fear. In daylight, to see him, you would think him the busiest man alive. He was always to be observed running about the long wharf of the town, with a memorandum-book and pencil in his hand, taking notes of bales and boxes, as if he were the most anxious merchant in the place, and had immense consignments in his charge. Yet he had not a copper, of any kind, unless it were some gratuity for his scoundrel contests. No one ever understood better the science of projectiles, or loved better the bottle and the glass. Hence he inherited, by positive merit and common consent, the *soubriquet* of *Pepe Naranjo*, or *Pepe Botella*, in which he rejoiced.

In one of the drunken scrapes of Pepe Botella, he had the misfortune to have his left side kicked into a palsy by an athletic fellow with whom he was contending. He never but partially recovered from the effects of this accident; and while he passed along the street, the contrast between his sinister and dextral members was particularly striking; one side being tottering and rickety, the other strong and lusty. The strength of the palsied portion of his body seemed only to have united itself with the hearty department, greatly adding to the force thereof. The offender, however, who produced this disaster, had reason to rue the day when he used his foot so discourteously. He stood in daily fear of his life; and was at last found one moonlight evening, prostrate and dead in the street. A large stone lay near him, covered with hair and clotted blood; his head was indented with a hideous wound, and the place where he lay, stained with the vital current. No one was seen in the neighborhood during the evening; no words of strife were heard; and the whole event was concealed in mystery. *El Pedrero* was observed to look very knowingly and satisfied, when told of the occurrence, and was even suspected of the act; but it was impossible to produce any satisfactory proof against him.

The reputation of Pepe as a stone-flinger at last became fully established. He was even employed sometimes to avenge the wrongs of others, which he would do for a very small 'consideration.' A glass of spiritous fluid would generally be deemed by him a sufficient guerdon for almost any enterprise.

THERE lived in Campeachy a licentious priest, named Juan de Raduan, who had become exceedingly hateful to many of the young men of the city, for his libertine propensities. Nothing certain, however, could be adduced against him. Vague suspicions and rumors alone were afloat respecting his conduct, and these at last gradually died away. The station of the *Padre*; the holy office he professed and filled, joined to the great reverence of the people for the priesthood; all served to keep him secure, even if guilty, and to appear as it were in apotheosis, if innocent. The murmurs of suspicion being quelled, the holy villain sought occasion, at an evening confessional, to pour into the ear of a lovely damsel, one Isabella de Leon, the daughter of a princely house, the enticing accents and proposals of the basest passion. The affrighted girl fled from his presence in disgust, communicated the secret to her brother, and besought him, nay required of him, under the most solemn injunctions, that the

circumstance should be communicated to no one living. The brother bit his pale lip, and swore obedience.

The *Semana Santa*, or holy week, was near. At last it arrived. During this season, great solemnity prevails through the town; plaintive tones roll from the aisles and belfries of the cathedrals; the penitent wail in the streets, and count their beads at every turn. Preaching is 'done' in the public places; and the clergy are as busy in their vocation, as the faculty of a college previous to commencement.

One evening, in early twilight, the Padre Raduan took his station in an out-door pulpit, at the termination of the Barrio de Guadalupe, and La Punta de Diamanta, streets of the city which form the two long angles of a triangle. The area in front of the pulpit was occupied by a tumultuous sea of people, bowing and kneeling in penitence and prayer. The preliminary services were over: the vesper incense had ascended, the ave Maria had ceased, and the Padre began his discourse.

While this scene was passing, the traveller might have noted, in a green lane near the outskirts of the town, a tall youth, holding low and anxious converse in the fading light with El Pedrero, the Stone-flinger. It was young de Leon.

'He is a precious villain,' said the latter, 'that wretched Padre, and he must not live. *He* a Priest! By the Holy Virgin, were it not for an oath, I would pierce his surplice with my own stiletto! Now, Pepe, can I engage you to make his forehead and a stone acquainted?'

'*Si Señor,*' replied Botella; 'but for what pay? I am no hireling murderer, Señor; and I can not perform this heavy job for a common reward. I must have my flask filled daily with the best liquor in your wine vault, for six months to come; and I want also some money for my present necessities. What will you give?'

'Now, a *doblon de a una*, and when your deed is done, ten more.'

El Pedrero knew the potential value of gold, that slave of the dark and dirty mine. In this he but imitated mankind in the mass, from Indus to the Pole. Where, and over whom does it not hold sway? 'Gold, of all other,' saith the quaint Democritus his pen, 'is a most delicious object; a sweet light, a goodly lustre it hath; *gratius auram quam solem intuemur*, saith Austin, and we rather see it than the sun. Sweet and pleasant in getting, in keeping, it seasons all our labors; intolerable pains we take for it; base employment, endure bitter flouts and taunts, long journeys, heavy burdens; all are made light and easy by

this hope of gain. The sight of gold refresheth our spirits, and ravisheth our hearts, as the Babylonian garment and golden wedge did Achan in the camp; the very sight and hearing sets on fire his soul with desire of it. It will make a man run to the Antipodes, or tarry at home and turn parasite, lye, flatter, prostitute himself, swear and bear false witness; he will venture his body, kill a king, murder his father, and damn his soul to come at it.' To the latter extreme, or near it, had El Pedrero been roused by the single *doblon de a una* of de Leon.

Slowly and stealthily the Stone-flinger and his employer made their way toward the Barrio de Guadalupe. As they neared the great area by the Punta de Diamanta, they perceived that the evening torches and flambeaux had been lighted, and were shedding their fitful rays over the vast multitude. Tall wax candles by the pulpit enabled the many thousands around to see with perfect distinctness the splendid robes of the Padre Raduan. He was preaching with a drawling coldness; and evidently took more pains to gesture gracefully, and to see who of his female friends were among the assemblage, than to deliver the testimony of a man of God.

On the very outskirts of the multitude, at the distance of six or seven hundred yards from the pulpit and priest, stood El Pedrero and his master for the time.

'Can you see his eye, Señor?' said the Stone-flinger, in a low voice.

'No,' replied de Leon: 'the rays of the candles dazzle me.'

'It is no matter,' added Pepe: 'I can see his face. *That* will do. Stand back, Señor, and tell me where to strike him.'

'In the middle of his forehead, between the temples; dash out his brains, if you can; the unrighteous wretch!' responded de Leon.

'Stop a moment,' muttered Pedrero.

This moment was spent in preparation. He poised the stone in his right hand, thrust forward his right leg, with a tragedian attitude, and lifting his hand, like a dying gladiator in his last clutch toward his victim, prepared to fling the stone, now raised uprightly in his dexter hand.

The priest had warmed a little in his discourse, and in some ejaculation to Heaven had lifted his hand:

'*Now's* the time!' said de Leon.

No sooner said than done. El Pedrero lifted his hand yet higher; a slight *whiz!* hummed over the heads of the multitude; and the Padre dropped down in his place, the blood streaming from his forehead, and the air resounding with the lamentations and groans of the assemblage.

Hundreds rushed to the pulpit. The Padre Raduan had fallen by the hand of some vile assassin. The uproar was dreadful. Men shouted, women shrieked and fainted; emissaries were despatched with the news of the Padre's death, (for he had expired in his pulpit,) to the different churches of the city. All was confusion. Ten minutes had not elapsed, when the bells of San Jose, San Francisquito, San Juan de Dios, and the old Cathedral of San Francisco, poured out upon the evening air their full-volumed *descommunion-dirge* against the dire offender, the Priest-slayer, the Unknown Man of Blood.

All was of no avail. The shouting multitudes, as they bore away the dead body of the Padre, knew not of his murderer, nor was he ever identified. El Pedrero escaped, scot free. Isabella de Leon was satisfied, and her brother avenged.

Time would fail, should the writer of this hurried sketch attempt to relate *all* the adventures of El Pedrero. He has wrought 'twenty mortal murders' on as many crowns. Two priests are among the victims of his personal avarice, or hired enmity. In all his adventures, no one has ever been able to identify him. Testimony has been found useless against him. With an omnipresent *alibi*, he has ever eluded the law; and still lives, to kill and to escape.

His last act was perpetrated at the corner of the Castle San Pedro, (outside the walls of the city of Campeachy,) which divides the district of Santa Anna and Guadalupe. He drew a stone from his doublet, and at the length of seven hundred yards smote a priest on the breast, who is, in consequence, afflicted with the asthma to this day. The secret of his power is known to few, but his person is familiar with every Campechean. He 'bears a charmed life,' beyond the limits of the laws; for such is the incredible distance to which he can project a missile, that it is a matter of impossibility to procure evidence against him. His hand, or his employer's eye, can be only his witness. The suspected terror of all, yet the *accused* of none, he sustains himself upon the fears of others. His *interested* friends are numerous; his employers the same; and between them all, the Stone-flinger lives, of late years, more like a prince, than the loafer that he is. Wo to the head of that citizen who refuses him a glass, call for it when he will! His laws are Draconian, written in blood; and like that of the Medes and Persians, their code is unalterable.

THE IDEAL.

“Oh, Spirit-Land!—thou land of Dreams!
 A world thou art, of ‘mysterious gleams’;
 Like a wizard’s magic-glass thou art,
 Where the wavy shadows float by, and part.
 Visions of aspects, now loved, now strange,
 Glimmering and mingling in ceaseless change.
 Thou art like the depths where the seas have birth,
 Rich with the wealth that is lost from earth:
 All the bright flowers of our days gone by,
 And buried gems, in thy bosom lie.”

I AM a lover of the ideal. I bow to those enchantments of the imagination, which come we know not whence or wherefore, to awaken a few evanescent throbs of pleasure in the heart, and to shed a few gushes of sunshine around the common walks of this working-day world. I love to give myself up to the guidance of my dreaming moods, and to say, ‘Halloo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?’ I deem that the great charm of existence lies, not in wailing because of the stern realities that we may not shun, but in seeking those bright lapses in the stream of time, illusive though they be, which sparkle into the soul with their radiance, and cause every nerve to thrill with momentary enthusiasm. As sorrow sometimes rolls its unbidden blight over the spirit, so does pleasure there pour its lustre; and of neither the one nor the other can we rightly discern the cause, commencement, or end. How often will a cluster of hopes, gathering thickly in the mind, clothed in hues of heaven, warm the bosom into transports which have no definite origin, and can be traced to none; which fade by far too soon, and yet grow lovelier while they fade?

The shocks which our imaginary world sustains; the earthquakes which devastate its glorious demesnes, and shake to nothingness its thousand brilliant creations, are too frequent in manhood to render the influence of the Ideal abiding. Its magnificent pictures melt beneath the noontide of experience. We know what we have been; we see what we are; and, contrasting the raptures of the past with the faint visions of the present, are led to feel, and deeply too, that the ‘golden exhalations of our dawn’ were too beautiful for perpetuity. Some rude lesson from men diminishes our rich amount of romance. Coldness, deceit, the changes and forgetfulness of friendships that we deemed almost indestructible, admonish us with a voice stern and unrelent-

ing, that the radiance of ideality is limited to a narrow compass in our being, and that we soon recede from that shore,

‘Where every scene is pleasant to the view,
And every rapture of the heart is new;
Where on the land and wave a light is thrown,
Which to the morn of life alone is known;’

and that, whether we will or no, those enchantments are eluding our search, and those iris hues of delight rapidly ‘evanishing amid the storm.’

It is with the mind as with the sky; continued brightness would soon be wearisome. Like Macbeth, I have often been ‘a-weary of the sun.’ I like those little passages of life which break the self-deception of the soul, and lead me to contemplate things as they are. This liking, too, is by no means incompatible with a passion for the ideal, but rather identical with it. One may give the reins to fancy, and journeying in thought from heaven to earth and from earth to heaven, may enjoy the transit without supposing it reality. This is, in my view, the acmé of day-dreaming. We are prepared to wake with new vigor from the illusive reverie, fortified for the conflicts of the world; for we know that we can sometimes shake off the latter, and in the twilights of spring or summer, or during the golden reign of autumn, command the former at our will. It is by the cultivation of this spirit that the poet, the novelist, and the painter, have depicted their best conceptions. Shutting out the world for the nonce, yet retaining a sense of its continuance; amid the urbane resumptions of cigarillos, or pipe, or over-generous cordial, they luxuriate and dream; the air, the light, the view from an open window of some pleasant landscape, minister to their quietude: and thus, abstracted in meditation, they roll up the shadowy curtains of Reality, and spread before their mental gaze an El Dorado and an Eden.

Somebody — I believe it is Dr. Johnson — pronounces books to be dull *friends*. They may be so; but they are glorious *companions*. They can not lend one money, but they can enrich his mind with incorruptible and unalienable affluence. They can confer in gorgeous profusion the vast estates of ideality — the dominions and principalities of thought. And while they impart an enjoyment in all respects equal to worldly riches, they inculcate no sordid selfishness; they never contract the heart; and they leave its genial avenues unclogged by envy; unpolluted by pride; for knowledge ever humbles its votaries, even while it exalts them.

But there are some grievous disappointments to which imagi-

nation is subject; namely, the changes that happen inevitably to the romantic fancies derived from human annals, and which form the *ideal of history*. We read of mighty conquerors and statesmen, who have made rivers run with blood, or thrilled senates with resistless eloquence: we pore over the records of their lives by some partial contemporary, until we deem them demi-gods. We wish that we had lived in their day, and heard the rolling of their chariot wheels, or the musical thunder of their periods. Anon, we meet with authentic accounts of their private foibles, their inglorious passions, their petty iniquities, until they diminish in our eyes to the mere playthings of small impulses, the ignoble puppets of Whim. We forget Cicero the orator, and find him the puff-seeker of a friend, soliciting the hyperbole of praise in an extravagant biography, and hinting at its reward. We see monarchs bribing historians to give fair colors to their fame, or posthumously shining in the doubtful authorship of an Ikon Basilike.

I have been marvellously shocked at the variations which have passed over my imagination in reference to the great characters of history. The trusty annalists who have dwelt more on their private than their public course, have almost destroyed my original portraits; and although I began them fancifully 'in large,' they have left them 'in little.' From the heroes and heroines of Greece and Rome, down to the queens, ladies, kings, princes, and knights of European dominions, there has passed away the *colour de rose* with which my fancy first invested them. They have come to appear like common people to me, and the greatness they once wore to my spiritual eye, has gone like the pageant of a vision. I can not cite many instances here, but they are as numerous as the leaves of history.

Among those great personages of historic fame, who have swayed monarchies by their nod, or been closely allied to regnant majesty, I look with the greatest interest upon those whose tastes and judgment have connected them with the success of genius and literature. I should like to have had a peep at that old Tuscan Macænas, and witnessed the pleasures and the affluence that he imparted to the gifted spirits by whom he was surrounded; making the sweet Mantuan to 'possess himself in much quietness,' and brightening the Sabine estate before the quick eye of Horace, until that satirist felt almost ready to forswear his haughty *nil admirari*. I should delight to have met them all together over a glass of that ancient and mellow Falernian, which Horace kept so long in his cellar, and felt upon my lips those *gouts* of an inspiration that used to find its way so often into

deathless verse. But alas! had I known them, I should doubtless have witnessed many a vulgar scene; many *tableaux vivants* of maudlin revellers, reposing under tables, quite overdone; and been haunted to my grave with an oft-recurring vision of broken goblets, among lost streams of wine, rolling over the flooded board, and wasting upon unmindful nostrils the odor of delicate spices.

To those monarchical friends of talent, who have shone as the patronizing beautifiers of our vernacular tongue, I have always looked in a kind of misty admiration. How have I filled my fancy with pictures of *Elizabeth*, the rewarder of merit, the learned lady, the favorite of the gentle Sidney, the friend of Shakspeare; and beyond all, according to some loyal chroniclers, the possessor of that best religion 'which triumpheth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.' I have painted her in my thought as a tall majestic woman, with an eye which warmed, while it awed the heart, and whose glance, pleasing, and commanding homage, filled her court with reflected sunshine; her person stately as Juno, and marked by the befitting sweetness of a gracious queen. I have almost doated on what I supposed must have been *about* her smile. But like my fancy-sketch of the great Russian Empress Catharine, the partial hues have vanished before the rays of truth, and the bright lineaments have gone. I have fallen upon Paul Hentzner's 'Journey thorough Englande,' in the year of grace M.D. XC. VIII.; and ah, what havoc hath he made! Touching Elizabeth and her arrangements, he speaketh thus: 'Her presence chamber was strewn with *hay*, and therein were present the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop of London, and so; first went gentlemen, barons, earles, knights, all richly dressed and bareheaded; next wended the chauncellour, with seals in a silk purse between two, one of which carried the royal sceptre, the other y^e sworde of State, in a red scabbard, covered with fleurs de lis, and pointed upward. Next came the Queen; * * her face long and wrinkled, her eyen small, but black and pleasaunt; her nose a little *hooked*; her lips narrow, and her teeth *black*, a defect whereunto the English do seem subject, from their too great use of sugar. From her ears did depend two pearls, with exceeding rich drops; she did wear false hair, *and that red*; over which she had a small crown of Lunenberg table gold: her bosom was uncovered; thence she was dressed in white silk, burdened with pearls, the size of beans, over which was a *black* mantle.'

When I read this, good heaven! what a pattern of female grace and nobleness faded from my mind. *This*, then, was Elizabeth! The two portraits shown by Hamlet to his mother were not more dissimilar than this and mine. Mine was a free drawing; Hentzner's an unquestioned original. And was *this* the Queen for whom the bards of her day thought it an honor to weave their lays; and who considered it the *summum bonum vitæ* to bask in her royal favor? Was this the peerless personage in whose service the high-born Sidney fluttered and did the amiable; in whose cause he fought and died? The very same. Oh flesh! by partial pens how art thou glorified!

Talking of Sidney, leads me to say, that his case is another instance in my experience of the false Ideal. He has stood in the mirage of my conception, a knight unparagon'd; a poet as full of personal grace as his verses are of beauty. He was the favorite of the most intellectual court in Europe; the mark and model of his sex; the cynosure of the ladies. He has appeared to me, clothed in the *purpureum lumen* of nobility; the valiant oracle and pet of his fair sovereign; walking and talking with her, in English, French, Italian, Scotch, Dutch,* 'and so;' in fine, the very concrete of gentlemen. I have supposed him winningly tall and majestic; easy as Adonis; with his lace points all adjusted, and his bow superb. But Hentzner has dissolved the vision, by furnishing an engraved portrait, undoubtedly authentic, in which he is represented sitting clumsily on a bank, like a shepherd of Arcady, with a form fat, oily, and burly, a bulbous nose, a double chin, and eyes of a deplorably lack-lustre leer! I shall never think of Sidney as a perfect courtier and *preux chevalier* again.

It were a grievous list indeed that should contain all those alterations which the stern pencil of truth has painted upon the first pictures of great people in my mind. It has substituted the coarse for the comely, and flung harsh shades over beauties of sky-tinctured grain.' Warriors have dwindled into Lilliputians: diplomatists into hair-brained invalids; empresses into dowdies. Taking a fancy view of the Duke of Wellington, across the Atlantic, I have supposed him a lofty personage, six feet nine in his boots, with an eye like Mars, and a curl of disdainful dignity in his monstrous nose. But he is a little pocket edition of a man, with a bended back, a countenance in no wise prepossessing, and legs approximating to that parenthesis state called the *bandy*. Julius Cæsar! how the late describers of that man have undeceived me!

* ELIZABETH understood all these languages.

Just so with Talleyrand. I thought him a diplomatic weazel; ever wide awake, with ears erect, and ready to slip out of any negotiation that the finesse of court forecaste or private instructions might suggest. But he is just the contrary. Instead of being filled with deceitful animation, his visage is soporific; his manner languid, nay stupid; and the last portrait — the latest and best, I suppose — has sketched him *asleep*!

But because history darkens my ideal, shall I refuse to chase it? No, by my halidome! I love the journeyings of thought. I will travel often over those exclusive railways of the mind; passing by castles, towers, lakes, wide-watered shores and splendid towns; through fields made *Champs Elysées* by the poets, and over hills renowned in song. I *have* seen those who surpassed my brightest beau-ideal — living, moving, breathing, beings. If I should see them again, something will have vanished to break the charm — to dissolve the spell. I choose to hug these camera obscura pictures to my heart; though with reference to *their* characters, histories should be caught fibbing, and chroniclers be falsified.

JOHN SMITH.

——'men of pith,
Sixteen called Thompson, and nineteen named Smith.'

BYRON.

MY name is JOHN SMITH. The first important event of my life was my birth ; but of that my reminiscences are faint, of course. John Jenkins Smith was my father's name ; and, until my twelfth year, I was called John Jenkins Smith, Junior ; the middle appellation being in compliment to the sir-names of my uncle and aunt, Increase and Abundance Jenkins. In the fitness of time, my father deceased. He was an estimable individual, and did a good business in the line of bar-soap ; the avails arising from the sale of which article created a decent competency for the necessities of his surviving family. He was an industrious man, with habits uncommonly domestic. My mother, nine brothers, and seven sisters, lived to mourn his loss.

After the demise of my father, it was my mother's wish and advice, that I should drop the Jenkins and the Junior from my title, and adopt the simple cognomen of John Smith. Persuasion at last induced me to comply with her desires ; and dearly have I paid for my acquiescence. The simplicity of the name has been fruitful of mystery. Innumerable are the vexations and difficulties into which it has led me. Were I to relate them, in the swelling style of modern writers, I do verily believe that the world would not contain my books. But the task is too formidable, even if I were fond of authorship, which, I thank heaven, I am not. My name forbids the thought. The wise may cogitate from the tripod, and the dunce twaddle on his stool. I shall not arise to push them from their places. Save in the Directory and the census, I shall be *nominis umbra*.

When one arrives in a large city, it is a common simile to liken him to a drop of water falling into the ocean ; it mingles, and is lost, in the vasty deep. So I found it, when I left my native village 'up the river' for the metropolis, in more ways than one. I ascertained by a glance at the Directory, that I was one among hundreds who bore my personal appellation. Having passed my time from youth to early manhood in the country, the bustle and buzz of a vast city like this almost drove me crazy. Like John Jones, in the play of that name, 'I was excited.' Forthwith I made my way to the Adelphi. I had a fair share of money, and the picture of that hotel, hung in the steamboat cabin,

had captivated my eye. Glancing at the travellers' book in the bar-room, I perceived my name three times repeated. I began to think myself of consequence. 'Doubtless,' said I, 'the several coachmen who stood on the wharf with uplifted, beckoning whips, awaited my commands, and who ascertained my destination, have come hither in advance, to record my arrival.' I was unsophisticated in those days. Those things which we chew the cud of wisdom withal, namely, eye-teeth, had not then been cut. I thought, with a pleasing sensation, of the truth of the old poet's remark, that one always finds 'the warmest welcome at an inn.'

Purposes of business brought me to town. It was my intention, after passing a year or two at mercantile apprenticeship in the city, to become a country trader; and I had resolved from the first to make all the acquaintances I could. I was rejoiced to hear, the morning after my arrival, that several persons whom I did not see, had inquired after my health at the Adelphi. I knew I had many friends who had come to the Great Babel before me; but I had not the most distant suspicion that they would remember the 'gawkey,' as they used to call me, whom they knew at home. However, I solaced my mind with reflections on my growing importance, and indulged myself in pleasing anticipations of the success which these acquaintances would yet induce for me.

I was fond of strolling through the streets in the morning, when the glitter and stir of fashion were abroad, and I never failed to walk myself hungry before twelve o'clock. An advertisement which I had inserted in the newspapers, of, 'Wants a place, a young man from the country, with an extensive knowledge of figures, who writes a good hand,' had been successful. I had procured a situation, and was to enter upon its duties in a fortnight. Of course, I was delighted; and remembering my boyish scrape-maxim, '*Dum vivimus vivamus*,' I resolved to enjoy my time. So, on each day at twelve o'clock, I was wont to resort to one of those famous ordinaries in Broadway, where all that the human appetite can crave is spread before the eye in rich profusion. 'A fig for the expense,' said I, 'the things are good, and I wish to make acquaintances for my employers.'

At the resort of which I am speaking, it seemed to me that all the town convened. There, from eleven until five, were to be seen vast numbers of voracious aldermen, and opulent good-livers, devouring their respective lunches. Many a one of these, as he came out, went along the streets with a pleased and satisfied countenance,

'Smiting his thigh, with blythe Apician glee,
And licking eke his lips, right beautiful to see.'

Of course, there were many faces that I came at last to know 'passing well.' One individual, especially, in a suit of rusty brown, a bell-crowned hat, and a bombazine stock of blue, used every day to enter the apartment just at the time I did, and seat himself at the marble table next me. By degrees, we became slightly acquainted. Being a regular visitor, my name and lodgings were soon known to the bar-keeper. One morning, the man in brown picked up a letter from the floor under his table, and asked me if I had dropped it. I told him I had neither written nor lost any.

'Very singular,' said he, without putting the epistle into my hands; 'I will make inquiries about it.' He showed it to the keeper, who opened it, and after casting his eye down the page, bowed politely to me, and said, 'Certainly, certainly, with pleasure.' The whole affair was an enigma; but I was as green at that time as a new-hatched gosling. Supposing the person had mistaken his man, but not wishing to be outdone in courtesy, I bowed and smiled in return.

Shortly after, when I had taken my usual meal, and was about to render the trifling equivalent, the keeper said to me:

'This is Mr. John Smith, I believe.'

'Yes, that is my name.'

'Got a certain note about you; the bill is all right; put up your money.'

I did n't understand him.

'You are Mr. John Smith, at the Adelphi?'

'Yes. I am at that hotel.'

'Very well, my dear Sir, the note is accepted. Your bills are paid until farther notice.'

'Well, thought I, my friends *are* polite, that is truth. I have almost the freedom of the city. How curiously agreeable! I continued to go for days and weeks together, and eat at this ordinary, 'without money and without price.' He in the brown coat was ever present.

At the end of the month, I received at my hotel a bill of forty dollars, for edibles used at the ordinary aforesaid. I hurried to the place, and demanded an explanation. I was informed that the man in brown had given a letter to the keeper, under my very nose, requesting lunches for two every morning, the bill to be sent monthly to John Smith, at the Adelphi. References were given, and had been answered, all by the same hand!

It was a broad *hoax*; and after paying the money, as I was obliged to do, (it was left 'to my honor' that potent opener of purse-strings,) I found that *one* of the three John Smiths whose

names were written at the Adelphi, was a *chevalier d'industrie*, who passed as my friend at the lunch, and my cousin John at the hotel. He came down with me in the steam-boat. I never saw him after he was '*blowed*.' This was the first practical attack on my name; but by how many dozens was it *not* the last! Let me go on.

There is scarcely any body who has not been in love, as often as once, at least. I have had my flame, but my name quenched it. About the third month of my mercantile apprenticeship, I was induced on a certain evening to attend one of those convocations, a sacred concert; and at first sight, I became attached to a lady who was attached to the choir. She looked like a divinity, she sang like an angel.

I followed her to her house, when the concert broke up, to ascertain her residence; and from that time, my life was one wild dream of suspense and passion. I used to see her every day or two at the window, and sometimes at church. A good-looking young man, who lodged at the Adelphi, and for whom I had often been taken, seemed to be pursuing the same object. When I went in that direction, he generally walked a few yards behind me, as constant to my trip, as the shadow to the substance; but as he went beyond, I supposed he had friends farther on, in the same street; for he *passed* the house, whereas I saw nothing worth a step beyond, and used to 'wheel about' like a militiaman, directly in front of the domicil, when my eye had drunk in its dizzy poison from the window. One evening, just at twilight, I saw my Adelphi friend standing on the steps of my lady's dwelling. Good heavens! Perhaps he knew her. I sought my hotel with a spirit of envy, that I find it hard to describe. Was that man my rival?

The next day I received a scented note, in a fine crow-quill hand, which ran as ensueth:

'No. —, — Street.

'MY DEAR JOHN: We do not know each other well, for we have been thwarted by the presence of untoward circumstances; but surely, my dear, my *only* John, the language of my eyes must have convinced you that since we first met, my heart has been wholly yours. Come to-morrow evening at eight, and in a walk of a few moments, I will convince you, if words can do it, of the unalterable affection of your devoted

'CATHARINE WALLACE.

'JOHN SMITH, Esq., *Adelphi*.'

I have a notion that my punctuality the next evening was a model of mercantile precision. As the town-clocks were clanging eight, my hand was on the knocker of the Wallace door. A very attentive 'color' person answered my call, and in a moment

after my inquiry, the arm of Miss Wallace was in mine, trembling with hurry and agitation. We walked for the space of nearly 'a block,' without the utterance of any thing but low interjections of pleasure, and an occasional remark upon that inexhaustible subject, the weather.

We turned into Broadway. Here, in the blaze of gas lights, we met abruptly, two gentlemen, who turned after passing us, and striding hastily a few paces before, like Othello's lady, they 'turned again,' and as I was on the point of pouring out some tender sayings, one of the fellows, staring at the face of my fair companion, exclaimed :

'Good gracious ! Miss Wallace, is that you ?'

It was my *tracking* friend, of the Adelphi. I knew his voice instantly. The lady dropped my arm, as if she had received a death-shot.

'Why are you walking with this man, and how did you come to know him ?' Miss Wallace answered with a faltering voice, that she did not know me, but had mistaken me for himself. 'Dear John,' said she, did you not get my note this morning ? I expected you to walk with me, and not a person with whom I have no acquaintance whatever.'

Guess my surprise. I was, as the Kentuckians phrase it, 'an entire stranger.' The gallant began to bluster.

'Will—you—just—permit—me—to—ask—you,' said he to me, cocking his hat fiercely o' one side, and drawing his words, *sotto voce*, through his set teeth, 'who the devil you are ? what you are here for ? what's your name ? and what you are a'ter ? (syncopating the last word with a broad inflection of the first syllable.) I have seen you at the Adelphi, and I begin to think you are a puppy.'

'Puppy, I am none,' said I coolly, for I hate fighting, 'and my being with this lady at present, is the result of *concert*. I received a note from her this morning, requesting an interview.'

'Liar !' said the gentleman.

'That phrase,' I responded meekly, 'would not be borne, if I considered you a good judge of the truth in the present case. I happen to have the note in my pocket, Sir ; and as you are very inquisitive, let me return the compliment, and ask *your* name ?'

'My name, sà ; I am not ashamed of my name, sà, as you appear to be of yours ; my name, sà, is——JOHN SMITH !'

'And so is mine. Here's the heart of the mystery. I see at once that the similarity of our names has been the cause of this error. Your note fell into my hands. I never spoke to this lady, before to-night, in all my life, though I have for some time occasionally seen and admired her, at a distance.'

We were friends in a moment. The young damsel had accidentally made *his* acquaintance, a week or two previously, after an extensive interchange of oglings, at churches, and other public resorts, and they were, it was plain to see, quite desperate with each other. I could not help comparing myself to the man in the play, whose servant says to him; 'Maister, ar' n't your name Gregory?' 'Yes, Sir R. Gregory.' 'So is mine.' 'Ah, then your name is similar.' 'No, master, my name ar' n't Similar, my name's Gregory!'

These amusing reflections were but a momentary gleam of sunshine on the cloud which darkened my spirit. My dream of love was broken. Another John Smith had stepped into my bower of hope, and plucked the brightest rose it ever grew. I became 'melancholy and gentleman-like;' went to conventicles with great regularity, and read a multitude of books. By degrees I began to have quite a passion for literature, and tried my hand in the light department, as a producer. With the assistance of Ossian, and a rhyming dictionary, I made some poetry, and sent it to a popular weekly journal. It was entitled 'A River Scene,' and bore for its motto the following couplet from some *grand inconnu*:

'T is sweet, upon the impassioned wave,
To watch the little fishes swim.'

Ambitious of distinction, I wrote my name in full at the top of the piece. What kind of reception, think you, did it encounter? Reader, read:

'JOHN SMITH's poetry is received, and has gone to that vast receptacle of things lost for the present upon earth, on the cover of which it is thus written: 'Rejected Balaam: *Clauduntur in æternam noctem.*' We would advise John Smith to give up his visions of fame. Let them dissolve into airy nothing, for they produce nothing, and out of nothing, nothing comes. No man, with exactly his two names, need expect glory below the sun. The last one is not the objection; for the Jones's, the Browns, Thompsons, and Jacksons, with many other names, might compete with it in point of numbers; but the baptismal prefix of *John*, makes the title no name at all; and thus, if we mistake not, has the matter been ruled in courts of justice. We beg our correspondent to drop either the lyre or his name; for he will labor in vain for renown, unless he prays the legislature for a divorce from his present cognomen.

'John Smith, John Smith, oh Phœbus! what a name
To fill the speaking trump of future fame!'

This unequivocal compliment almost extinguished my lyrical propensities. I was convinced that John Smith would never make any respectable sensation in literature. Cruel thought! A rose would smell as sweet, according to Shakspeare, even if it were called ipecacuanha, as by any other name. Why then,

from such a cause, should a barrier be placed against the aspirations of an ambitious mortal? The idea was not endurable. I determined to be even with the editor who had so crucified my lines. A rival publication had offered prizes for an Essay, a Tale, and some poetry. It wanted a month before the meeting of the committee. I spent a fortnight on one poem. The paper in question was great in a small way, and bore on its cover a learned motto, 'from the Greek of Alcæus.' The time arrived; the committee convened; the award was made; and what was my delight on reading in the public journals the following announcement:

'NOTICE.

'THE committee appointed to examine the pieces of prose and poetry, designed for the prizes in the 'Oriental Olympiad and Weekly Sunburst,' beg leave to report, that after a close examination of the matters confided to their discrimination, they have come to a decision. Private notice has already been made to the modest and successful authors of the Essay and Tale. Before giving the name of the victorious writer of the poem to the world, the committee desire to state, that with reference to the two baskets of accepted and rejected productions, now in the office of the Sunburst, they cannot make a more fitting comparison, than by likening them to the figs of Jeremiah; (Jer. xxiv. 2.) 'One basket had very good figs, even like the figs that are first ripe; and the other basket had very naughty figs, which could not be eaten, they were so bad.' The committee now proceed, with a feeling of serene and solemn exultation, to commit to the public eye at this era, and to that which shall lift its lid in future ages, the name of the distinguished person who has won the guerdon of twenty-five dollars, and a year's gratuitous subscription to the Olympiad and Sunburst. It is JOHN SMITH, Esq., of New-York. He will readily comprehend his putative identity, when the committee remark, that his effusion commences with a spirited invocation to the Nine. The committee will be prepared to meet him, and to administer into his hands the twenty-five dollars, and a year's receipt for the popular journal aforesaid, on Tuesday evening next, at six o'clock, in the saloon of the City Hotel. That the author may be received without the embarrassment of self-introduction, he is requested to wear a white favor in the lappel button-hole of his coat; whereupon, on his entrance, he will be introduced to the company, and receive the pecuniary tribute due to his extraordinary genius. Many ladies, amateurs, and literary gentlemen, will be present.

'Nov. 25. eod. ass. dtf.'

I read this notice over at least forty times, before the appointed evening. On that day, after dinner, I dressed with studied neatness, and turning down my collar, *à la Byron*, brushed my reddish locks, Apollo-like, around my forehead, in a style of sublime confusion, and awaited with a palpitating bosom the proud moment when I should enter the saloon. I paused some thirty minutes after the appointed time, so that expectation should be on tiptoe. At last I sallied forth, and with a queer feeling of transport opened the door of the saloon and entered. There

was a collection of people ; and at one side of the room, like stunted wall-flowers, stood a line of wo-begone-looking individuals, to the number of fifteen, each with a white favor in his bosom, but with *such* diversified garments ! ‘ Motley was their only wear.’ I was surprised, bewildered. At the request of the committee, tendered through their chairman, I took my station ‘ in line.’ A subdued snicker ran through the room, as two *more* persons, bearing white favors, entered, and stepped by direction into the ranks below me. I stole a glance at my comrades. They were silent, grim, and sad to see. We all of us looked like a small company, detailed for private exercise, from ‘ the great army of martyrs.’

At last the chairman rose, and waving his hand loftily, said : ‘ An unexpected duty, ladies and gentlemen, devolves upon the humble person who now addresses you. Called to my office at a moment of peculiar excitement, I wish to discharge its duties with approval. I expected to-night, in the presence of you all, to pay a delegated honor to the genius of one bright son of song. But I am obliged to select him from yon troop of tuneful worthies now arranged before the assembly, every one of whom, by a singular concatenation of parental tastes, bears the name of *John Smith* !’

I could have evaporated through the key-hole. My first impulse was to cut and run. A second thought told me, *I* might be *the* John Smith, and I determined to see the farce out.

‘ In this state of uncertainty,’ continued the chairman, ‘ the only method of arriving at the successful author is to read the accepted lines.’

He began to read them with the lungs of a Stentor, and the gestic grace of an elephant. *They were not mine*, that was certain ; poor, drawling, spiritless stanzas, mere verbiage to mine. My contempt for the committee was unbounded.

But a person now jumped out from our row, with the quickness of a Narraganset pacer ; bowed, was identified as the author, and took his perquisites. When he wheeled again, and made a derisive inclination of the head to the rest of us unsuccessful essayists, I did instantly, by the sinister smirk of his face, recognise the ecstatic entity. It was the rascal in brown, whose bill I had paid at the lunch !

I remember little of the occasion after this. I only recollect that some of the ‘ great rejected’ swore with emphasis, that they had been sadly misused. Each man contended for the peculiar merit of his own composition, every one of which, even to the entire eighteen, opened with an appeal to the muse for assistance.

One man, who seemed a little excited with wine, declared that 'he came there for the prize, and the prize he would have; he had already engaged a supper below, for himself and a few friends, on the strength of the prize; 'and I would like to know,' he added, with a sardonic grin of defiance, 'who in the name of Parnassus is a-going to pay the bill? My heart is heaving and bursting with emotion. What is to requite us all for our disappointment?'

'Of our soul-stirring hopes we are in at the death,
And we stand, as in battle array,
To find our renown but a bodiless breath,
That vanisheth away!'

'Messieurs Smith,' said the chairman, entirely disregarding the loquacious member, 'you are dismissed. Your badges, beside being emblems of peace, which will prevent any wranglings among yourselves, are also signs that you feel independent, and ask no *favors*.' Here the company laughed, in the manner of a certain popular actress, 'like hyenas.'

How the company broke up, I know not. I was the first at the door, and walked up Broadway with my hat in my hand, although the weather was drizzling. I have never entirely recovered from the acidity of spirit which that sore discomfiture entailed upon me. I had been crossed in love and literature; and my coming days seemed only to me, a helpless wanderer on the ocean of time, like 'breakers ahead.' And so they have proved. I have been advertised in the newspapers; persecuted by females whom I knew not; had callow bantlings laid on my doorsteps. In short, I have suffered every thing but death; and all for my name. In vain do I attempt to console myself, by thinking of *one* great name like mine, the captain, who was saved by the Indian girl, Pocahontas, and *two* that are 'similar,' the renowned Horace and James, the wittiest men living. I am still plodding along the vale of existence, looking at the bright steep of fame in the distance, knowing it 'impossible to climb.' My name hangs to my tail as heavy as the stone of Sysiphus. I almost wish I was entirely defunct.

Having long ago removed from the Adelphi, in consequence of a 'collapse' in its prosperity, I have got a home of my own, and am well to do in the world. But I am not happy. I disburse the postage for a weekly mass of letters, of which three in five are intended for others. I read notices concerning me, hymeneal and obituary, several times in a month. I have been waited upon simultaneously, by persons who had come to wish me joy, in the expectancy of a punch-drinking, and by rival tomb-stone

cutters, desirous of a job 'to my memory,' from the surviving members of my bachelor household. I pay twice my own amount of bills. A John Smith lives next door, to whom half my choice rounds and sirloins, selected personally in the market, for I love good provant, are sent without distinction. My name is a bore, and my life a burden. Touching the debts I have paid, which were not my own, they have harassed me beyond measure. Such is the perplexity arising from their constant and unavoidable occurrence, that I begin to think myself a member of that class of reprobates, mentioned by St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, who have been given up by Divine Providence, 'to do those things which *are not convenient.*' Heartily do I wish I could do as the Druids of old did, who contracted earthly debts for themselves and others, and gave promissory notes, payable in the other world.

But I forbear to recite my infelicities. I skip over some hundreds, and come to the *latest*. Yesterday morning the following police report met my eye :

'JOHN SMITH, a new offender, was on Monday last committed to Bridewell, charged with having stolen several descriptions of clothes from various hotels in Broadway. He formerly made his home at the Adelphi, where he practised his light fingered arts for a considerable time. He was at one period 'well-off,' and lived in Broadway, but his thieving propensities have brought him up, at last, to a full stop. Bail having been procured, he is now at large, but so well known, that his career is now comparatively harmless.'

This is the latest, but not the *last*. I have met scores of acquaintances since yesterday, and they all shun me as if they scented in my garments the air of a jail ; all but one puppy, and he asked me 'when I got out !' There is ample botheration in store for me. Its *kind* I know not, but the *quantity* must be enormous. I will bear it no longer. I have booked myself for Albany to-morrow ; and if I am not released from my name by the House, I will go, for refuge, to that narrow house appointed for all living ; and on my tomb-stone shall be recorded, in good 'slap-up' Latin, '*Sic transit tristitia Johannes Smithi !*'

THE SNAKE EATER.

—‘Some strange commotion
Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight
Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard ; and then anon he casts
His eye against the moon ; in most strange posture
We have seen him set himself.’

SHAKS: HENRY VIII.

A FEW years ago, near the sunset of an autumnal day, I reached a populous town on the banks of the Mississippi. An accident to the steam-boat, wherein I had embarked, and by which many lives were lost through the carelessness of an ignorant and drunken engineer, had compelled the directors of the boat to stop with the remaining company, and repair the damages that had occurred.

Alas ! there were damages and evils on board that unpretending craft, which were beyond the reach of mechanist or surgeon. The dead were strewing the deck ; fragments of the boiler, and broken wheels, were lying around ; and masses of soot and cinders from the unclean pipes blackened the deck. On every side were corpses, and wailing friends, and tearful eyes. A few settees had been brought up from the cabin, and on the mattresses with which they were covered, the dead were laid. It was an awful scene. Two hours before, all was well ; and every heart seemed bounding with the rapid impulse of life and hope. I myself escaped by a miracle. I was seated at the stern of the boat, near the end window of the cabin, over the rudder, watching, as is my wont, to see the turbulent waters boil around the keel, and mark the landscape flit by and recede. A noise like an earthquake, which made the shuddering boat recoil many yards ; a rush of hot steam through the broken windows ; the hissing of the pieces from the boiler, as they dropped into the river ; and after one sad pause of an instant, the shrieks and groans of the dead and dying, and the surviving mourners ; these were the signs which betokened the appalling disaster, and convinced me visibly, for the first time, what a vast amount of pain and misery can be crowded into a passing moment.

It is a sight of horror to behold the strong man smitten down in his might ; to see the pride of womanhood defaced and blighted

by sudden death ; to hear the lamentations of grief and despair, where but a little time before were heard the light laugh of pleasure, and the tones of delight. How distant was the thought of harm, from each and all ! Truly it is said by the great bard of nature, ' We know what we are, but not what we shall be.' We weave the garlands of joy, even by the precipice of death ; we disport in the sunbeam, unmindful of the storm that is booming afar, and will soon be at hand !

The sun descended as we entered the town, which was situated on ascending grounds near the river. A swell of upland, overlooking near at hand a few patches of green, which I took to be cotton fields, and which apparently commanded an extended view of the shores and course of the great Father of Rivers, stretched rearward from the place. Overcome with excitement and gratitude for my deliverance, and seeing also that there had thronged to the wharf a large number of citizens, sufficient for every purpose of charitable assistance toward the sufferers, and the dead on board of the steam-boat, I selected that portion of my luggage which had not been destroyed, and after seeking an hotel, made the best of my way to the upland of which I have spoken. I felt like one snatched from the grave ; and deeply impressed with the sense of the danger from which I had escaped, through the watchfulness of a benignant Providence, I determined to seek some haunt of retirement, and quiet my agitated spirits with thankful meditation.

When I gained the eminence, I found that the view was calculated to heighten and expand all the feelings with which my heart was surcharged, to the overflow. A few gorgeous clouds, bedight in crimson and purple, were sailing in glory along the melancholy west ; dark cypresses, hung to their tops with trailing clusters of wild vine, colored with mingled violet, amber, and emerald, stood in relief before the horizon ; while afar, on either hand, the great Mississippi was seen rolling along with a kind of quivering radiance, and exhibiting, even at that distance, the turbulent might, which makes it seem like a prostrate Niagara. At a distance, in each extremity of the view, it was lost in dark woods and misty head-lands ; an emblem, most striking at the moment, of that obscurity which, like the shadow-curtain in the vision of Mirza, overhung the stream of life and time, making of the Past a dream, and of the Future a vast unknown.

It is impossible to describe the sensations which animate the bosom of an American, as he looks at this running ocean, and the long, long vale through which it rolls. He gazes onward with the eye of anticipation to the not distant period, when that al-

most interminable stretch of landscape shall become bright with towns, and vocal with the sounds of human industry; when the busy hum of scholars at their tasks, of artists at their labors, of the husbandman folding his flocks, or garnering the rich treasures of the harvest, shall succeed the moanings of the cypress, and the mingled howlings of roaming beasts of prey, and yet wilder Indians; when the light of civilization and religion shall extend over forests and savannahs, until the progress of our people through the dominions of the receding Aborigines, shall be, in the expressive words of Scripture, 'as the morning spread upon the mountains: a great people, and a strong; of whom there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, to the years of many generations.'

As I turned to survey the prospect, I saw at no great distance from the spot where I stood, a white tent, or *pavillion*, surmounted with a parti-colored flag, which was waving in the evening breeze, and on which I read the words, 'THE SNAKE EATER.' The tent was open on one side like a door, before which there was a curtain. Benches were placed in an amphitheatrical form before the tent, which were then filling with people. The faint glimmer of an early lamp was perceivable behind the dark curtain; and, moved with curiosity, I bent my steps toward the assemblage. I paid the requisite sum to the person who kept the gate of a picket-fence which surrounded the amphitheatre, and took my seat among the crowd, in the open air.

Twilight had now set in, and the twinkling of the stars could be seen on the broad bosom of the Mississippi, as it moved in noiseless solemnity toward the ocean. The cypresses assumed the semblance of weird and ghastly forms against the sky; and the occasional sweep of a belated hawk from the far-off prairies, with his dismal scream, gave token that the day had died, and that its dirge was sounding.

Presently, at the tinkle of a little bell, the curtain of the tent was lifted. A young man was seated at a table, with a box before him, covered with glass, and apparently subdivided into two or more drawers. He seemed about eight-and-twenty years of age; his face was thin, and a leaden wanness overspread his features; but his sunken eye had that supernatural brightness so often seen in the eyes of the consumptive. His voice, though faint, was musical, but interrupted by an occasional cough; and as he removed his cravat, and turned his wristbands over the cuffs of his coat, he said:

'The company has assembled to see the Snake Eater. If any one wishes to satisfy himself with regard to the reptile which I

am now about to devour, in the presence of you all, and to restore again from my throat, alive, he will please draw nigh.'

He turned the closed cover of the box over toward the audience, as he made this observation, and disclosed to the sight a hideous rattlesnake. It was coiled; and when disturbed, elevated its spiry head from its circle, and while its forked tongue played with a rapid motion, it darted against the glass in vain attempts to escape, while its rattles continued to quiver, with a violent and whizzing sound, accompanied by that apparent flattening of the head, which denotes the highest pitch of resentment. Its dilated eye shot fire; and the coarse scales on its contorted form grew rugged in its anger.

After this *exposé*, the Snake Eater placed the box in its original position. A chilly shudder ran through the assembly, when, after turning his back to the beholder, he bent his face for a moment at the edge of one of the drawers, with a kind of chuckling sound, and drew forth the horrid reptile with his hand. The snake now seemed languid and passive, though the rattles continued to sound. He placed the head of the venomous serpent to his lips; he opened his mouth, and the long spire began to descend. It was an appalling sight to see that huge *monstrum horrendum* making his way into the throat of a human being. The cheeks of the young man began to dilate, and his complexion became a livid purple. His eyes seemed bursting from their sockets; masses of foam gathered about his lips, and he looked as if in the severest struggles of the last mortal agony—as if 'tasting of death.' Several of the audience shrieked with affright.

After apparently mumbling and crunching his fearful meal, the Snake Eater again partially opened his lips, and the forked tongue of the reptile was seen playing, like threads of bright red fire, between them. Presently it began to emerge. It moved very slowly, as if held back by other serpents that had preceded it, in the awful deglutition of its master. As the long, loathsome folds hung from his lips, and continued to extend, the features of the Snake Eater assumed their wonted aspect; and in a moment, the reptile had emerged, was re-placed in the box, and the feat was accomplished.

After seating himself for a few seconds, to recover from the perilous execution of his task, the Snake Eater arose and addressed the audience. He desired them to believe that he had wished not to appal, but to surprise them. There was, he acknowledged, an *art* in what he had done, but it was a mysterious and undiscoverable one. 'They call me mad,' he added, bitterly, 'and a conjurer; but a conjurer I am none, and though I

have been mad, I am not now ; yet often do I wish I were. You will denominate my calling one of foolish hazard, and perhaps of disgust ; but did you know all, you would judge of me better. I thank you for your attendance ; and if I have succeeded in surprising you, my aim has been won.'

The audience, in the enthusiasm of western feeling, gave the performer three hearty cheers, and retired with wonder-stricken faces. I lingered behind until the last had departed, and stepped into the tent, where the Snake Eater had drawn a few eatables from his knapsack, which he was discussing with considerable relish. I found him sociable, but sad. By degrees, my observations excited a sympathy in his mind ; and, as we sat, toward midnight, in his solitary house of canvass, the dark Mississippi rolling below, the pale stars fretting the vault above, and the far West stretching in dimness around, he thus began :

THE SNAKE EATER'S STORY.

'I AM not, my friend, what you see me. Though regarded hereabout as one who has dealings with 'familiar spirits and wizards,' I am only a heart-broken man, the child of sorrow, and almost without hope. I do not speak thus for your sympathy ; for human sympathy can at best but awaken afresh the wells of mournful tenderness in my breast, without pouring one ray of sunshine upon the troubled fountains ; they must flow on in darkness, without a prospect of day. Listen to me.

'Eight short years ago, with the spirit of adventure stirring within me, I came as it were directly from the walls of a university, in one of the Atlantic states, to this 'far country.' I came with prodigal endowments from my father ; and seeking the *then* frontiers of civilization, embarked in trade with settlers and Indians. I bought furs and sold all kinds of mercantile riches. I prospered ; my capital re-doubled itself, and in all respects was prosperous. You may perhaps desire to know my motive for thus leaving the charms of society, and seeking the seclusion of the wilderness. It was the strongest of motives, *human affection*. An uncle had preceded me. He had a ward, to whom I had been deeply and devotedly attached from my childhood. She was the paragon of her sex. I speak not as a rhapsodist, or with enthusiasm ; for the loveliest being that ever came from the hands of God into this lower world could not excel her for beauty. She made that beauty perfect, by the graces of a mind, pure and clear as the forming diamond. Her voice was melody ; her smile a burst of living and pearly light ; and her calm blue

eyes were the sweet expositors of a sinless affection. The young peach, when the airs and beams of summer have awakened its ripening blushes, or the pomegranate, as it glows among leaves that tremble to the rich chant of the nightingale, surpassed not her cheeks, for bloom or loveliness, when her fair hair was divided on her brow, and fell in masses of waving and silken gold around them. Truly, I loved her with my whole soul. She was my idol; my cynosure; the centre of every desire, and the object of every aspiration.

‘We were married. Time went on, and brought me a bud from the rose that I had established in my green bower of home. We were blest indeed. Aloof from society, though we missed a few of its luxuries, we suffered none of its vexatious and demoralizing corruptions. On Sabbath days, we rode many miles through the wilderness, to worship our Maker in his sanctuary, and hear the word of life from the lips of those who journeyed through the forest on missionary enterprises, and for the edification of the believing; ambassadors from a court, of which the most noble court on earth affords not the faintest emblem.’

‘On the day that our dear little Sarah attained her second year, she was seated by my counter, and her mother was standing by, when three fierce-looking Indians entered the store. They had evidently travelled a long way, for their leggins were torn and dirty, and their feet were almost bare. I recognised one of them instantly, as *The Crouching Wolf*, a desperate being, who hung alternately around the skirts of the settlements, begging for rum, or getting it in barter for small peltry, which he obtained in the chase. Just one year before, he had visited me for the purpose of procuring the fire-water, or ardent spirit. I refused him, and he left me with a vow of future vengeance.

“‘Hoogh!” said he, as he reeled up, with his gruff-looking companions, toward the counter, where my child was playing, and my wife stood: ‘The Crouching Wolf said he would come back. He wants the talking water; he wants that or—*revenge*. He will have *one*!’

‘I tried to reason with him, but he was deaf to reason. He had already tasted from the flagon of one of his red comrades, and the fumes were in his brain.

“‘Come, medicine-man, the Wolf wants the fire-milk. Where is it? He can not wait. His spirit is up, and his forehead is warm.’

‘I saw he grew desperate, but my resolution was fixed: I sternly denied him. It was a fatal denial.

‘He stepped back a few paces, growled some guttural senten-

ces to his companions, and the three then advanced toward my child. I was motionless, and paralyzed with terror. As the Wolf approached my daughter, he drew a tomahawk from his belt, and flourished it on high. I sprang toward him, but was pushed back by his companions. The dear innocent, unafraid, smiled in the face of the Crouching Wolf, and it seemed as if the cheerful purity of her look stayed his vengeful arm. He paused, until a scream from the mother aroused the terror of her first-born. She shrunk back from the relentless savage, while her mother was kept, like myself, at bay, and while her sweet red lip, chiselled like her mother's, was quivering with dismay, she said in childish simplicity :

‘Naughty Indian ; if he hurts Sarah, ma will be angry, and punish him.’ As she said this, she burst into tears—her last for ever !

‘In an instant, the trenchant weapon of the infuriated Indian clove in sunder the head of my babe ; in the next, his excited comrades had murdered the wife of my bosom. I have an indistinct and horrid remembrance of my burning store ; the red fiends yelling over the consuming roof and walls ; my escape to the forest ; the rest was but silence and oblivion. I was a mad-man !

‘Ten months after, I found myself in New-Orleans. I had reached the city, no one knew how ; had been conveyed to a hospital, kindly treated, and discharged as cured ; but an out-cast and a beggar. Misfortunes seldom come singly. My father had died ; and as I had already received my share of his estate, the residue melted away among a host of brothers. My inheritance had been destroyed by the Indians. I was without a home or a friend.

‘How I subsisted, I scarcely know. At last, as I was one day walking on the levee, I saw a group collected around an Indian, who was performing certain tricks from a box, with a rattlesnake. It was the Crouching Wolf.

‘‘The murderer of my wife and child !’ I exclaimed, as I penetrated through the ring, and with one huge blow felled the vile monster to the earth. I seized him by the throat ; I placed my knee upon his breast. In a few moments, he was a distorted and ghastly corpse beneath my feet.

‘My award of retribution was considered just, and no effort was made to arrest me. Availing myself of the box belonging to the Crouching Wolf, which I contended was mine as a debt, I soon learnt the mystery of his art, as it were by intuition. The upper drawer of the box contained the real rattlesnake ; the other,

merely the skin of one, which could be inflated by the breath, at will. The motion of the tongue, which was dried, and had wires within, was produced by loadstone; the movement of the rattles by the same cause.*

‘Filled from the lungs, it could readily be taken into the mouth, and compressed into a very small compass, and while re-passing outward, inflated again. I bought a new snake from a museum, which I killed, and prepared according to the model before me. I could not endure the thought of even using the same instruments formerly employed by the destroyer of all that I most loved on earth, and I turned from his trickery with a feeling of almost positive loathing. A little practice made me an adept in the mystery of snake-eating, and I have since wandered in loneliness from town to town, attempting this curious enterprise. My pecuniary success has been sufficient for my comfort and convenience, and the danger of the feat is only in appearance. With a slight exertion, I can resolve my face into the colors and contortions you witnessed this evening, and which heighten the interest of the spectacle.† But these things can only temporarily divert my thoughts, for I carry within my heart an aching fever, which no prosperity can allay or remove. The objects that *have* cheered me, can cheer me no more. I stand alone in this wilderness world; a mourner and a pilgrim. My visions are of my wife and child; my day dreams are of them; but I must suffer as you see, until I meet them in that better country, where the sun descends not, and darkness is unknown; where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. I can forget my child—for her existence seems to me like a misty trance—in the fond assurance that the sparkling dew-drop has exhaled to heaven; but for the cherished rose that sustained it, I cease not to grieve. Alas, for the wife of my bosom! Well can I say, with one who, perhaps, has loved and mourned like me:

‘ALAS, for the clod that is resting now,
On those slumbering eyes—on that faded brow!
Wo for the cheek that has ceased to bloom,
For the lips that are dumb in the noisome tomb:

* THE writer has now in his possession a curiosity from the far West, in the shape of a large prairie-beetle, which is composed, among other ingredients, of paper and wood. At the end of every claw and feeler, where they are attached to the body, are small bits of lead, impregnated with loadstone. This lifeless imitation performs all the movements of the actual beetle; moves, and extends its limbs, precisely like nature. It would puzzle the profoundest entomologist, on a common examination, ‘to wotte whether that it livedde or was dede.’

† THIS ‘power of face’ is not unusual among the dramatic fraternity. The celebrated tragedian, BOOTH, can easily flush his face with the deepest suffusion of guilt or anger, and at the next moment cause it to bear the livid hue of death. This power often adds a tremendous effect to his personations.

Their melody broken, their fragrance gone —
Their aspect cold as the Parian stone :
Alas ! for the hopes that with thee have died —
Oh, loved one ! would I were by thy side !

‘ Yet the ‘ joy of grief ’ it is mine to bear :
I hear thy voice in the twilight air ;
Thy smile of sweetness untold I see ;
When the visions of evening are borne to me ;
Thy kiss on my dreaming lip is warm,
My arm embraceth thy yielding form :
Then I wake in a world that is sad and drear,
To feel in my bosom — thou art not here ! ’

THE morning had already began to fire the eastern horizon, beyond the distant wilderness, and to sparkle on the river, when I parted with the Snake Eater, and pursued my journey. On my return from the great metropolis of the Mississippi, I found that he had died, and gone to rejoin the lost treasures of his affection, in a clime where Sorrow has no residence, and where neither reptile nor poison can enter.

DRAMATIC ALTERATIONS.

'*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*,' is a saw of all earthly saws the tritest, yet it strikes *pat* upon the Drama. How has that 'department of the fine arts' varied and turned, like an anxious politician, until you can discern neither the ancient coherence of its comely parts, nor its present estate! Divine Shakspeare! couldst thou now revisit the glimpses of the moon, how would thy fine taste be outraged, and thy noble spirit grieved, by the perceiving flashes of inspiration, which centuries ago issued from thy luminous mind, now dimmed by modern playwrights, and diluted into weak flickerings of sentiment! How would it vex thy poor ghost! Verily, the dramatic abominations of the day might create a soul of anger under the ribs of Death.

Take, for example, the play of Richard III. When the bard of Avon made that 'pityful tragedie,' he adhered religiously to historical facts. The language of all the interlocutors was characteristic and consistent. Look at that tragedy now-a-days. Speeches 'like vermin on the lion's crest,' have been introduced as clap-traps, which show a foolish ambition in the fool that made and the zanies who use them; history is distorted—the poet is mangled.

The task would be quite too tedious to point out all the errors which the march of histrionic improvement has engrafted like cankerous buds upon one of the noblest intellectual trees of Shakspeare's rearing. In many instances the subordinates of the bloody play are omitted altogether; and, as in the case of Tyrrell and the young princes, the mere instigators of the murder are made actors in it. Most people, listening to the present performance of Richard III., would be led to *infer*, at least, from the modernized text, that Tyrrell himself was the person who in the night-time flung the princely corpses down the Thames. We miss the passage where the sanguinary and ambitious baronet soliloquizes respecting 'Dighton and Forest whom he did suborn,' to do the deed, and who it is conclusively known, were its diabolical perpetrators. That the young nephews were thrown into the river, is a very general though erroneous impression. History, as we shall see, buries them in the tower.

With perhaps the majority of play-goers, the Drama usurps the province, and supplies the teachings of history. It embalms, for posterity, the floating facts of the olden time; and those heroes have a small chance for posthumous fame who do not exe-

cute some act in their lives that is peculiarly *stage-effectual*, and may be in some way perpetuated by plays. Thus the great Winkelreid of Switzerland, in contrast with William Tell, is comparatively unknown. How important is it then in all dramatic efforts, such as those of the immortal Shakspeare, that the truths of history should never be stretched nor polluted !

There is an eloquent passage in Richard III. ; the soliloquy of the monarch, on the evening before the battle of Bosworth-Field. Its intrinsic beauty makes it acceptable any where, but its utterance by Richard, under the circumstances, is rather out of place. It was originally a part of a chorus, with which many of the prominent acts of Shakspeare's plays were at first introduced, in imitation of the Greek tragedies. The speech of King Henry, also, on receiving news of his son's death, does not belong at all to Richard. It is from one of the Henrys.

How many play-goers have shouted and clapped their hands, pitlings, boxites, and all, when the crook-backed tyrant, on hearing of the capture of his enemy, exclaims :

‘Off with his head ! So much for Buckingham !’

and what hearer of taste has not deemed the expression incongruous and abrupt ? It is enough to say that it is none of Shakspeare's. The self-approving Mr. Tate, who introduced it, is the putative father of the barbarism. So also the dying speech of Gloster, ‘Perdition catch thy soul,’ etc., is an addition by some other mind, and though smooth and forcible, is *not* like Shakspeare.

Perhaps many of the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER are unacquainted with the contemporaneous history of the bloody Gloster, and therefore they cannot object to hearing him spoken of by an ancient and most veritable chronicler, who lived not long after the tyrant's time. Rare and curious indeed is that black-letter tome, ‘Y^e Cronikels of Iohn Stovve,’ wherefrom the following quaint but right credible historie hath been taken.

‘On y^e 4th of Iuly, Richard iij. hee came to the Tower by water with his wiffe, and made 14 knightes of y^e bath.’ During that moneth he had numerous victims arrested as rebels, among whom was one *John Smith* (the name was extant even then) ; and all of whom he charged with a design to fire the city of London, so that while it was burning they might rescue Prince Edward and his brother the Duke of York, out of the tower :

‘Now,’ says the honest Stowe, ‘there fel myscheeves thicke ; and as the thing euil gotten, is neuer wel kept, thorough all Richard's tyme neuer ceased there cruell deths and slawters till his own destruction ended them.

But as he finished his time with the best deth and the most righteous, that is to wit with his owne, so he began with the most pityous and wicked—I meene the lamentible murder of his innocent nevues, the young king and his tender brother, whose death and finall infortune hath natheless comen so far in question that some did remain in dovt whether they were destroyed in his daies or no. But I shall rehearse you the dolorous death of these babes, not after every way that I have heard, but by such men and by such means as methinketh it were hard but it should be true.'

Richard knew that while his nephews lived, he could have no right to the realm, and that therefore their death must ensue. Shakspeare has nobly expressed this in Gloster's famous soliloquy. The manner in which he effected this, is succinctly recorded by Stowe. He tried at first, through his special and trustworthy servant, John Greene, to prevail on Sir Robert Brakenbry, constable of the Tower, to attempt the murder, which that functionary flatly declined. Greene returned with his answer to Richard, who was then at Warwick :

'Secretly displeased, Richard said, on the same night to his secret page, 'Ah, whom shall a man trust? Those that I have broughten up myself, those that I had weened would most surely serve me, even these fail me, and at my commandment would doe nothing for me.' 'Sir, (quoth the page,) there lieth one on your pallet without, that I dare well say to do your grace's pleasure the thing were right hard that he would refuse,' meaning by this Sir James Tyrrell, which was a man of right goodly personage; (modern playwrights make him a ruffian) and for nature's gifts worthie to haue serued a much better prince, if he had served God, and by grace obtained so much truth and good will, as he had strength and wit. This man had an high heart, and sore longed upward, not rising yet so fast as he had hoped, being hindered and kept under by y^e meanes of Sir Richard Ratcliffe and Sir William Catesby, which longed for ne moe partners of the prince's favor. Richard tooke this time to put him foreward, and by such wise to doo him good, that all the enemies he had except the diuel, could never had done him so much.

'Upon hearing his page's wordes, Kyng Richard arose, (for in this communication he had been sitting at the draught—convenient carpet for such a council,) and came out into a pallet chamber, in which he found Sir Iames and Sir Thomas Tirels, of persons like and brethren of bloud, but nothing of kin in conditions. Then said y^e Kyng merrily vnto them: 'VVhat, Sirs, are ye in bedde so soone?' and calling Sir James, brake secretly to him his minde in this mischievous matter, in which he found him nothing straunge. Wherefore on the morrow he sent him to Brakenbry, with a letter by which he was commanded to deliver to Sir James all the keyes of the towver for one night, to the end he might there accomplish the king's pleasure in such things as he had given him commandment. After the which letter deliuered and keyes receiued, Sir Iames appointed the next night ensuing for to destroye them, deuising before and preparing y^e meanes. When the eldest of the young princes was told that his Vncle would be kyng, he vvas sore abashed, and sighed and said, 'Alas, I vould my Vncle would let me haue my liffe yet, though I should leue my Kyngedomme.' Thenne he that tolde him y^e tale, used him vvith good words, and put him in y^e best comfort he could. But forthwith was the prince and his brother both shut vp and all other remoued from them, onely one called Black

Wille, or William Slaughter except, sette to serue them, and see all sure. After which time y^e pryncer neuer tyde his pointes nor aught roughte of himself, but wvith y^e babe his brother, lingred in thought and great heauynesse, till his traitrous death deliuered him of that wretchedness, for Sir James Tirell deuised that they should be murdered in their beds. To y^e execution whereof he appointed Miles Forest, one of the four that kept them; a fellow fleshed in murther aforetime. To him he ioyned one Iohn Dighton, his ovne horse-keeper; a bigge, broade, square, stronge knaue.

'Then all other being remoued from them, this Miles Forrest and Iohn Dighton about midnichte (y^e sweete children lying in their beddes) came into y^e chamber and sodainely lapped them up among y^e clothes, and so be-wrapped them and enstrangled them, keeping down y^e feather bed and pillows harde unto their mouthes, that wvithin a vvhile, smothered and stifled, their sweete breaths failing, they gaue to God their innocent souls into the loyes of Heauen, leauing to the tormentors their bodies dead in y^e bedde. Which after that the wretches perceiued, the first by the struggling with y^e paines of death and after long lying still to be thoroughly dead, they laid their bodies naked out upon the bed and fetched Sir James to see them, which vpon the sight of them caused these murtherers to bury them at the staires foot, meetely deepe in y^e grounde vnder a great hepe of stones.'

When Tyrrell conveyed the news to Richard at Warwick, he was overjoyed at the success of his dreadful and cruel plot. Several chroniclers, Master Moore, Stowe, Howes, etc., assert the tradition that Tyrrell was knighted on the spot. But the consummate hypocrite, Richard, affected to be both chagrined and indignant that the bodies were buried in so vile a corner, because 'they were kynges's sonnes,' and ought to have been interred in a better tomb. It was said that the bodies were afterward removed by Brakenbry, but where, he never condescended to tell. It is not impossible that the skeletons of those unfortunate princes passed by discovery and reversion, into the hands of some ancient doctor or surgeon! Who can tell? Hamlet speculated at a wilder rate than this, and yet with perfect plausibility. He proved by respectable ratiocination, that

'Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.'

Tyrrell was afterward imprisoned in the Tower for treason against King Henry the VII. There, both himself and Dighton were examined, and confessed the murder of the princes as above written; but as touching the places whither the 'fair corpses' were removed, they could impart no information.

A more diabolical event, if we except the sad story of the Cenci, can scarcely be found in history. It seems to have moved the tender heart and aroused the warmest sympathies of the worthy Stowe, who thus 'entreateth' the subject:

'In this wise, as I haue learned of them that much knew and little cause had to lye, were these two princes, these innocent, tender children, borne

of most royal bloude, brought up in grete wealth, likely long to liue, rule and rayne in y^e relme, by traitrous tyranny deprived of their estate, shortly shut vp in prisonn, priuily slaine and murdered—their dainty bodies caste God lie wots where, by the cruell ambition of their Vnnatural Vncle and his dispiteous tormentors. Which things on euery part well pondred, God neuer gaue this world a notabler example neyther in what mischief worketh the enterprise of an hie heart, or finally what end ensueth such dispiteous cruelty. For to begin with the ministres, Miles Forest at Saint Martins rotted peacemeal away, Dighton *indeed yet walketh y^e earth* (he was a contemporary of Stowe) in good possibility to be hanged ere he die. But Sir Iames Tyrel dyed at y^e Towre hill, beheaded for treason; and *kyng Richard himself was slaine in y^e the fiede,* hacked and hewed of his enemies hands; carried on horse-back, dead; his hair in despight torne and tugged like to a Curre Dogg: and the mischeffe that he tooke was within less than THREE yeares of y^e mischeves that he did; and yet all the mean time spent in much paine and trouble outwarde, much feare, anguish, and sorrow within. For I haue heard by credible report of such as were secrett with his chamberlaines, that after his abominable deed done, he neuer had quiet in his mynde; he neuer bedeeded himself sure: whenever he went abroad his eien whirled about, his body priuily fenced, his hand euer vpon his dagger—his countenance and manner like one alwaies ready to strike again; he took ill rest a-nights; lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch; rather slumbered than slept, troubled with fearful dreams: sometimes sodainely started up and leapt out of his bedde, to runne about y^e chamber, so was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled with the hideous impression and awful remembrance of his abominable deede.*

We marvel whether a better description of what might not inaptly be termed an earthly hell, can be found in all history, than the foregoing portrait of Richard, during those three memorable years in which his plans of insatiate ambition were working to their fulfilment. In his immortal play, Shakspeare has caught the very aspect of Gloster's form, and exhibited the concrete essence of his foul spirit. Tyranny must always be miserable to its dispenser; and a crown got and maintained by blood, sits like corroding iron, not on the brow alone, but on the heavy heart of the usurper. Such were the feelings of Richard at Warwick, and of Tiberius at Capræ; and such will ever be the fate of those who rest wrongfully in their regal seats, and abuse their ill-gotten prerogatives. Happily, in modern times, little despotism exists in kingly dominions. The people hold in their hands the balance of power, and monarchs themselves are accountable to their subjects.

* 'AFTER y^e battel of Bosworth Field,' says our worthy historian, 'y^e dead corps of Richard was as shamefully carried to y^e towne of Leister, as hee gorgeously the day before with pomp departed out of y^e same towne; for his body was naked to y^e skinne, not so much as one clout about him, and he was trussed up on horse-back behind a pursuivant at armes like a dogge or casse, y^e head and armes hanging on one side of y^e horse, and y^e leggis vpon the other; and all sprinkled vvith myre and bloud, was brought to y^e Gray-Friers Church, vvithin y^e towne, and there homely buried, when he had rained three yeeres, two moneths, and one day.'

MUSICAL INFELICITIES.

I WAS much pleased by the perusal of the lament of one *Old-school*, in a recent number of the *KNICKERBOCKER* wherein he discoursed with true feeling and discretion upon the theme of Music 'under the Reformation.' True it is, that we receive no longer that auricular gratification from sweet and simple sounds, once commended so delectably to our senses. The reason is obvious. There is a mania among our modern singers for mere *execution*, which drives harmony and melody at once into the shade. I shall treat of this, in connexion with others, as among the chiefest of my infelicities.

Naturally, I have tender ears. As recipients of the different modulations of sound, they are peculiarly subtle. My nervous organization is delicate; and those airs that melted into my soul, and kindled up my heart in my better days, still charm those recesses of thought and feeling with an influence truly magical. The enchantment of association twines itself among the notes, and awakens all the dreams of the past, until the tear is on my eyelid, and the throb of remembered delight trembling in my bosom like a reed shaken by the wind. I return with the elastic and visionary tread of memory, into that Happy Valley of Youth, where I spent the sunny morning of my days. I see the streams sparkling blue and bright along the meadows; the bird chants in the wild wood; the flocks are white on the green hill-side; the herds are cropping the herbage in shady places, and lashing the summer flies, murmuring as they sting; and, above all, swells the pomp of the unsearchable sky, and 'gorgeous companies of clouds.' These, like the pictures of a panorama, ever arise to my mental vision at the sound of music, such as I heard in other times. Mornings, and sunsets, and landscapes that were dear to me of old, throng around me. I give up the present, and live in the past.

But of late these emotions are strangers to my breast, and the pictures have faded from my mind. I hear singers announce and execute songs called by the same names as those I used to hear; but how different their sound! New shakes, quavers, and variations, murder their sweetness at the very portals of my ear, and put all their associations to flight. *Affectation*, too, that bane of good singing, has come so much in fashion, that it is quite impossible to hear a simple song without the modern emendations. If you do, it will be from some fresh-hearted creature,

with affections as pure as the rose on her cheek, who spends a few winter weeks among friends or relations in the city. Then, to a guileless mind, her attractions in music are transcendent, and she shows among the starched, affected demoiselles of fashion, 'like to a snowy dove trooping with crows.' I have a good friend, Kate J——, who now and then comes to the city; and I hail her arrival as a blessing. She sings with simplicity, but with correctness and good taste. She feels what she sings; and does not, parrot-like, repeat the sonorous ejaculations and half-musical intonations, expressive of spurious sorrow or delight, taught by some mortally affected master. I sit by her piano, and in a moment my spirit is wandering in the dominions of recollection, and finds the things of the present to be but as entities of the twilight, flitting unobservedly around.

I have said that *affectation* is now-a-days the bane of social music. And so it is. Your city-bred Miss, following the teachings of her instructor, does not permit her friends to hear, or rather to understand more than half the words in a song. Some of them are butchered on her lips; some of them come forth clipped of their proportions in such wise that you know them not; others are murdered in her thorax. This is not her fault, for she learns and sings 'according to the mode;' therefore her tenderness is *affettuoso*, and her feeling second-hand. If she visit the Theatre, she will hear ladies and gentlemen applauded to the echo, who if they read a song with the pronunciation with which they *sung* it, would be hissed out of sight in a moment. For example, I have heard a fashionable female vocalist, whose name I leave unmentioned, sing Black-Eyed Susan with a pronunciation *exactly* as expressed in the stanza below:

'Yole-d' in the Dunes tha' vlit was moored—
Tha' sydrimures wa-iving to tha' woind,
W'en *black-guard* Zeuzin kim on bo-awd :
Say *war* shall E me tr-r-rew lev foind ?
Tell me, e-ye jovial Zoilars, tell me e-tr-r-ew—
Does e'my zweet William zale am'eng e-yer cr-rew ?'

Now why is it that such errors are tolerated? and that they are *imitated*? The musical old gentleman in Salmagundi, who worked several summers in producing a change in the chimes of Trinity church bells, so that instead of going *di do ding dong*, they might go *ding dong do di*, was far better employed than the masters or the vocalists who inculcate affectation. Let us have *sincerity in music*. It is, of all things, the sweetest and most acceptable. Let the ear have its honestly-desired fruition of harmony, and not be mocked with the shadow of music and feeling, when the substance is wanting.

THE DUELIST.

—'Thou takest a life away —
A holy, human life — the life God gave !'

MILMAN'S 'FAZIO.'

A FEW months ago, in company with a professional friend, I visited a Lunatic Asylum, in the neighborhood of one of our most populous cities. It was a mild autumn day ; of that rich and breathing kind, which wears less of earth than heaven ; when the garniture of the year displays a loveliness like the cheek of Beauty, tinted with the hectic of coming dissolution, which seems more a herald of life and promise, than of death or decay. The institution I have mentioned, stood upon an eminence, surrounded by groves, waving like a mass of rainbows in the air. The scene from its site was beautiful in the extreme. Blue mountains melted afar into the sky ; fair vales and bright rivers smiled and rolled between ; the city was near at hand, with its towers and battlements, 'and banners floating in the sunny air ;' all was delightful, all serene. My spirit received into its inmost depths the harmonizing influences of the view ; and I could not help contrasting the peaceful calmness that lay like a charm upon the landscape around, with the murmurs of phrensy which reached my ear, as I stood with my friend at the great door of the asylum, waiting, for a moment, to enjoy the prospect, before we entered. Voices were heard, in various tone and measure, singing, talking, and howling, in mingled confusion. It was as if Limbo had been dispeopled, and we were listening to the wailings of its miserable inhabitants.

As we entered, I was struck with the regularity and order which every where prevailed in the appearance of the mansion. It seemed a place where Reason, could it be permitted to enjoy so sweet a retreat alone, might wrap itself in the mantle of undisturbed reflection ; where Love might nestle and be delighted ; and from whence the baneful passions of our nature might be utterly banished.

As we strayed along the solemn corridors, catching ever and anon rich views of the distant scenery from the windows and embrasures, I could not but admire the generosity which had planned such a Refuge. It had been very successful. The exertions of its officers and various superintendents had been so well rewarded, as to give pleasure to every philanthropist in the large community of liberal hearts to whom their yearly reports

were submitted. Blessed, surely, of Heaven, will those be, who thus bind up the weary bosoms that have been pierced by the bitter shafts of affliction ; who re-unite the disjointed links of memory and reason, and cause the streams of thought to flow with the renewal of a fresh and healthy impulse, through the soul !

We entered many of the apartments. Several contained females, sitting in gentle abstraction, humming some half-forgotten song, and repeating in audible cadence the disordered images that rose to the mind, like the changeful hues of a kaleidoscope, in a thousand beautiful but fantastic and momentary forms.

At the extremity of a wide gallery, extending the entire length of the mansion, were two rooms, larger than any on the same floor, and, when the doors were shut, with no communication whatever, even in sight, between them. One was occupied by a female, the other by a young gentleman who scarcely seemed

‘ Less than Archangel ruined, or the excess
Of glory obscured.’

He was tall, and of an erect, manly form. He was pacing his apartment, and separated from the observer, as his door opened, by a close iron palisade which extended into the room about a foot from the door. On one ankle was a chain which clanked incessantly, as he strode to and fro through the apartment, like a lion in his cage. He scarcely deigned a look at us, but wandered on, turning at regular intervals, and sometimes pausing for a moment, with flushed features, to place his hand on his forehead, as if to repress a tide of swelling thoughts, which seemed ready to burst the boundary of the brain. His forehead was wide, but not high. Around it the dark hair hung in masses of gloomy shadow, or drooped in the lank dampness of perspiration. There was an expression of stern and implacable bitterness about the lip ; but it was in the eye, that the direful meanings of phrensy were the most convincingly exhibited. The pupils dilated with a fearful expression, while, now and then, he would lengthen and retard his pace, as if measuring a space of ground accurately with his tread. Then he would stand sideways, in a soldier's attitude, and with his eye fixed closely on some distant object, lift his arm to the level of his breast, reach it strongly out from his side, his shifting eye quickly following the curl of his fore-finger, as if taking aim for a pistol shot. In this position he would remain for nearly a minute, at the end of which his eye would close as if from horror ; a shuddering ran through his limbs, and his arm dropped nervelessly by his side. Then he would curse,

and weep *such* tears! They seemed wrung like life-blood from the very fountain of his heart.

'Poor fellow!' said my comrade: 'three years ago, he was one of the most attractive and promising youths I ever knew. He was the best scholar in his class at college, for learning seemed to come to him without an effort. Energetic and ambitious, but with most unbridled passions, he allowed nothing to stand in the way of his desires. He was beloved by some for his freedom of spirit, but condemned by the judicious for the recklessness of his aims. An unfortunate affair has brought him hither; and I, used as I am to histories of crime and sorrow, have never been able to retain a sufficient mastery of my feelings, to relate his story as I know it, even to the most intimate friend. When he first reached the asylum, he was a raving maniac. Several months passed by, and his disorder grew more temperate and mild. There were occasions when he would not for days utter an irrational word. He desired that writing materials should be allowed him, and he wrote many sheets closely full. These he tied together in the form of a book, with fanciful strings of blue and red silk, and used almost daily to read over, marking out, with apparent care, every inelegant or irrelevant word. Earnest hopes were entertained of his recovery, at no distant period, when the admission of a lunatic lady into the opposite apartment, and of whom he caught a glimpse through his open door as she entered, drove him at once into a settled delirium. In this state he has continued ever since. Increasing weakness now marks his disorder; his appetite has declined; fitful ravings disturb his repose; no drowsy potion can calm his mind; and he sometimes, especially in summer nights, howls away the doleful watches, in all the agony of a doomed spirit. A few months, I fear, will seal his destiny.'

The conversation of my friend seemed to have no effect upon the prisoner before us. He appeared wrapt up in the thick darkness of his own imaginations, and gave none but vague tokens that he recognised our presence. Indeed, until then, he had scarcely glanced in that direction. My friend wished to try the effect of a new face upon him, (as he had seen none but himself and a domestic attendant for several months, strict seclusion having been advised). Accordingly, he retired into the hall, and with his extended cane, (himself unseen,) rapped against the threshold, the usual salute.

The maniac turned his face toward me, and started back with wild surprise. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'have you not been to see me before? I have been imprisoned in this cell, by order of

Cleostratus, because I refused to explain his epicycles before the faculty at — college. He wrote a note to them; Socrates signed it, Plato stuck *his* sign-manual on it, and I was expelled! Sir,' he continued, 'they have got Cleopatra in the other room; and she is trying to kill me! Twenty times in a night, with the fire of a demon in her eye, and the poisonous blood coursing over her bosom, does she open that door where you stand, and let loose from a box which she got of Pandora, a swarm of asps and scorpions on my floor. Yes; you know it, for at this moment you are scowling upon me, as if you were leagued with her! Fiend! What have I done to her, or you? Where is my friend? My friend—ha! ha! ha!—*my* FRIEND?'

I trembled at his manner and his words. He continued to go on, in language similar to that I have quoted, uttered without much connection or relevancy, in a voice hollow and sepulchral. The play of his features was agonizing to behold. What can be more terrible than a mind in ruins, 'like sweet bells jangled out of tune?' The stare of natural idiocy is not so painful to receive, because we know, as we look on the sufferer, that he has never fallen from a high estate; but when we meet the glances of a disturbed and restless eye, flashing with phrensy, and shifting every way, as if tossed about by the boiling fervors of a 'heat-oppressed brain;' when we remember that once, perhaps but lately, it shone with the scintillations of wit and reason; then it is, that we can faintly apprehend the inherent greatness, and delicate dependencies of the immortal mind. It is fearful to see the light of God extinguished in the soul; to behold it reduced to a chaos: to note the obscuration of a spark whose divine lustre, next to the vast spheres of heaven, affords the most convincing proof of an ever-watchful and omnipotent intelligence; and assures us that man is indeed 'but little lower than the angels.'

I was so completely absorbed in contemplating the features and movements of the maniac before me, that I felt as if spell-bound in a dream. Whether an influence, akin to sympathy of thought or feeling, is conveyed by a lunatic to his observer, I know not; but certain it was, that every glance, shot from the penetrative eye of the being before me, awakened a new interest in his behalf. He ceased speaking, and walked on, turning with heavy steps, and humming occasionally the faint notes of disremembered music, that came to his mind, half cheerful, half sad; the wrecks, perchance, of sounds that had melted and won his heart in better years. My companion still continued to stand aloof, anxious to know what the consequences of my interview might be. Abstraction seemed to be the maniac's chief characteristic. Bitter

memories, it was evident, were at work in his mind. At last he stopped suddenly, and said in a deep, sober tone :

‘Do you know that my chain reaches to that corner, and that desk ? It does, upon my honor. Yes, upon my *honor*. Men fight for honor, they die for honor, they plunge themselves into rivers of fire and blood—for *honor* ! Oh God ! I have—I have !’

Words cannot convey the desperation of his language, or the horror that sat upon his countenance, as he gave it breath. It was like the features of the thunder-scarred and dark-browed spirit, in Milton, whose cheek, blanched by tempests of dire hail from the treasures of the Almighty, was the throne of care.

Suiting his action to his word, the prisoner approached the desk, and took from it the identical manuscript which my friend had described. ‘I will give this,’ said he, ‘to you. It is a deed of all my property. I bequeath it for your benefit. Now I look at you again, you seem a friend.’ Here, without an effort, or apparent emotion, the large tears came again to his eye. He attempted to reach the manuscript to me, but could not. Instantly he approached the window, and grasped one of the wooden bars which crossed it. With desperate energy, he drew it from the casement, as easily as Samson disparted the withes wherewith he was bound. Tying the colored strings to the bar, he handed the book to me, through the grating which separated us from each other. I took it, and thanked him for his pains. He made me no answer, but stood like an image of stone. He seemed to have dispossessed himself of a burden, and disposed for sleep. He approached his pallet in the corner, and sank so quickly into slumber, that it seemed like the mimic sleep of an actor, in Richard the Third, when the tyrant sees the ghost of the Plantagenets, ‘Clarence and the rest,’ rising around him. His breathing was heavy and slow ; large drops of sweat stood on his temples ; and an occasional groan, as if sounding from the heart, moaned through his lips.

‘Now,’ said my companion, ‘is the time to go. Step lightly, for the least sound will waken him at this hour.’

As we turned from his apartment, my friend moved a little slide before a pane of glass in the door of the opposite room, and bade me look in. A lady was sitting at the window, gazing outward, with a vacant eye, and kissing her hand at the airy nothings of her mind. The noise of the sliding panel attracted her notice. She glanced toward the door. The moment my face was recognised, she sprang toward me. ‘Oh, Henry,’ she said, ‘*are* you come ? How long I have waited for you ! No, no,’ she

added, pushing her fair hair wildly back from her brow, 'you are *not* Henry—no; if you were, you would speak to me!'

I could not speak to her. I was overpowered, bewildered. She was a beautiful being, seemingly not twenty years of age. The ravages of sorrow had thinned her features, and saddened her brow; but her lips were still feverishly full and red; her blue eye, still bright; the hues of fading loveliness, like the *reflected* tints of a damask rose, still lingered in her cheek; and her voice! oh, how sweet and musical, did its gentle accents fall upon my ear! Every word bespoke the stainless purity of the spirit that fate had steeped in ruin.

I could not bear the sight, and a world could not then have compelled me to the utterance of a word. I closed the panel, with a distressful feeling; and taking the arm of my friend, replied to his attentive offers, that I would see no more.

When I returned to my lodgings in the city, I opened the maniac's pages. I have deemed them of interest, and I now give them to the reader, word for word—a melancholy record of passion and crime.

'I AM a man, smitten of God. I seize my pen with a trembling hand, to record some of the events in a life that has not been long, but is yet wearing swiftly to its close. A world of sable images is arrayed before the prospect of my soul. I lift the dismal curtain of fate from the gloom of departed years, and discern, over its scenes of horror, the sun of recollection; bloody and wan, like that pale sphere which hung above Jerusalem, when the veil of the temple was rent in sunder; when they who slept in their graves arose, called from their cerements by the moaning of thunders and earthquakes on a thousand hills. The beams of innocence have vanished for ever from my mind; the roses that opened once around my pathway, are changed for the night-shade and the ivy; my feet have stumbled upon the dark mountains of error; and for the dews of pleasure, or the blooms of hope, I inherit the vulture of regret. Remorse and pain are gnawing at my heart; and like the fabled scorpion in his envenomed circle, I mingle at once the poison of the adder, with the torpor of the worm.

'The misery of years may be compressed into one short page. I shall be brief. What I am now, I was not always. As I sit by my window, and look out from the bars that hedge me in, upon earth and sky, basking in that sunlight which but faintly shadows the smile of the CREATOR, I bethink me of all the past. My soul swells with remembrance, my heart with emotion. It

is the hour of sunset. The great orb rolls slowly down ; he dips behind the western mountains, and in gushes of solemn pomp, ethereal brightness flows over their blue outlines, along the landscape. It is a Sabbath evening—the month is June : the distant bells of the city load the fragrant breeze with volumes of tender melody. Around, are aroma, and peace, and music, and holiness—but not with me.

‘My testimony must be given. I hold my uncertain reason as a boon which a breath may dissolve ; and as its dawning day continues, I must inscribe my record, before the night shall come. Against myself, I am to place upon these pages a fearful witness. I shall write as one on whom the sleepless eye of God looks with a discerning vision. I shall unveil my heart. I will bare to the day the corruption of its motives, and the deed of horror to which they have led ; the thoughts whereof have withered my form, and scathed my brain, like the blast of a samiel. I will call up from their dungeons, the wierd spectres of memory. I will lift the mirror of truth before me, and describe the hideous monster that I behold therein, though the appalling reflection should sere my eyeballs, and make me shudder through every nerve.

‘I have been a scholar and a student. I have gone through the studies and trials allotted to those who delve after knowledge. I have explored the treasures of orators, dramatists, annalists, and poets. I have bent over the breathing pages of Cicero, and Homer, and Virgil ; of Æschylus and Thucydides, Tacitus, and Livy. I have quaffed long and deep at the fountains of ancient lore ; but the only spring that ever cheered me has dried up, and left for my seeking lip the sand alone.

‘I have loved. There lies the secret of my torture and my doom. At the junior exhibition of my class, as I was speaking before a large and brilliant assembly in the University chapel, I saw, for the first time, an object that riveted my gaze and secured my admiration, my affection. She was young, and oh, how supremely lovely ! I paused with a sense of intoxicating transport. Her liquid blue eyes met mine ; her fine Grecian features seemed lit with an unearthly intelligence ; the blush of innocence was on her cheek. The periods of my salutatory dropped slowly from my lips ; I forgot my duties, my honors ; I was ‘clothed upon with love !’

‘When the exercises of the day were over, I made enquiries after the fair being who had so moved me. She was a partial stranger in town, remaining at the dwelling of a relation. A year previous she had visited the city, and been addressed by a class-

mate with whom my terms of friendship were strict and intimate. He had been accepted as her suitor, and the day of their union had already been appointed.

‘Fired with passion, I sought her acquaintance. I met her often; and amidst the attractions of a society not deficient in female loveliness, I found her ever the sole ascendant star. God! how I loved her! I waited upon her footsteps, and bent to her beck, as one that obeys the bidding of a celestial spirit. Her smile was the joy of my heart; her voice the richest music to my ear. But I wooed in vain. With a delicacy, pure as it was engaging, she repelled all my advances, and I could not but see that my friend, Henry Rivers, was the choice of her affection.

‘Rivers was indeed my friend. We had been all in all to each other. But causes *must* produce effects, and coldness soon sprang up between us. He loved May Morton with a perfect idolatry. I was the foul iconoclast, who destroyed both the worshipper and the image. Wo is me!

‘My passion could not be concealed. The pent-up flame defied restraint. One balmy afternoon in spring, I sought the apartment of May Morton. I poured out my soul, in kisses and protestations, on the white, reluctant hand that thrilled in mine. I was answered in tones of melody, whose fatal sweetness haunts me still, that my suit was vain. Rivers was her betrothed—her heart and hand were his own. I heard no more. Pride spread its burning color over my cheek. I ceased to supplicate; I bowed, and withdrew. Weeks passed over me, without a knowledge of existence. A malignant fever brought me to the margin of the grave; and the delirium of passion and sickness was continually upon me.

‘Months elapsed before I recovered. When I came forth again, it was only to hear of the approaching marriage of my rival. A few days were to witness its consummation. In all my sickness, Rivers, forgetting my offence, was my devoted attendant. He was generous and noble. No office was too arduous for his goodness; and through the watches of many a weary night, he kept his vigil by my side. Alas! how was he repaid!

‘As the time drew nigh for the celebration of his nuptials, my vigor increased. I ate but little, yet I seemed to subsist and thrive on thought. A vague idea of some desperate deed beset my soul. What it was destined to be, I knew not; but I felt, inly, as if nerving myself for some dire resolve.

‘How little do we know of our own hearts! During all this period, I could not recognise in myself any hatred to Rivers. I

thought him the happiest of men ; I would have given worlds to have filled his place in the affections of May Morton ; and because *she* did, I thought *I* too loved him. Fatal delusion !

‘I received an invitation to be present at their nuptials. I went, but with a feeling such as I never before experienced. It was the elateness of a desperate mind—the elevation which precedes despair.

‘It was a lovely evening. The guests were met, the feast was spread. I heard the voice of the priest ; I saw the hands of the betrothed united in eternal fidelity. The room swam to my vision ; the smiles that met me were repaid by glances of vacancy or of fire ; and the wine-cup passed my lips untasted.

‘A dance ensued. The music breathed through the scented apartments, like a heavenly epithalamium. Graceful forms were moving in fairy circles ; the viol uttered its harmonies ; all was brightness ; all delight.

‘How it was, I know not, that I approached the happy pair as they stood at the head of a cotillon. ‘Pleasant time, this, Mr. Rivers,’ said I, with a bitter smile, and in a hollow voice ; ‘*very* pleasant—do n’t you think so ?’

‘Indeed I do ; the happiest of my life. My sweet May beside me, and *my own* ! It is like a dream.’

‘Very likely,’ I replied. ‘What a pity it is that so sweet a dream should not be enjoyed by somebody who deserved it.’

‘What do you mean, Sir ?’ said Rivers, the generous meanings of his eye changing to a look of stern inquiry.

‘I mean,’ I responded, with the abruptness of instant falsehood, which could not be contradicted from the grave, ‘that you told young Everts, of our class, that my Oration at the Junior Exhibition was written by you. He is dead now, and can not say to you, as I do, that you are both a liar and a coward. I speak it aloud ; I am heard by all around me ; and I leave you to demand of me that satisfaction, current among all honorable men, which you will not fail to receive.’

‘Rivers was thunder-struck. He gazed at me with a look of mingled pity and surprise. At last he said :

‘Charles, *now I know you*. This is an angry, envious trick of yours, *and I see the motive*. But it shall not avail you. You shall be met, as you desire ; but not to-night. To night, at least,’ he added, addressing his terrified bride, with looks of unutterable tenderness, ‘shall be devoted to rapture and to love. Sir, you will hear from me in the morning.’

‘What were my feelings ! Like Ithuriel in Eden, I stood, hideous and single, in the midst of a scene of loveliness. From

bitter envy and unrequited passion, I had wantonly falsified the truth, and poisoned the happiness of a lovely being, by embroiling in mortal combat the chosen companion of her bosom.

‘I know not how I reached home. I slept as on a bed of fire. In the morning I received a note from Rivers, which I accepted without delay.

‘That afternoon we met. The grey walls of the University, where we had spent so many happy hours, shone through the distant grove, as we measured our deadly paces. The word was waiting to be given; the lengthened solemn tread was made. Rivers held his pistol as if willing to use it on an enemy, but *not* on a friend. I levelled my aim at his heart. I see him still as he stood before me then; the sunshine playing on his chestnut locks and manly forehead; the look of blended pity and consternation that his features wore. He stood with the sublimity of a good conscience beaming from his eye. As I stretched my mortal weapon toward his bosom, he shrank not. He seemed to feel the *moral* advantage that he possessed over me. A whirl of giddy thoughts rushed through my mind, but I had no time for reflection. Some fallen angel whispered *vengeance* in my ear. What had I to avenge? What, but an innocent and mutual love?

‘I held my elevated pistol a shade higher. The word was spoken by the seconds; I drew back my lock, and heard the click of Rivers’ simultaneous with mine. I took deliberate aim; the burning flash warmed over my fingers, the report rang through the grove. Rivers stepped toward me with extended hand; his pistol exploded as it dropped from his nerveless grasp; he brought his open palm convulsively to his breast; he reeled; he fell.

‘I rushed to my fallen friend. The crimson blood was gushing from his heart, over his bosom; the leaden hue of death was beneath his closing eyes; its pallor was on his cheek; its foam on his lips.

‘“Oh, May!” he uttered, with an agonizing groan; and then, as if nerving himself to an act of dreadful energy, he raised himself partially up, and reaching forth his hand, exclaimed: ‘Charles, *I forgive you!* You have killed me without a cause; you will break the fondest heart that ever beat for man; but—*I forgive you!*”

‘The blood now gathered, clotty and smoking, on his purple lips; the gurgling sound of dissolution was in his throat; and in one short moment, his life-current staining the green sward where he fell, he was among the dead.

'I TELL no more. Is it for *me* to describe the funeral ; the grief that brought the widowed and distant mother of a widowed bride to the grave ; the distress that made May Rivers a maniac ? Can I paint the burden of remorse which at last, and for a long, dark period, dethroned my reason ? Shall I revert to that hour to-day, when, an inmate of this dreary place, I saw *her* whom I once loved, as never did a thing on earth, before me ; her fair locks and graceful vestments torn with the struggles of phrensy ; an occupant of the same mad mansion ? No ; the picture is too dreadful, even for a mind that has conceived the deeds and suffered the horrors of mine. At uncertain moments, my brain seems reeling as if a weight of lead were pressed upon its cell ; ghastly forms rise up around me ; hands that would incarnadine the ocean, beckon to me from the dark walls of Evening, and funeral murmurs, like the *wul-wullehs* of the East, come booming from afar. Wo is me ! I am smitten of God !'

HERE the manuscript of the maniac ended. It was with a melancholy heart, a few months after its perusal, that I saw, on a second visit to the Asylum, in the green cemetery of the institution, the graves of the duelist and his hapless victim. The verdant mantle of Spring decked the earth where they slept, with rich fertility. His monument was of dark, gloomy marble ; but the white, simple stone, which shone above the tomb of fair May Rivers, stood like an emblem of her stainless life and her glorified soul. She had gone from earth, like the breath of the Spring-time, or the bloom from its flowers. The memorial that rose above her slumbers was shaped like an urn. On one side, was sculptured 'MAY'—on the other, 'HOPE.' What fitter device could have been made ? Let the shaft or the cenotaph be lifted for the *mind* that has gone to its beatitude, not for the lost grace that is wasting, the lip that is dumb, or the brow that is dim ! In the pale dominions of the dead, 'that have fallen asleep upon the bosom of the earth,' never again to rise on mortal vision, to whom should we build ?

'To Beauty ? Ah, no ! She forgets
The charms that she wielded before ;

Nor knows the foul worm, that he frets
The skin that but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tints which it wore.'

MILITANT ARIAS—BY AN AMATEUR.

NOBODY is cynic or green-goose enough to deny that the present is the age of improvement. Every thing seems to be going onward with a rapidity, the strides whereof may be likened unto the tread of an army with banners. All kinds of systems, social, political, public and private, seem to be better fixed than they used to be. To account for these great emendations on any common hypothesis, would be ridiculous. Hypotheses are remnants of antiquity; and I believe the age can yet be found able to dispense with them altogether. The time is not distant, I fancy, when conclusions will be jumped at without argument, and when Truth herself (I believe I have hit the gender of that respectable stranger) will come out of the well where her troglodyte limbs have so long been cooling, and lift her mirror on high to irradiate the benighted brains of every son and daughter of Adam.

I say it is difficult to account for these grand emendations on any common cause; but I have one to which I refer them uniformly, and it is to my mind of a very satisfactory nature. Modern philosophers have discovered that, in the matter of light, the extremities of comets have scattered new substances into our atmosphere, and that when these eccentric characters are in perihelio, their tails are peculiarly bright and flashy. Now, my impression is, that the light of these comets, thus generously disbursed from their hinder sides, in an intermittent diarrhœa of glory, is conveyed by some principal of induction to the mind of man; that the subtile rays act specifically upon some cranio-logical bump of his head, inclining him to love music, poetry, politics, horse-stealing, or any thing of the sort, according to the character of the organ in which these rays may settle. To some, they convey high fiscal notions and a love of locomotion, as in the case of Mr. Nazro, the classical teacher, who has such rapid habits and extensive relations, and who charges \$100,000 per year, for the finishing of a scholar in his Biblical Instruction. To my own mind, I am sensible that there has been conveyed a strong portion of light on the subject of musical adaptation, and my ears have been acted upon to a considerable extent by the same principle. I never witness any public amusement of late, that I do not begin to reflect on some way in which music might be made to help it on; and being an ardent though blind admirer

of European customs, I join in that sublime chase in this science, and in other matters of about the same importance, with which a large majority of my comet-stricken fellow-citizens seem interested. But to my subject.

I was lounging the other day, on one of the luxurious sofas of the Washington Divan, and sipping a cup of delicious coffee, and looking at the fine paintings and various periodicals hanging and lying around, when I took up that elegant paper, *Bell's Life* in London, and straightway fell into a train of deep reflection, as I sent my eye up and down its columns, upon the great prevalence among the *gentlemen* of England, of those lofty and dignified amusements, so cheering to intelligent minds, which are yet almost unknown in this country. I worked myself by degrees into a paroxysm of high-bred indignation, that our imitative gentry had copied so sparingly from these great transatlantic examples, in pastimes so pleasing to humanity and healthful to the soul. I had touched the climax of my regret, when the following advertisement caught my gaze :

‘COCKING.—A main of cocks will take place on Wednesday the 6th inst., at the *Royal Cockpit*, West Green, Tottenham, for £5 the battle and £50 the odd, between the gentlemen of Middlesex and Kent; to fight in silver. *Feeders*, GUMM and HAWICK.

‘Three whole days’ play will be fought at Bristol on the 19th inst., and the two following days, between the gentlemen of Gloucestershire and the gentlemen of Somersetshire, for £10 the battle, and £100 the main. *Feeders*, GRANT, for Somersetshire; BUMM, for Leicestershire.’

As I peered over this notice, a train of luminous thought, rapid as the scintillations of a meteor, burst upon my mind. Why, said I to myself, has not this accomplished sport of cock-fighting been more extensively introduced into this meridian? and why should it not be *done to music*? How few, alas! how very few of the intelligent gentlemen of this country have ever taken an interest in these gladiatorial rencontres between exasperated fowls; or reflected upon the admirable manner in which their contests might be associated with instrumental sounds, and their jumps, pecks, and gaff-kicks, be timed with crotchet and quaver! To the honor of a few remote Kentuckians, or Indiana Hoosheroons, this eminent sport has found a few advocates in those distant quarters of our republic. Is it not time that the practice were forbidden to waste its exclusive elegance in the haunts of rural life, and that it were introduced into our cities? Should not cock-pits be built by the sale of stock, and capacious coops be laid in? Should not *feeders* be imported, to deliver lectures on the subject; and ought there not to be competent composers engaged, who shall produce a series of *militant arias*,

by means of which the cocks could fight with precision, and the ears of the audience be simultaneously delectated? For the credit of the nation, and of the growing taste for operative, *active* music, I ask, can this solemn appeal be resisted? I think not.

Some churlish, old-fashioned denizens may deem this plan infeasible; but I can tell them otherwise. Let us secure the importation of one of those foreign fowl-supervisors. Bumm, for instance, 'Cock-feeder to the gentlemen of Leiscestershire;' let him be installed as manager of the New-York Metropolitan Cock-pit; and let the musical department be entrusted to some passionate master of the science, who feels the spirit of his trade; and I warrant me the concern will prosper beyond hope. Our people need to be advanced in these lovely refinements, and I ask leave to explain how it can be done.

Let the pit be opened as the theatres are at present. Let the curtain rise on the feathered combatants, standing each by his feeder, looking grim as Tophet, and his plumage quivering with impatience. Chanticleers, and fowls of that genus, without distinction of sex, are peculiarly susceptible to music. Martial melody seems to impregnate them with the very spirit of evil. At the juncture in question, let their pugnacious propensities be roused by horns, bass-drums, and such like soul-stirring instruments. Let the audience hear the gathering storm of sound which impels the fighters onward, every note kindling their adventurous intentions, and 'sticking in their crops' with ominous energy. What an interesting picture is thus presented!

'SEE to their desks Apollo's sons repair—
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair;
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon;
In soft vibrations sighs the whispering lute;
Twang goes the harpsichord—too-too, the flute;
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French horn, and rings the tingling harp;
'Till like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,
Attunes to order the chaotic din.'

After the overture, let the fighting begin, to slow music. Let the fiddlers scrape out the gaff-time; and if the cocks do battle 'in silver,' let the music be made to imitate the jingling of that pleasant metal. As the combat deepens, the various instruments should express the growling discord; and when the unsuccessful cock begins to give in, let that peculiar burst of melody called a *collywabble* by the cockneys, which expresses something between a squeal and a wheeze, he ecstasised forth from the bowels

of some ancient fiddle, cracked for the purpose. This would be truly interesting; and when the discomfited fowl gave his final flutter, let his act of tumbling over be accompanied by that 'strain which has a dying fall.'

A full blast of fac-simile cock-crowing should then proceed from the orchestra, significant of victory. After this, a gush of soft, low airs should denote the end of the strife, and express in descriptive measures, the falling of the feathers that have been antagonistically educed from the combatants during the fray, and which will just then be floating naturally around. The *finale* could be selected with propriety from the variations of Jim Crow. Should an after-piece be required, a set-to between the feeders might come off, before the assembly.

This sketch is very imperfect; but it embodies a conception which I have long groaned withal, and of which I am proud; namely, the establishment of Cock-fighting by Music. The plan is stupendous, I know; and, like all great undertakings, will probably meet with opposition; but the march of Taste will cause it to succeed. Humanity, decency, dignity, and other cabalistic words, of no particular import, may be employed against it; but this refined amusement must make its way, and float sweetly into favor, under the smiles of Euterpe. I am now in active correspondence with my worthy friend ADRIAN Q. JEBB, Esq., private cock-feeder to an English nobleman whose name I am not at liberty to disclose; and I am happy in believing that he will yet visit America, to instruct our aristocracy in the *modus operandi* of his profession.

I merely mention my plan at present, owing to the want of time, and shall perhaps make further disclosures to the public hereafter. In the meanwhile, I will merely remark, that subscription books for the Metropolitan Cock-pit will soon be open, and the script ready for delivery. The opening address is being prepared by the celebrated author of 'The Antediluvians;' and the whole establishment will be well appointed, in all respects. I anticipate the co-operation of every fellow-citizen, whose veins contain any gentle blood, and who can trace his pedigree back to his grandfather without stumbling on an artisan. It is to such, fit audience though few, that I commend my enterprise.

BRUMMAGEM.

BIG LIARS.

THERE can be no doubt of the fact, that Lemuel Gulliver has, in modern days, enjoyed too exclusive a reputation as a fictionist. Munchausen has laurels which, though partly deserved, are somewhat too exuberant for his deserts. Congreve showed his knowledge of liars, when he made one of his dramatic characters say to another :

‘Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee,
Thou Liar of the first magnitude !’

Pinto was great in his way, but he was a poor romancer, compared with Sir John Mandeville. The elastic credulity of that gentleman could take in a mountain of mendacity. Marvels, that were such to others, were trifles to him ; and with respect to the stories he heard in his travels, however gross they were, his great belief had stomach for them all. We design to rake up a few of his wonders, and by comparing them with those of Pinto, prove conclusively that the latter is immeasurably *distanced*, as also are Rabelais, Munchausen, Gulliver, and indeed the whole olden tribe of pencillers by the way-side. We will begin with the Portuguese.

His travels were of one-and-twenty years’ duration. They were made in the kingdoms of Ethiopia, China, Tartary, Cauchin-China, Calaminham, Siam, Pegu, Japan, and a great part of the East Indies. They were ‘done in English by H. C., Gent, printed by J. Macock,’ and were ‘to be sold by Henry Herringman, at the sign of the Blew Anchor, in the Lower Walk of the London New Exchange,’ in the year of grace 1663. Poor Pinto ! He suffered much ; and Cervantes has blackened his memory by calling him the Prince of Liars. Among the various sovereigns of the East with whom he sojourned, and in whose various battles he fought, he does certainly give accounts of violence, and misfortunes, and scenes of bloodshed that are somewhat enlarged ; but he does not *expect* them, we imagine, to be believed. In his wanderings, he ‘five times suffered shipwreck, was sixteen times sold, and thirteen times made a slave.’ He went first to the Indies, then to Ethiopia, thence to Turkey. Here he was purchased by a Greek, (he was then a captive,) and sold to a Jew. Then he was ransomed, and passing to Goa, was received into the service of the king of Portugal. Here he is engaged in astonishing battles, sees the strangest sights, and

does the daily labor of Hector. Here is one of his largest lies. 'While coasting the ile of Sumatra,' he saith, 'we entred a litle River, and saw athwart a wood such a many adders and crawling creatures, no less prodigious for their length than for the strangeness of their formes, *that I shall not marvel if they that read this history will not believe my report of them.*' With this preamble, he emboldens himself to say: 'Those of this country assured us that these creatures are so hardy as there be some of them will set upon an Armada, when there is not above four or five men in her, and overturn it with their tails, swallowing the men *whole*, without dismembering them!' Gathering confidence as he gets on, he observes:

'In this place also we saw a strange kind of creatures which they call *Caquisscitan*; they are of the bigness of a great goose, very black and scaly on their backs, with a row of sharpe pricks on their chins, as long as a writing pen; moreover they have wings like unto bats, long necks, and a little bone growing on their necks resembling a cock's spur, with a very long tale, spotted black and green, like unto the lizards of that country; these creatures hop and fly together like grass-hoppers; and in that manner they hunt apes, and such other beasts, whom they pursue even to the tops of the highest trees. Also we saw adders that were copped on the crowns of their heads, as big as a man's thigh, and so venomous, as the negroes of that country informed us, that if any living thing came within the reach of their breath it died presently, there being no remedy nor antidote against it. We likewise saw others not copped on their crowns, nor so venomous as the former, but far greater and longer, with an head as big as a calf's.'

In the course of his wanderings, he somehow got into the service of the king of China, during which time the city of Nanquin was attempted to be taken by the king of Tartaria, but his army was sorely discomfited. Mark the result. 'Now,' says Pinto, 'after they had taken an account of all the dead, there appeared four hundred and fifty thousand, the most of whom died by sickness, as also an hundred thousand horses, and three score thousand rhinocerots, which were eaten in the space of two months and a half, wherein they wanted victual; so that of eighteen hundred thousand men, wherewith the king of Tartaria came to besiege Pequín, he carried home seven hundred and fifty thousand less than he brought.' From carrying on an armament against the king of Mattaban, Pinto becomes ambassador to the court of Calaminham, whose extraordinary magnificence he especially describes, and thence sails down the great river Ritsey, whose banks, if we may believe him, are stocked with maryels. He makes particular mention of 'certain tawny men, who are great archers, having their feet like oxen, but their hands are like unto other men, except that they are exceedingly hairy.' He saw, beside, 'men named *Magares*, who feed on wild beasts,

which they eat raw, such as serpents and adders ; they hunt these wild beasts, mounted on certain animals as big as horses, which have three horns in the middle of their foreheads, with thick, short legs, and on the middle of their backs a row of prickles ; all the rest of their body is like a great lizard ; beside, they have on their necks instead of hair, other prickles, far longer and bigger than those on their backs ; and on the joints of their shoulders short *wings*, (the real hippogriff!) wherewith they fly, as it were — leaping the length of five or six-and-twenty paces at a grasp.'

Let us now see how Sir John Mandeville bears away the palm in *his* Travels, 'werein is sett down y^e way to the Holie Lond, or Lond of Behest and Hieruzaleme ; as also to the londs of the Great Caan, and of Prester Iohn ; to Indy and diverse other countries, with manie and straunge merveilles therein.' His tour was commenced in 1322, and ended in 1356, making thirty-four years' absence from his native land. He went first to Egypt, and engaged in the service of the Sultan of that country, Melek Maderon. His religion at last induced him to leave that court for the Holy Land. Thence he went to Tartary, where, with four other knights, he was in the service of the Great Chan. His object of travel is thus expressed : 'And for als moche as it is long tyme past that there was no general passage ne vyage over the see ; and many men were desiren for to here speke of the Holy Lond, I, John Mandeville, knyght, that was born in Englund, in the town of Seynt Albones, albeit not worthi, passed the see in the yeere of our Lord Iesu Crist MCCCXXII., in the day of Seynt Michelle, and hidre to have ben long tyme over the see, and have seen and gone thorghe divers londs, and manie provinces and kingdomes, and iles, and have passed thorghe Tartarye, Lybye, Calde, and a gret partie of Ethiope ; thorghe Amazoyne, Inde the less and the more, a gret partie, and thorghe-out manie other iles that ben abouten Inde ; where dwellen many divers folkes, and of divers manners and laws, and of divers schappes of men.'

Mandeville seemed to labor under a kind of mental *elephantiasis*. Nothing was too large for his credit. In dragons and evil spirits, that carried on their ambulatory carnival on earth, and appeared constantly to the 'stark staring eyes' of men, he had the fullest belief ; in fact, if we may trust him, he met with them in great abundance, and saw their nests, as it were, where most they bred and haunted. 'In Ethiope,' as we learn from him, 'are such men that have but one foot, and they go so fast that it is a grete marvel ; and that is a large foot, for the shadow there-

of covereth the body from sun or rain when they lie on their backs.' In the island of Macameran, which is a 'great ile and fair,' he says 'the men and women have heads like hounds; they are reasonable, and worship an ox for their God; they are good men to fight, and bear a great target wherewith they cover all their body, and a spear in their hand.' The population in the island of Tarkonet, which he visited, receive this mention: 'In this ile, all men are as beasts, and dwell in caves, not having wit to make houses. They eat adders, and speke not, but make such noises as the beasts do one to another.' He proceeds: 'There is another ile called Dodyn, and in the same ile are many and divers sorts of men who have evil manners. The King of this ile is a great lord and mighty, and hath in many iles other kings under him; and in one of these iles are men that have but *one eye*, and that is in the midst of their front; which eat their flesh and fish all raw. And in another ile are men that have *no heads*, and their eyes are in their *shoulders*, and their mouth in their breasts!'

This gives Mandeville our 'suffrages' as a superior of Pinto. No doubt his work was familiar to Shakspeare, who unquestionably took from it the information which Othello conveyed to the grave and reverend seniors, in his great Defence, wherein he spoke

—'Of antres vast and deserts idle,
Of cannibals, that did each other eat,
And of the Anthropophagi, *men whose heads*
Do grow beneath their shoulders.'

Mandeville continues: 'And in another ile nigh-by, are men that have ne head, ne eyen, and their mouth is in their shoulders! Another ile is there, where be men that have flat faces without nosen and without eyen, but they have two small holes in lew of eyen, and they have flatted nosen, withouten lippes. And also in that ile are men that have their faces all flat, without eyen, without mouth, and withouten nose, but they have their eyen and their mouth behind, on their shoulders!'

The old knight was a perfect Yankee in inquisitiveness. These are his reasons for going to Tartary. We give them in his own quaint language: 'And yee schalle undirstond that my fellowes and I with our zomen, we serveden this Emperour (of Tartary) and weren his soudyoures fifteen moneths agenst the kyng of Mancy, that held war agenst him. And the cause was, for we hadden grete lust for to see his noblesse, and the estat of his corte, and all his governance, to wyt gif it were soche as we herden say that it was.'

He regretted, when at Jerusalem, in the Land of Behest, that he could not find many of the relics of our Saviour's crucifixion. He gives this account of some of them: 'A part of the crown wherewithal our Lord was crowned, and eke one of the nales, and the speer's hed, and manie other relicks, are in France and Paris, in the kyng's chapelle. This crown was made of junks of the see; half whereof is at Paris, and the other at Constantinople; and the speer's shafte the emperour of Almanay hath. Likewise the emperour of Constantinople saith that he hath the speer's head—and *I have seen his.*'

It was a subject of great regret to our traveller, that he did not visit *Paradise!* a place which he approached 'very nearly,' but concluded somehow not to enter. We wonder not at his scruples of unworthiness, after the large stories he had previously told. Yet on reflection, we can hardly conceive that, after recording those stupendous narrations, he could shrink from any enterprise. But although he did *not* visit Paradise in *propria persona*, he leads us to infer that he met a great plenty of persons who *had*; and he offers us his information on the subject, with an air of earnest confidence, as if he could not be gainsayed. He knew very well, (if he disbelieved his own story, which is doubtful,) that contradiction was almost impossible, since travel, in those days was a matter of Herculean enterprise, seldom entered upon, save by Quixottes errant, and wights of suspicious integrity of brain. Therefore he was at liberty to speak as he did of the place beloved by our first parents, and where often

'Hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
That ever since in Love's embraces met:
Adam the goodliest man of men, since born
His son's, the fairest of her daughters, Eve.'

He does not enter, like the sublime and imaginative Milton, upon a picture of the verdant coverts of laurel and myrtle, the bright acanthus, the roses, jessamines, crocus, and hyacinth, that 'broidered with rich inlay' that holy ground; but he simply saith: 'Of Paradys ne can I not speken properly, *for I was not there.* It is far beyond, and that forthinketh me: also I was not worthi. This Paradys is enclosed all about with a wall, and men wyt not whereof it is made, for the walls beinge covered all over with mosse, as it seemeth: and that wall stretcheth fro the South unto the North, and it hath not but one entree, and that is closed with Fyre-brenning.' This idea of the burning fire at the gate of Paradise he derived without question from the early Scriptures, wherein is recorded the ejection of Adam and Eve from Eden, whom God sent forth to till the earth *et collocavit ungelum qui*

præferebat manu igneum gladium, ut custodiret aditum Paradisi.
Indeed the hints of many of his gratuities are drawn from the Sacred Writings, which are thus perverted and obscured to his reader.

We have written enough, we think, to convince the most skeptical that Mandeville is a præminent fabulist, worthy to stand like a Colossus among the great Fibbers of the Past. A closer comparison of his claims to distinction in this regard, will add fresh leaves to his crown. We have not forgotten the Pantagruel and Gargantua of Rabelais; the tin horn and cherry-tree of Munchausen; the Lilliputians that beset Gulliver, nor the extraordinary means which he subdued great conflagrations withal; but for 'large discourse' in fiction, we prefer Mendez Pinto to all of them, and Mandeville to Pinto.

LAFAYETTE AND WASHINGTON.

AN ADDRESS PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, EASTON, PA., JULY 4, 1840.

THE events which bring a Nation up, as it were, on one day simultaneously together, to worship near the high altars dedicated by virtuous patriotism to the genius of liberty, and the expansion of the dear rights of mankind, are of all others, the most ennobling. They constitute the landmarks by which Republics are guided in their career; they furnish the test whereby men of eminence in a state are tried, and distinguished, or forgotten. On *any* day, connected with the history of a great man who has done good to his country, there teems a consecrated interest. Why is it, that on certain occasions in the experience of every country but those which are purely despotic, the universal heart of the people throbs forth in sympathetic unison; that men and women gather together, the one with their energy and pride of presence, the other with the graces and blandishments, which give superior beauty and glow to existence; to celebrate, perhaps the release of a continent, an empire, or a section, from bonds and confusion, into brightness, and liberty, and peace, and to remember, with pleasure and pride, the lofty spirits who ministered to so glorious a consummation? Why is it, that on such occasions, even reverence wants language, and the spirit of Eulogy has neither boundary nor curb? It is because, in a just-minded nation, those who mourn, must triumph together; because, where we lament the upright and the lost, we can yet reverence and cherish their example for the living.

In addressing an Association such as that before which I have now the honor to appear, and which combines, with its own title, that of the institution of which it is, in one high sense, a part, it is impossible, that on a day like this, I could perceive, with regard to the distinguished and immortal names of LAFAYETTE and WASHINGTON, a divided duty of remembrance. They were both soldiers of Liberty; both were in the van-guard of independence and of freedom; and how few things may be said of the one, which are not equally due to the other! Let it be our task, then, humbly to develope the greatness and the goodness evinced in the course of each; briefly to show forth the

high and holy motives by which they were guided—the honorable means and influence they employed in pursuing the advantages of which each was successfully the seeker and guide; and the manner in which, after well-spent lives, they were enabled to look back upon the fruits of their labors with contentment concerning the past, and glorious hopes for the future.

In the College and the Society bearing these two names, there is discernible, in their very *adoption*, the spirit of consistent and faithful freedom. LAFAYETTE and WASHINGTON, though born in different countries, and under different auspices, were yet kindred spirits. They were reapers, sent forth into the abundant harvest-field of revolutionary triumph. Each of these immortal men seemed conscious that he had come into the world, with lofty acts depending on his soul and arm, and which he must fulfil. History tells how they were carried to their completion.

In treating of the character of LAFAYETTE, it has been too much the custom of our writers and speakers to refer, with more particularity and emphasis, to the course of greatness and benefit which he pursued here so brilliantly on American ground, and in the infancy of the American republic; even when, though a republic in spirit, it had not quite acquired to itself the name. But fondly and gratefully as we may dwell upon those crises and adventures in his wonderful history, there is a double beauty in his earliest and latest efforts for liberty at Home. He was ever on the side of just laws; but against tyranny of every name, he waged perpetual warfare. Of high birth, and exalted, noble connexions, the false chivalry and deceptions of Courts appeared to have no charm for his frank and open mind. His aspirations were of a higher order. Who, in England's history—I speak with no invidious comparisons between that country and France—has appeared with the same outset, blandishments, and inducements to engage in the cause of royal successions, ever turned in his mind, to make them consonant with the cause of freedom, or else to leave them?

When, in the calm surveys of history, Time seems to yield up his trophies, and death to restore the mouldered victims of his voiceless band; and we read of the crimes that cursed, or the bright deeds that blessed a century, we can draw our comparisons between the man who is merely great from ambition, without being good, or he who is at once, in uniform act and intention, from youth to age, both great and good together. Let us, for example, compare the deaths of Cromwell, or Richard of Bosworth field, and that of Lafayette at La Grange. Crom-

well, full of unquenchable passions, was fierce and desperate to the last; and how died he, who, with Plantagenets, and turmoils, and murders, held his very life a mystery, to be solved as Fate might utter, caring not for deeds of darkness or a wounded name? Roll back the tide of years, and see him: the fragrance of Summer is in his nostrils, as he gazes through the midnight upon the watch-fires of the armies, and hears the armorers accomplishing the knights, and the neighing war-horse waiting for the noise of the captains and the shouting; but his spirit is ill at ease; the merit of defeat which is due him, he knows full well; and the light of his star has a baleful significance, as he sinks to his troubled rest. *Then,*

Mark the sceptred traitor slumbering!
 There flit the slaves of Conscience round;
 With boding tongue foul murders numbering—
 Sleep's leaden portals catch the sound.
 In his dream of blood, for mercy quaking,
 At his own dull scream! behold his waking!
 Hark! the trumpet's warning breath,
 Echoes round that vale of death.
 Unhorsed, unhelmed, disdainful shield,
 The panting tyrant scours the field.
 Vengeance! he meets thy doomful blade!
 The scourge of earth, the scorn of Heaven—
 He falls—unwept and unforgiven,
 And all his guilty glories fade.
 Like a crushed reptile in the dust he lies,
 And Hate's last lightnings quiver from his eyes!

Sprague's Ode to Shakspeare.

Thus perished one of the most famous dukes of England! How did the Marquis of La Grange expire? As the setting sun descends to his beautiful evening pavilion, with gorgeous companies of clouds waiting around him, until in the bright waters of the West, he sinks to 'where his islands of refreshment lie!'

When LAFAYETTE came to America, with a noble apprehension in his heart, that our great crisis could not transact itself without him, his native land was just fermenting into a condition, wherein, if he had been so basely-minded, he might have attained an eminence, commanding half that kingdom. What he did *here*, we know; how he co-operated with the 'Saviour of his Country,' for her good; the wounds of his green youth, at Brandywine; his coping with Cornwallis, who declared that 'the boy should not escape him;' his forced marches to Virginia; the liberality with which he poured out, like water, his treasure and credit for the welfare of those troops, who were but too happy to

serve under him ; the siege of Yorktown ; his repeated return, after his first visit, together with his efforts in Spain to assist the American cause, which peace happily rendered unnecessary ; these facts are but household words, on American tongues. Thank Heaven ! they are words that come from the heart, and yet have no gloss of newness, or of momentary show. Let us bear in mind, that on his last return, but one, to France, after being elected to the membership of the National Assembly, he was appointed the Commander-in-chief of the National Guards of Paris, two days after the celebrated attack upon the Bastille. How might the effect of this attack have worked upon the mind of a hero, *wrongly* ambitious ?

History answers this question, in the biography of so many persons that it would demand and deserve volumes to chronicle, either their doings or the consequences of those doings. Records or annalists, BAILLY, DUSAULX, BESANVAL ; not to name innumerable others, by letter or printed page, kept up the record of that dreadful time, as pictures for posterity. How triumphantly could LAFAYETTE have careered upon that storm ; not only with glory, but without danger ? And yet, politically speaking, it was, for a season, the *Euroclydon* of France. Even in our far-off western America—‘our own green forest-land’—the scenes of the Revolution in France were familiar to youthful minds and eyes, and reveries ; and the keeper who let forth ‘The Aged Prisoner, Released from the Bastille,’ was ranked with Giant Despair, of Doubting Castle, in the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ of BUNYAN, who accidentally condescended to sleep, or be indifferent, or otherwise engaged, while his victims were departing.

Such were even the rudest notions here, of an event which struck awe through France. It awakens our highest admiration of LAFAYETTE, that while he might have profited in wielding, at this moment, the Parisian populace at will, he sought no power, not justly and purely derived. The flag of France received, at that time, as it were, from his hand, the last emblem of the tri-color ; and his prophecy has been fulfilled, that it passes in triumph around the world. He had seen, in America, that honest revolution was not disobedient to honest domestic laws ; and with that glorious lesson before him, he followed it in practice to the utmost, until his death. He showed, in all things, that he was in very deed a *republican*. In opposing, with Bailly, the Jacobin club ; in swearing, in the name of four millions of National Guards, fidelity to the Constitution ; in advocating the extinction of empty titles of nobility, and renouncing his own ; in the dungeons of Austria ; in his watchful, yet characteristic

course with that great captain of his age, Napoleon; in the revolution of eighteen hundred and thirty—and in the serene decline of his many and useful years—who, and how few, of the various military and civil dignitaries, that in Europe have risen, and shone, and fell, have been his parallel?

It has been said by a distinguished and far-reaching spirit of the nineteenth century, that there is that within the life of the humblest mortal, which, well considered, would furnish forth the substance and material of an epic poem. If that be true, that must be a daring mind, a mind of utter leisure, and with a strong and sustaining wing, which would attempt to pour forth, in verse, the deeds of daring and of greatness, of comprehensive benevolence, and Christian virtue, which signalized LAFAYETTE. What an extended and changeful picture unfolds itself, in connexion with his last visit to our shores! A boundless continent, which, when he had before come among us, was the abode of a terrified population; of wild beasts of prey, and wilder savages, glutting, whensoever and wheresoever they could, their thirst for human blood, had begun to bud and bloom, and blossom as the rose. Cities, towns, and villages, had sprung up to beautify the waste places of the republic; and where streams which might cross the Atlantic, were beforetime shadowed with interminable forests, he beheld the smoking chariots of Fulton, gliding in their majesty and might; innumerable marts, gilding and suffusing with life and business, the length and breadth of the land; a *united* people; a sacred constitution; and the prospects of a nation, brilliant beyond the utmost blazon of the pencil, of the pen. Where the Delaware slept near its springs, in calm tranquillity or overshadowed murmurings, he saw the marks of glorious improvements, linking realm with realm in our confederacy; and her institutions, grants, and intellectual Associations, perpetuating his name.

Let us now briefly turn to WASHINGTON. We can not do the injustice to any here present to suppose it requisite to particularize the great events in the career of that incomparable man. But, if this republic ever incurs the charge of being ungrateful to her largest benefactor, next to the ALMIGHTY, it will be when it shall be considered *repetition* to venerate his character and laud his deeds. We will not go over the red battle-fields of his country, where he shone in conquest, or signalized his military stratagie in retreat. The whole synthesis, so to speak, of his character, was to deserve success, and he ever achieved it. The character of WASHINGTON was such that it overawed those who

plotted against him, and discomfited his enemies. When he rebuked an Arnold, we seem to see, in that office, the action, and almost to hear the voice, of Cicero against the Roman conspirator, while he charged him, in the senate, with having, on the previous evening, at M. Lucca's house, divided Italy into shares with his accomplices; some for the field, and others for the capitol. WASHINGTON had the power of making a corrupt ambition quail before him, at the same time that he caused the effects of that ambition, through precept, not through example of his enemies, to operate in his behalf. In this, there was something more than the hero. He, who on the field of battle, could call his indomitable legions, and 'perpetual glories round him,' in the wars of the republic, could, in his walks of peace, invoke the co-operation and the counsel of the philosopher and the Christian. In the laws of God, he saw and recognised the laws of man. He heard the voice of the people in favor of a course upon which he could look back at its close with satisfaction and with pride; and he recognised it as the voice of Heaven, which first called him to the field of conflict, and crowned his efforts for his country with abundant success. He never knew what it was to *falter*, in any undertaking. With an estimate of chances in his mind, which bespoke not only the man of caution, but the man of nerve, he shrunk from no enterprise. The result showed that he regarded *the right*, which he was to vindicate, in the truest light. He knew that he was not laboring for himself; the glory that pertained to the performance of genuine duty, he was aware would accrue to him, in an abundant harvest; but this, with him, was a secondary consideration. So thoroughly was his great mind imbued with the truth, that one who devotes himself rightfully and sincerely to his country, becomes, of consequence, whether successful or unsuccessful, an heir of fame among all the sons of freedom, that he acted always on that principle, in the midst of the severest trials to which his military and civic career was subjected. He replied to calumny with silence; against artful and hidden opposition, with which he triumphantly contended, he opposed only the shield of his own rectitude, and appealed only, as a guaranty for the future, to the past records of his career of glory. While state after state, combined to do him honor; after a brilliant military and civic life, he retires to Mount Vernon, in quest of his much-loved repose, which the best of men have ever loved; and like the pure Scipio, on the Cumæan shore, addressed themselves in their privacy to the benefit of mankind. In this position, as himself did, we have leisure to survey the calm bright-

ness of his nature, and the inestimable value of the services he had rendered to freedom throughout the world. There is an analysis of his character, by his friend and faithful adviser, and the philosopher of his age, the illustrious MARSHALL, which has never been surpassed by any American or European pen. Nothing can be added to it, without producing tawdry ornament, or blind hyperbole; nothing taken away, without diminishing the wonderful and perfect symmetry of the whole.

‘The manners of WASHINGTON,’ he tells us, ‘were rather reserved than free, though they partook nothing of that dryness and sternness which accompany reserve, when carried to an extreme; and on all proper occasions, he would relax sufficiently to show how highly he was gratified by the charms of conversation, and the pleasures of society. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and indescribable dignity, unmingled with haughtiness, of which, all who approached him were sensible, and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship, and enjoyed his intimacy, was ardent, but always respectful. His temper was humane, benevolent, and conciliatory; but there was quickness in his sensibility to anything apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to watch and correct. In the management of his private affairs, he exhibited an exact yet liberal economy. His funds were not prodigally wasted on capricious and ill-examined schemes, nor refused to beneficial, though costly improvements; they remained, therefore, competent to that expensive establishment, which his reputation, added to his hospitable temper, had in some measure imposed upon him, and to those donations which real distress has a right to claim from opulence. He made no pretensions to that vivacity which fascinates, or to that wit which dazzles and frequently imposes on the understanding. More solid than brilliant, judgment rather than genius constituted the most prominent feature of his character. As a military man, he was brave, enterprising, and cautious. That malignity which has sought to strip him of all the higher qualities of a general, has conceded to him personal courage, and a firmness of resolution which neither dangers nor difficulties could shake. But candor will allow him other great and valuable endowments. If his military course does not abound with splendid achievements, it exhibits a series of judicious measures, adapted to circumstances, which probably saved his country. Placed, without having studied the theory or been taught in the school of experience the practice of war, at the head of an undisciplined, ill-organized multitude, which was unused to the restraints, and unacquainted with the ordinary duties of a camp;

without the aid of officers possessing those lights which the commander-in-chief was yet to acquire, it would have been a miracle indeed had his conduct been altogether faultless. But possessing an energetic and distinguishing mind, on which the lessons of experience were never lost, his errors, if he committed any, were quickly repaired; and those measures which the state of things rendered most advisable, were seldom if ever, neglected. Inferior to his adversary in the numbers, in the equipment, and in the discipline of his troops, it is evidence of real merit that no great and decisive advantages were ever obtained over him, and the opportunity to strike an important blow never passed away unused. He has been termed the American Fabius; but those who compare his actions with his means, will perceive at least as much of Marcellus as of Fabius in his character. He could not have been more enterprising, without endangering the cause he defended, nor have put more to hazard, without incurring, justly, the imputation of rashness. Not relying upon those chances which sometimes give a favorable issue to attempts apparently desperate, his conduct was regulated by calculations, made upon the capacities of his army, and the real situation of his country. When called a second time to command the armies of the United States, a change of circumstances had taken place, and he meditated a corresponding change of conduct. In modeling the army of seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, he sought for men distinguished for their boldness of execution, not less for their prudence in council, and contemplated a system of continued attack. 'The enemy,' said the General, in his private letters, 'must never be permitted to gain foothold on our shores.' In his civil administration, as in his military career, were exhibited ample and repeated proofs of that practical good sense, of that sound judgment, which is, perhaps, the most rare, and is certainly the most valuable quality of the human mind. Devoting himself to the duties of his station, and pursuing no object distinct from the public good, he was accustomed to contemplate, at a distance, those critical situations in which the United States might probably be placed, and to digest, before the occasion required action, the line of conduct which it would be proper to observe. Taught to distrust first impressions, he sought to acquire all the information which was attainable, and to hear without prejudice all the reasons which could be urged for or against a particular measure. His own judgment was suspended until it became necessary to determine, and his decisions, thus maturely made, were seldom, if ever, to be shaken. His conduct, therefore, was systematic, and the great objects of his administration were steadily pursued.

Respecting, as the first magistrate in a free government must ever do, the real and deliberate sentiments of the people, their gusts of passion passed over without ruffling the smooth surface of his mind. Trusting to the reflecting good sense of the nation for approbation and support, he had the magnanimity to pursue its real interests in opposition to its temporary prejudices, and, though far from being regardless of popular favor, he could never stoop to retain, by deserving to lose it. In more instances than one, we find him committing his whole popularity to hazard, and pursuing steadily, in opposition to a torrent, which would have overwhelmed a man of ordinary firmness, that course which had been dictated by a sense of duty. In speculation he was a real republican, devoted to the constitution of his country, and to that system of equal political rights on which it is founded. But between a balanced republic and a democracy, the difference is like that between chaos and order. Real liberty, he thought was to be preserved only by preserving the authority of the laws, and maintaining the energy of government. Scarcely did society present two characters, which, in his opinion, less resembled each other than a patriot and a demagogue. No man has ever appeared upon the theatre of public action whose integrity was more incompatible, or whose principles were more perfectly free from the contamination of those selfish and unworthy passions which find their nourishment in the conflicts of party. Having no views which required concealment, his real and avowed motives were the same; and his whole correspondence does not furnish a single case, from which even an enemy would infer that he was capable, under any circumstances, of stooping to the employment of duplicity. No truth can be uttered with more confidence, than that his ends were always upright, and his means always pure. He exhibits the rare example of a politician, to whom wiles were absolutely unknown, and whose professions to foreign governments, and to his own countrymen, were always sincere. In him was fully exemplified the real distinction which forever exists between wisdom and cunning, and the importance, as well as truth of the maxim, that 'honesty is the best policy.' If WASHINGTON possessed ambition, that passion was, in his bosom, so regulated by principles, or controlled by circumstances, that it was neither vicious nor turbulent. Intrigue was never employed as the means of its gratification, nor was personal aggrandizement its object. The various high and important stations to which he was called by the public voice were unsought by himself: and in consenting to fill them, he seems rather to have yielded to a general conviction that the interest

would be thereby promoted, than to his particular inclination. Neither the extraordinary partiality of the American people, the extravagant praises which were bestowed upon him, nor the inveterate opposition and malignant calumnies which he experienced, had any visible influence on his conduct. The cause is to be looked for in the texture of his mind. In him, that innate and unassuming modesty, which adulation would have offended, which the voluntary plaudits of millions could not betray into indiscretion, and which never obtruded upon others his claims to superior consideration, was happily blended with a high and correct sense of personal dignity, and with a just consciousness of that respect which is due to station. Without exertion, he could maintain the happy medium between that arrogance which wounds, and that facility which allows the office to be degraded in the person who fills it. It is impossible to contemplate the great events which have occurred in the United States, under the auspices of WASHINGTON, without ascribing them, in some measure, to him. If we ask the causes of the prosperous issue of a war, against the successful termination of which there were so many probabilities; of the good which was produced, and the ill which was avoided during an administration fated to contend with the strongest prejudices that a combination of circumstances, and of passions could produce; of the constant favor of the great mass of his fellow-citizens, and of the confidence which, to the last moment of his life, they reposed in him—the answer, so far as these causes may be found in his character, will furnish a lesson well meriting the attention of those who are candidates for fame. Endowed by nature with a sound judgment, and an accurate, discriminating mind, he feared not that laborious attention which made him perfectly master of those subjects, in all their relations, on which he was to decide; and this essential quality was guided by an unvarying sense of moral right, which would tolerate the employment only of those means that would bear the most rigid examination, by a fairness of intention, which neither sought nor required disguise, and by a purity of virtue which was not only untainted, but unsuspected.

Such was WASHINGTON: a combination and a form where every human grace and virtue appeared to have set an indelible seal. If we look at the various peculiarities of the various great men, for example, of the ancient republic, we shall find that he embraced the good ones of them all:

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car,
At Battle's call;

His Scipio's virtue; his, the skill,
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

The clemency of Antonine,
And pure Aurelius' love divine;
In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway,
And stern command:

The faith of Constantine — ay, more —
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.*

But the crowning glory of WASHINGTON'S course, was its close. Nothing could be more glorious than such a life, but such a death. Encircled by his family; watched by eyes that loved him, and attended with tender ministrations, his body parted from his soul, and that immortal guest of his earthly tabernacle ascended to Heaven. As that hour approached, his contentment and peace were indescribable. He saw, if his thoughts were then momentarily of earth, through the long vista of coming years, the grandeur and beauty of a new republic, made free by his hand; teeming with all kinds of riches, and filling with a virtuous and well-governed people. How beautiful a prospect! We read, of late, of the death of a king of Europe, who, when on his dying pillow, caused a mirror to be placed near his bed, that he might see his army defile in their glittering uniforms before him; an insubstantial picture—mere shadows on glass, showing in a most striking emblem, how the glory of this world passeth away. But WASHINGTON had retired from *his* armies; throughout the land,

‘Glad Peace was tinkling in the farmer's bell,
And singing with the reapers:’

and he had no regret in his hour of departure.

Can we scarcely refrain from allowing to that hour, the unutterable splendor of an apotheosis? He had fought his warfare; he had left his testimony for the rights of men, and obedience to Heaven; and is it too much to imagine him looking, at his last moment, toward Heaven, with his dying eyes, and exclaiming with chastened rapture:

‘WHAT means yon blaze on high?
The empyrean sky,
Like the rich veil of some proud fane, is rending;
I see the star-paved land,
Where all the angels stand,

* Coplas de Manrique.

Even to the highest height, in burning rows ascending ;
Some with their wings outspread,
And bowed the stately head,
As on some errand of God's love departing,
Like flames from evening conflagration starting ;
The heralds of OMNIPOTENCE are they,
And nearer earth they come, to waft my soul away !'

MEPHISTOPHILES IN NEW-YORK.

‘MILLIONS of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.’

THE BARD OF EDEN.

WHEN the last moon was new, at the hour of midnight, I ascended to the house-top of my dwelling, to pass an hour in silence and meditation. ‘The solemn skies, fretted with dazzling stars, and ‘thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,’ rose sublimely above me. The winds of autumn surged and murmured in my ear, as they swept from distant woods and waters, filling me with profound and lofty imaginations. There are few things so impressive to my fancy as the moaning of autumnal winds. They stir the painted leaves with a melancholy rustle; the faded honors of the summer sink upon their wings, and they float onward like the sighs of mourners at a funeral, or the voice of some viewless spirit, infusing into the awe-struck mind a vision of eternity. At this time, I was peculiarly chastened and subdued. I thought of the frailty of my being; of the friends I had lost, and of the uncertain tenure wherewith those who remained were folded to my bosom. I thought of the re-visitation of immortal intelligences on the earth; and as a mass of many-colored foliage, whose tendrils had overrun a towering edifice near me, waved to the breeze, meseemed I heard the accents of buried friends, coming back to my hearing as in vanished days. A deep feeling of mystery stole upon me; a sense of awe, which I can not describe. ‘What,’ I soliloquized, ‘should prevent the communion of embodied and disembodied souls? Why should there not come to us, in these sad and spiritual hours, the habitants of other and brighter worlds, to tell us that beyond this dim diurnal sphere, where change and decay are ever occurring, there are places where the loves of the heart are not broken by death; where the flowers are forever in blossom, and no eye becomes dim? It is a sweet and tranquilizing thought. It lifts my soul, and I feel that I am immortal. Why should we not mingle with the departed, in spiritual communion? Do they not come to us sometimes; are they not present with us, though we know it not?

— How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, can we hear
Celestial voices?

And who has not *seemed* to hear, in dreams and reveries, the accents of the departed ?

Filled with these thoughts, I sat upon the house-top, watching a few clouds that lay along the West, over the dim hills of Jersey. They were of curious and fantastic shape, continually changing, like the palest colors of a kaleidoscope. At last, one of them appeared to separate in a waving fleece from the rest, and to approach the city. Flakes of fairy light seemed playing around it as it came, and as it passed over the river, the reflection, like a golden column, trembled in the water. A light mist soon gathered about me ; an odor, like the pure breath which we sometimes inhale on high mountains, hovered near ; and in the twinkling of an eye, the cloud took a human shape. Huge wings expanded from its shoulders, tinct with innumerable hues ; form and features were established before me ; and a Spirit, full of beauty and intelligence, passed by my side, and paused where I stood.

‘Fear not,’ said the Spirit, in tones whose awful sweetness still lingers in my ear, ‘I am thy better angel. Thou thirstest for knowledge ; thou art poring evermore over ancient books, and uncouth tomes in difficult characters, to study man. Thou needest better helps for thy desire. Thou hast need to look, and to see thy fellows ; to compare the fate of those whom thou mayest envy or pity, with thine own ; then wilt thou feel at thy heart the voice of contentment and the charm of tranquility.’

As I heard these words, I looked up, and lo ! the Vision was gone. All was stillness around me ; but by my side there lay a telescope of pearl. On its edge, in letters of light, it was thus written :

‘Mortal ! by this gift thou art endowed with the faculty of *unobstructed sight*. That which bounds and circumscribes the observation of others, shall have no power over thine own. Walls and gates shall melt before thy glance, as thou lookest : the human heart shall be unveiled before thee, with all its wonders. Gaze, then, mortal, and remember as thou gazest, that thy supernatural present is of short duration.’

I lifted the mysterious object with a trembling hand. I raised it to my eye, and directed it toward the street beneath me. A flood of light seemed to play around the direction in which I turned, and every thing became visible. The Great Thoroughfare, over which so many thousands had walked during the day, was solemn and deserted. A few faint lamps, almost obscured by the superior radiance which flowed from my instrument, could be perceived, twinkling in feeble rows afar, stretching to the

glimmering waters of the bay. At intervals a belated reveler went reeling to his home.

I gazed with eager attention. Now and then, I could perceive a familiar visage. At last I beheld, standing by the steps of a proud mansion, a youth whom I recognised as an admirer of one of its young inmates. He was holding by the railing of the steps, and looking up with maudlin eyes toward a window whose shutters were tightly closed. No one was considered more exemplary in life and conduct than himself. He was a communicant of the church, a devout reader of prayers on Sunday, and one whose responses in the litany were ever solemn and sonorous. He was betrothed to the damsel of whom I have spoken; while she, unknowing of his declining goodness, wasted upon him all her wealth of love.

I lifted my instrument to the window where the intoxicated youth was gazing. The wall and casement melted away like a scroll; and I saw, kneeling by a bed-side, a young lady in prayer. Her hands were clasped in earnest supplication; she lifted her dove-like eyes to heaven, and implored blessings for her beloved one, until her cheeks were wet with tears. Then rising, she sought her pillow, and shading with rich locks her sweet face, sunk into slumber.

I moved my glass and looked yet farther. A wall melted again from my vision; and in a beautiful apartment, studded with splendid furniture, a lady reclined upon an ottoman, rocking to sleep a cherub babe. Her tears fell fast, as she mused; and now and then a feeble wail escaped her lips, half lullaby, half sigh. Ever and anon, the infant would 'ope its violet eyes,' and smile with its coral mouth upon the anxious mother who kept a vigil by his side.

'Sweet boy!' she faltered, 'would that thy father were come!' and then she kissed the babe, with fond enthusiasm. She continued alternately to sing and weep. Soon, I beheld a door open, and the husband enter. Care sat upon his features. His forehead was shadowed as with a cloud. He sat down by his wife and child, in sullen despondency.

'Well, my love,' he said, with firm and resolute accents, 'a change is coming upon us. Heretofore we have been affluent, luxurious, and as the world said, happy. Gold has been ours in benevolent profusion. With me, how prosperous has been the world! My ships have returned to me with the treasures of other climes; enormous profits have ensued from my adventures; and Hope herself has never belied her promise. Now we are changed. I have been inspecting my accounts; my losses have

quadrupled my gains for the past year ; in short, Louisa, we are almost beggars ! What shall we do ?

‘ We will trust in God,’ said his affectionate wife, pressing her lips to his forehead.

‘ Oh, none of this !’ replied the impatient husband ; ‘ there is no balm in your lips to heal my sorrow. It cures not my distress, it brightens not my prospect. We have too much of loving acts, while poverty stands at our door. I like not your inappropriate affection. As my favorite Middleton sings :

‘ Is there no friendship betwixt man and wife,
Unless they make a pigeon-house of wedlock,
And be still billing ?’

No, Louisa, take little Charles to his couch, and do you retire also. I would be alone. I will come to you soon. Leave me alone.’

The wife obeyed, and retired to her apartment. Then I saw that the countenance of the husband settled into a look of solemn and calm resolve. He fastened close the door through which his wife and child had retired, and carefully surveying the apartment, drew a pistol from his bosom, and placed it on the table before him. His face grew pale. Desperate thoughts were struggling in his mind. ‘ Yes,’ he muttered, ‘ I might as well die as live. *She* will be happier, if she returns a widow to the roof of her revered parent, than she would to remain with me ; a *broken merchant*, a depressed, degraded citizen, a ruined man. Were it not better that I sink at once into the grave, and bury my sorrows in its bosom ? Oh yes ; for there the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. No treacherous friends can there repay my goodness with ingratitude, or make the name which has been recorded for their benefit, a mockery and a by-word. With *what* countenance could I meet my astonished friends, after the hour of *three* to-morrow ! I should shrink from every gaze ! No ! thanks to this friendly weapon, I can escape beyond the frowns and curses of man. *I will die !*’

My heart knocked audibly against my ribs, as I saw the melancholy merchant make his deadly preparations. He cocked the pistol ; he unbuttoned his waistcoat, and parting the bosom of his shirt, placed the fatal instrument against his heart. He paused a moment. ‘ I must write to Louisa—I must ask her forgiveness.’ He took up his pen, and began to write : he laid it by as suddenly as he grasped it.

A beam of light seemed to play across his forehead as he laid it down. ‘ There is one hope,’ he whispered, with a kind of

nervous chuckle in his throat, 'one hope to cling to. I will try its promise; I will adopt the plan it has suggested. I know it is desperate; I know it is wicked; but God forgive me! The insufferable agony which tempts me—the bitter thoughts which madden my spirit—may *they* excuse me!'

He arose, and arranging his habiliments, sought the street with a stealthy and hurried tread. No barrier concealed him from my view. I followed his course as he passed through several thoroughfares, until I traced him to a vile and obscure lane, where he paused before a dwelling far too elegant for the neighborhood in which it was situated, and entered. My glance was close upon his foot-steps. He continued his way through a dusky corridor, and knocked loudly at a glass door, before which hung a curtain of blue silk. It opened; and what a scene appeared! Stretched through a long saloon, were some twelve or thirteen card-tables, each surrounded with victims and victors. Groans, curses, and laughter, were confusedly mingled together; some of the multitude were pale with rage and fear; others almost frantic with joy. It seemed a blending of Paradise and Pandemonium.

The merchant approached one of the tables, and obtaining a seat, took out his pocket-book containing a bank-note of twenty dollars. 'It is all on earth,' he murmured, with a sigh, 'that I can call my own! If I should lose, then I myself am lost, forever: if I win, I live. God help my poor wife and child!'

The play was *rouge et noir*. The merchant changed his note at a side table, and bet in fives. *He lost*. Fifteen dollars were swiftly swept away. The last five was staked. *It won!*

He played again and won: he went on. Note after note rustled in his hand: he redoubled his ventures, and the duplicate harvests still continued to come into his garner. His eye beamed, his cheek was flushed, and he laughed ever and anon with a convulsive joy. Thousands on thousands rolled into his possession. His partner was a young *blood* about town; a prodigal of that class depicted by Thompson in his *Castle of Indolence*:

—'A gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy, gay, enamelled all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer air.
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care:
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them share:
His father's ghost from limbo lake the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.'

There seemed to be no end to the success of the merchant. Chance was *his*, and he soon received all his opponent's funds.

‘How much have you lost?’ he inquired of the loser.

‘Oh, curse it!—just a trifle. I had between eight and nine thousand dollars when I came: I had lost only a few hundreds when you entered. You have the rest, and my good Sir, I wish you joy of it. Thank the Lord, I have got enough more.’

‘Believe me,’ said the merchant, ‘you shall not lose it. I will restore it to you, and that ere long.’ My success has saved my life,’ he whispered: ‘and *now* to my Charles and Louisa! Chance has preserved me, and I shall *not* be a bankrupt. I shall meet my demands to-morrow! I am safe!’

He burst from the ‘*Hell*’ where he had played, and hastened home. That door which closed upon him did not hide him from my gaze. I saw him hurry to the bedside of his wife and child, and kneeling there, he whispered a fervent and humble prayer for forgiveness of his Maker.

* * * * *

It was his first game—but not his last. The lapse of two weeks saw him crowned with independence, and his victim clandestinely paid. Fortune smiled upon his sudden purchase and disposal of estates; and when I next saw him by day, the envy of his fellows, and apparently the happiest of his kind, I thought, ‘How few can know like me, that but so lately his life depended upon the hazard of a cast!’ . . . AND *what* a hazard was that! Gambling is a magical stream, in which, if you but wet the sole of your foot, you must needs press on, until the waters have closed over you forever. That husband and father died a despairing, wretched gamester, leaving his family a prey to poverty and sorrow.

LANGUAGE.

THE capabilities of our vernacular are not duly appreciated. Without going back to the simple strength and sublimity of the *mater linguarum*, or discussing the merits of any other tongue that has prevailed since the brick-layers and stone-masons of Babel fell into a state of *strike*—either for want of order, or for higher wages—we venture to observe that the English tongue is the richest in the world. Its sublimity is ‘compound-ed from many simples,’ and sources, as any one may know by consulting the pages of that burly and bilious philologist, Sam. Johnson. Latin, Greek, Saxon, German, and eke the French, may especially be found in the garner of its circumscription. It is capable of infinite diversity. The multitude of its synonyms, the full array of its adverbs and adjectives, render it indeed the best of languages.

We have said thus much, in order to pave the way for a few specimens of the graceful *expansion* which a short phrase in English may be made to *undergo*. Refinement seems to be the increasing passion of the time, and language is forced to partake of its prevalence. Several of our contemporaries have caught the polishing mania, and the clothing of common thoughts in holiday suits, and of setting some dwarf of a phrase upon the stilts of embellishment, have become universal.

We think that we were the first to give an impetus to this innovation on the occidental side of the Atlantic. It is not so generally bruited as it should have been, either on the continent of America, or throughout the boundaries of Europe, or in Ispahan, Jeddo, Jerusalem, or Bagdad, that ~~we~~ first refined that well-known adage of ‘proceeding the entire swine’—the *indivisum porculum*. That stupendous conception was our own; and to whomsoever may charge us therewith, we own the soft impeachment, looking to the public to protect our bays.

Hereunto we append some fresh doings, of a similar kind. Two of the saws have exotic trimmings; the others are indig-enous. We grew them:

ORIGINAL. Go to the Devil and shake yourself.

IMPROVED. Proceed to the Arch-enemy of Man and agitate your person.

OR. *Of one who squints.* He looks two ways for Sunday.

IMP. One who, by reason of the adverse disposition of his

optics—a natal defect—is forced to scrutinize in duple directions for the Christian Sabbath.

OR. Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.

IMP. Enumerate not your adolescent pullets, ere they cease to be oviform.

OR. Sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander.

IMP. The culinary adornments which suffice for the female of the race *Anser*, may be relished also by the masculine adult of the same species.

OR. Let well enough alone.

IMP. Suffer a healthful sufficiency to remain in solitude.

OR. None so deaf as them that won't hear.

IMP. No persons are obtuse in their auricular apprehension, equal to those who repudiate vocal incomes by adverse inclination.

OR. Put a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil.

IMP. Establish a mendicant on the uppermost section of a charger, and he will transport himself to Apollyon.

OR. Accidents will happen in the best of families.

IMP. Disasters will eventuate even in households of the supremest integrity.

OR. A still sow drinks the most swill.

IMP. 'The taciturn female of the porcine genus imbibes the richest nutriment.'

OR. The least said, the soonest mended.

IMP. The minimum of an offensive remark is cobbled with the greatest promptitude.

OR. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good.

IMP. That gale is truly diseased, which puffeth benefactions to nonentity.

OR. A stitch in time, saves nine.

IMP. The 'first impression' of a needle on a rent obviateth a nine-fold introduction.

OR. A nod's as good as a wink, to a horse that is n't blind.

IMP. 'An abrupt inclination of the head, is equivalent to a contraction of the eye, to a steed untroubled with obliquity of vision.'

OR. 'Tis a wise child that knows its own father.

IMP. That juvenile individual is indeed sage, who possesses authentic information with respect to the identity of his paternal derivative.

OR. There's no accounting for taste.

IMP. The propensities of the palate defy jurisdiction.

OR. Two and two make four.

IMP. (As per Sam. J.) The number four is a certain aggregate of units: and all numbers being the repetition of an unit—which, though not a number in itself, is the parent, root, or original of all number—*four* is the denomination assigned to a certain number of such repetitions.

OR. Three removes are as bad as a fire.

IMP. The triple transmission of a household, with chattels, from one domicil to another, is as vicious as a conflagration.

Here we pause. For the nonce, our speculation has done its worst.

FREE TRANSLATIONS.

‘*Multa absurda fingunt.*’

CAMBESARTUS.

WHO has not amused himself in his classic hours, in making free translations? There is a kind of intoxication in it. The Oxford student who completed a travestie of all the books in Homer's *Iliad*, must have had a glorious time of it; for Mel-esigenes was not beyond the power of ridicule, and Socrates long remembered the quizzing of Aristophanes. Some of those old and choice spirits in the *Spectator*—Johnson, Addison, and their coterie—with all their veneration for the blind Bard of Greece, could not refrain from showing up his occasional ‘sinkings in poetry.’ They cite the passage where he compares a warrior in the midst of a desperate contest, to a jackass surrounded in a corn-field, with peculiar pleasure, as a scrap of pure bathos. It is Shakspeare's, and of course Nature's, truth, that no earthly thing, however good, is insusceptible of some gross admixture; and I think the mode in which college boys murder the dead languages, (forgive the bull,) is, so far at least, a complete verification of a saying quoted in substance from one who, according to Ben Johnson, understood ‘small Latin and less Greek.’

I am getting deplorably rusty in my memory of free translations. My brain used to be stored with them; yet I bethink me now of but one. It was made by an unhewn fellow, in his freshman year; and I have heard it quoted by my friend Lemuel Turquoise, (the finest observer of the burlesque in all my *clique*,) with an orotund fulness that would have pleased the discriminating and subtle ear of RUSH himself. Here it is:

‘Old Grimes is mortuus, that agathos old anthropos —
 Nunquam videbimus eum plus;
 Usus est to habere an old togam,
 All ante-buttoned down!’

Verses of this kind are arbitrary in their construction, and the pause or accent can rest anywhere the reader chooses to fix it. At the moment I record this, many other renderings come suddenly to my mind; but such reminiscences, though indescribably

pleasing to me, have no charm for the public. I associate them with the hearty, laughing faces of school companions who have been swept from my side by the course of circumstances and time; some of whom are pursuing their destiny in other lands; some dead; some on the wave, in the service of their country. How soon do our better hours and opportunities wane into things that were!

Among the free translators of small Latin scraps in modern times, I reckon Thomas Hood to be the very best. He is himself alone. In his annual he furnishes many, and they are always good. They generally serve as mottos for pictures. I recollect a few of these, and will set them down. One of his plates represents a female cook, 'doing' some meat in a frying-pan. The fat, or grease, has increased to the overflow, and the whole dish is in a blaze. The brawny arms of the maid are uplifted, and her countenance indicates the utmost perplexity and consternation. The motto is, '*Ignis FAT-us!*' Another sets forth a mad bull, with his tail curled in air, his nostrils expanded, and his whole port bewildered. He is surrounded by a crowd of gaping rustics. Motto, '*De Lunatico Inquirendo!*' In one of these sketches, a specimen of French is given. An English cockney is depicted riding in a private coach, on a French highway. He is passing a field of oats; and the postillion, accidentally stretching out his whip in that direction, says to his horses, 'Vîte — vîte!' — (*quick*; equivalent in this case to 'Go ahead!') 'No,' says the cockney, thinking himself addressed, and the field the subject, 'no, them ar'nt *w'cat* — them's *hoats*!'

Some odd translations have been done into French, from the English. One of the Parisian authors, in rendering the passage,

— 'Out, brief candle,
Life's but a walking shadow,' etc.,

from Shakspeare, gave it thus:

'Sortez, sortez, vous courte chandelle!'

Namely:

'Get out, *you short candle*!'

But I am persuaded that the French make fewer blunders than their neighbors across the channel. A regular John Bull, wishing to shut the mouth of a drunken hack-driver at Calais, said to him in a pompous and menacing voice: '*Tenez votre langue: vous êtes en liqueur!*' The equivalent English of these words, rendered as they stand, is ludicrous enough.

Of all the free translations, however, that I ever met with, commend me to a work recently published in London, from the pen of one John Bellenden Ker, Esq., A. S. S., etc., entitled, 'An Essay on the Archæology of Popular Phrases.' Having been favored with this work by a transatlantic friend, I take the liberty of presenting a few specimens of the author's stupid ingenuity to the American public. He gives a large number of nursery ballads and common adages; and by the most distorted construction, traces them either to the Anglo or Low Saxon. The absurdity of these translations constitutes the only claim to attention, preferred by this queer etymological. Nothing can be more laughable than his derivations, several of which I proceed to serve up. The first I select is the common phrase, 'Oh, the pride of a cobbler's dog.' Mr. Ker refers it to the Saxon: '*Hoe die prijkt op de kopplers doogh!*' i. e. 'Oh, how this person prides himself!' 'He is as poor as a church mouse.' '*Het is al pur als hij ghiere moes:*' i. e. 'He is reduced to be importunate for victuals.' 'He does not care two straws for her.' '*Het deught niet gar toe's troren vor hær!*' i. e. 'It is not worth while to grieve for her!'

I can not refrain from giving one specimen of the Nursery Ballads, with Mr. Ker's original definition.

'Cock-a-doodle-doo—
 Dame has lost her shoe:
 Master's broke his fiddle-stick,
 And don't know what to do!'

'Gack en duijdt het t'u,
 Di'em aes lost ter s'du;
 Mij aes daer's brok es vied t'el stick,
 End doet nauw wet tet u!'

The definition is: 'Dolt of a peasant!—your life is a hell upon earth; you are so foolish as to delight in hard work,' etc.

From the quizzical parodies which this work has excited abroad, I subjoin the following. It is by the editor of the London Examiner, who, after some study of Mr. Ker's glossaries, felt himself *au fait* at his system of etymology. He gives this *liberal* interpretation of 'God save the King.' The Saxon, if it be not as pure, reads at least as well as Ker's:

'God save great George our King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King!
 Send him victorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King!'

'Goets aef gregte Gorgch oor Kynck!
 Lon glyff oor nobblekin;
 Goets aef thee king!
 Sen dym vych toe rye oose,
 Lonkturane o vyrues,
 Goets aef theeking!'

Definition—(*free!*)—'Foolish is the idea of a government compounded of a king, an hereditary peerage, and a popular representative assembly; it is foolish altogether! Under such a state of things, the taxes become insupportable, and the people are be-

sotted by the priesthood, and live miserably under bad laws ; it is foolish altogether !'

Not content with Europe as the arena of his researches, Mr. Ker has embraced America in his derivative enterprise. Here is a phrase that he has most learnedly illustrated ; one that until quite lately was never heard of out of the United States. If Mr. Ker's *humbug*-were not absurd, it would be criminal. Strange to say, it has many implicit believers :

'He went the whole hog'—in the sense of he went the whole length, took a deep interest in, made it his own business: '*Hij wendt de hold hoog.*'
i. e. 'He turned the feelings of a friend to the subject in question.'

The author quotes from Mr. Clayton's speech in the United States Senate in support of his etymology.

Encouraged by our writer's example, I offer one or two translations, *à la mode Ker*. I take a revolutionary saying, and one verse of Yankee Doodle. I am not at liberty to mention the derivative language, only so far as to say, that it is a mixture of Mormon and Choctaw. I will merely remark, for the benefit of philologists, that the parlance is not extant in the schools :

'The times that tried men's souls;' '*Thett ymms then' dried mens 'oels* ;'
i. e. 'The time when we thrashed our invaders and gained a republic.'

'Corn-stalks twist your hair,
Cart-wheels go round ye;
Fiery dragons carry ye off,
And mortar-pestle pound ye !'

'Köern stoelks twijsdt y'er aer,
Kar t'oeils göer un ghe;
Phy ried rag undts kar e oopgh,
An dmor t'arp oestil poenndjie !'

On the whole, from the evidences that I meet with daily, I am persuaded that free translations are on the increase. Their utility may be judged of from the foregoing specimens. That they are amusing, admits of no doubt : but there are many who will reject them altogether, as things that have no moral, and as possessing nothing that one can go about to prove.

AMERICAN PTYALISM.

'I MUST humbly crave leave hereinne, to be delivered of a bouldenesse, wherewith my pen is in travaile.'

SIR HY. WOTTON'S 'RELIQUIÆ.'

BIG words, now-a-days, are all the rage, and I flatter myself that I have selected a pretty tall one for this article. It stands as the expositor of an alarming epidemic which has long prevailed in our well-beloved country; and for which the land is cursed by travelling cockneys, and cosmopolitan old women. *Ptyalism*, gentle reader, is 'the effusion of spittle,' as is worthily illustrated by that venerable lexicographer, Sam. Johnson; the prince of his tribe, and the sometime lion to that jackal, Boswell. This is my theme; it is the evil whereupon I design to expatiate; and I can say with my motto-maker, that it is one which I have not undertaken out of any wanton pleasure in mine own pen; nor truly without pondering with myself beforehand, what censures I might incur; for I know that the object against which the lance of my reprobation is to be tilted, is grievously circumvested with the affection of habit and the sanctity of time. I mean not to be a sweeping opponent, but a commentator merely. To advocate the ptyalism of this nation would be 'a sin to man,' for an amendment in the custom is most imperiously demanded.

Whether the corporeal juices are more abundant in the citizens of the United States than in the people of other countries, it is not pertinent just now to inquire. At all events, they are less regarded; for we are said to be the most notoriously salivating nation on the face of the globe. But the custom is as old as time. We hear of it in the first origin of our religion. It was by spittle that the blind man was healed with the clay which our SAVIOUR applied to his eyes; and in many countries it has been invested with peculiar sanctity. In Scotland, as may be learned from works relating to its popular superstitions, the virtue of spittle has long been held in high estimation by that proverbially neat and thrifty people. Authors have thrown much light upon this subject. They prove that the properties of the human saliva have enjoyed singular notice in both sacred and profane history. Pliny devotes an entire chapter in describing its efficacy among the ancient pagans, with whom it was esteemed an antidote to fascination, a preservative against contagion, a counteracting

influence upon poisons, and a source of strength in fisticuffs. Some of these uses, the moderns retain. When they fight, they spit in their hands; and they indulge in the same process under the humiliation of defeat. Your Irish or English servant will spit on an eleemosynary shilling; for he thinks that it blesses the coin. In the country of the former, it is said to be an invariable habit among the peasant girls, whenever they fling away the combings of their hair. There is sometimes a dignity, or grandeur, and sometimes a solemnity, in the custom. I always think well of those ladies one meets in romances, when they *express* themselves in that way. Who has not joined in the feeling of Rebecca and Ivanhoe, when the lustful templar, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, invades her in her tower, to compass her dishonor, and when she, standing on the parapet, ready to spring from that lofty height into the court-yard below, says to the craven knight, with a look of withering contempt: 'I *spit* at thee; I defy thee! Thanks to him who reared this dizzy tower so high, I fear thee not! Advance one step nearer to my person, and I will leap, to be crushed out of the very form of humanity, in the depth beneath!' The reader almost sees the scornful foam escaping from the curled and beautiful lip of the Jewess, and is himself inclined to suit his action to the thought. Our ideas of propriety are derived, to a greater extent than we are aware of, from novels; and if their pages may be relied on, their heroines (being always encompassed by scoundrels whom they have much ado to keep at a proper distance) must have been spitting at their detested supernumerary lovers about half the time. Contempt is well expressed by that action, and by the word. There is innate disdain in the saliva itself. It leaves the haughty lip of the offended one, and lies before the condemned person—perhaps upon his beard—like a gage of war, as potent as the glove in the days of the Crusades. In his work of 'England and the English,' the author of Pelham alludes to one Westmacott, (who seems a common libeller in London,) under the name of *Sneak*, in the following expressive phrase: 'His soul rots in his profession, and you spit when you hear his name!' Among the various and opposing inferences derivable from the custom and the use of the word, one is, that saliva is inherently contemptible; and if so, is it not a noble proceeding to dispossess one's self as much as possible of that which is unworthy? Is this a *non sequitur*?

In one of the remote islets of Scotland, spitting into the grave forms a part of the funeral ceremony. Relations and friends gather round the narrow mansion of the departed, and each one

ejects the salivary tribute of sorrowful remembrance. 'Happy,' says the old adage, 'is the new grave that the rain rains on;' and in the island of which I speak, perhaps the saying may be, 'Beloved is the dust that we spit upon.' Anciently, the subject of *Optics* was illustrated only by those who possessed ample knowledge in relation to the qualities of saliva. The popular oculist was one who saw,

— 'or fancied, in his dreaming mood,
All the diseases that the spittles know.'

Even modern opticians, in their discussions upon the eye, have recommended a research of the old schoolmen's tomes, that it may be decided whether any 'solvent, sanative, or medicament,' connected with saliva, and lost to the oculists of the present day, was not in vogue of yore. But I do not wish to discuss the *virtue* of that which I esteem the parent of a *vice*.

I look upon TOBACCO, in all its shapes and varieties, as the prime cause of the very extensive ptyalism which prevails in this nation. It is passing strange that this article ever came to be beloved. It is wonderful, that a weed which is in itself, in its original state, acrid and disagreeable, and which contains poison as deadly as the sting of a scorpion, should have pushed its way into use, until it has become a matter of traffic in all quarters of the world. I can hardly imagine how it ever spread its magic beyond the wigwam of the Indian, or came to mingle its fumes with anything but the council-smokes of the aborigines, in the pathless forests of the west. It has encountered and conquered every obstacle; the book which James I. fulminated against it; the opposition of Papal bulls, of Transylvanian edicts, of Persian anathemas; and by the aid of Nicot, with Catharine de Medicis, (who may perhaps have '*chawed*,') and the great crowd of amateurs who continue to patronize it, the whole eastern continent glories in its use, and is loud in its praise. Since the Haytien began to draw its blue wreaths through his derivative pipe, as he watched the distant sea, dancing to the balmy winds from the palm-groves of his native land, the world has bowed to the Nicotian weed. From Iceland to the tropics, and from Jerusalem to the Pacific, it is in request. Protean in its forms, it intoxicates in pigtail, twist, or plug; in cigar or snuff. In the latter substance, how many a lofty nostril has it pleased, how many old women and great men has it delighted! It was the last comfort of Napoleon, when he cried '*Sauve qui peut!*' at Waterloo, and rode through bloody battalions of the wounded and dying, away from the victorious legions of Wellington. When

an old Irish vixen in a London police-office was charged by her husband, to whom she had been rebellious, in a row, with taking two ounces of snuff per diem, what was her answer? 'Lawful powers, yer Warship! What is two ounces of blissid snuff, to a poor onfortunit woman, as gives suck to two childer?' It was an appeal that went home at once to the proboscis of the magistrate, and the woman was discharged.

Much as tobacco has been lauded, snuff has perhaps received a greater share of eulogy. Even the organ to whose pleasure it ministers has been addressed, among many others, by the facetious author of 'Absurdities,' as the source of his supremest rapture. Hear him :

'Knows he that never took a pinch,
Nosey, the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joy
Which *my* nose knows?
Oh, Nose! I am as proud of thee,
As any mountain of *its* snows:
I gaze on thee, and feel the joy
A Roman knows!'

But this is an episode, since snuff is not directly consociated with 'the effusion of spittle.' Tobacco is. Who chews, and smokes, and salivates not? Who ever attended a church, a theatre, a political meeting, or any assembly, legislatures even, and did not see the effects of tobacco! Who has not witnessed them at parties, at balls—anywhere, and everywhere? How many divines and statesmen have I known, the misanthropic corners of whose lips exhibited the stained and pursed-up wrinkles of tobacco! Your student and your 'blood,' (ruminating bipeds, who smoke or chew,) expectorate themselves away, and look like old men long before they are forty.

Yet it is the abuse, rather than the use, of tobacco, of which I complain. Under the rose, I have some respect myself for a cigar; and I do not object to some kinds of scented snuff. It is pleasant to smell the airy whiffs, circling around one's contemplative nose, and to enjoy the excitement of a sneeze. But *moderation* should guide us in these matters; for ptyalism is so much of a habit, that in my opinion it might be abated two thirds, in every one of our countrymen; and I think that many valuable lives would thus be lengthened.

With regard to expectoration, I would say, that when 'tis done, it would be well if it were done secretly. I am no advocate of the English custom of salivating into the handkerchief, and carrying in a pocket the harvest of one's palatic department.

Neither do I think that we should care a tobacco-stopper what foreign zantippes or scribblers think of the custom, only so far as their strictures may seem to be just. In truth, after the falsehoods with which the European public has been deluged respecting our manners, the mere sight of an English tourist, male or female, in this country, is enough to make an American citizen spit from sheer disgust. We mean those tourists who grumble when they land ; grumble their six weeks' transit through the republic, and then grumble themselves into a packet-cabin, and go home to make a grumbling book. It is not surprising that folk like these have seen a good deal of ptyalism. Every such raven of passage is a walking ptysmagogue, and excites the very discharges that are so vehemently condemned.

There is a *juste milieu* in this habit, which, as a nation, we have not hit as yet ; though we are much nearer to it than the spittle-pocketing kingdom which has furnished us with so many peripatetic philosophers on the subject. Let a general effort be made to touch this happy medium. To use a pun of some longevity, we must expectorate less, before we can *expect to rate* as a polished nation. I appeal to all frequenters of public places, whether my advice be not good. Let it be followed. Let it be henceforth declared no more, as it has been, that 'an American spits from his cradle to his grave ; at the board of his friend, at the feet of his mistress, at the drawing-room of his president, at the altar of his God : he salivates for three score years and ten ; and when the glands of his palate can secrete no longer, he spits forth his spirit, and is gathered to his fathers, to spit no more.'

JOHN W. SANGRADO, M. D.

Communipaw, November 22, 1834.

THE
SPIRIT OF LIFE;

A POEM,

PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE FRANKLIN SOCIETY

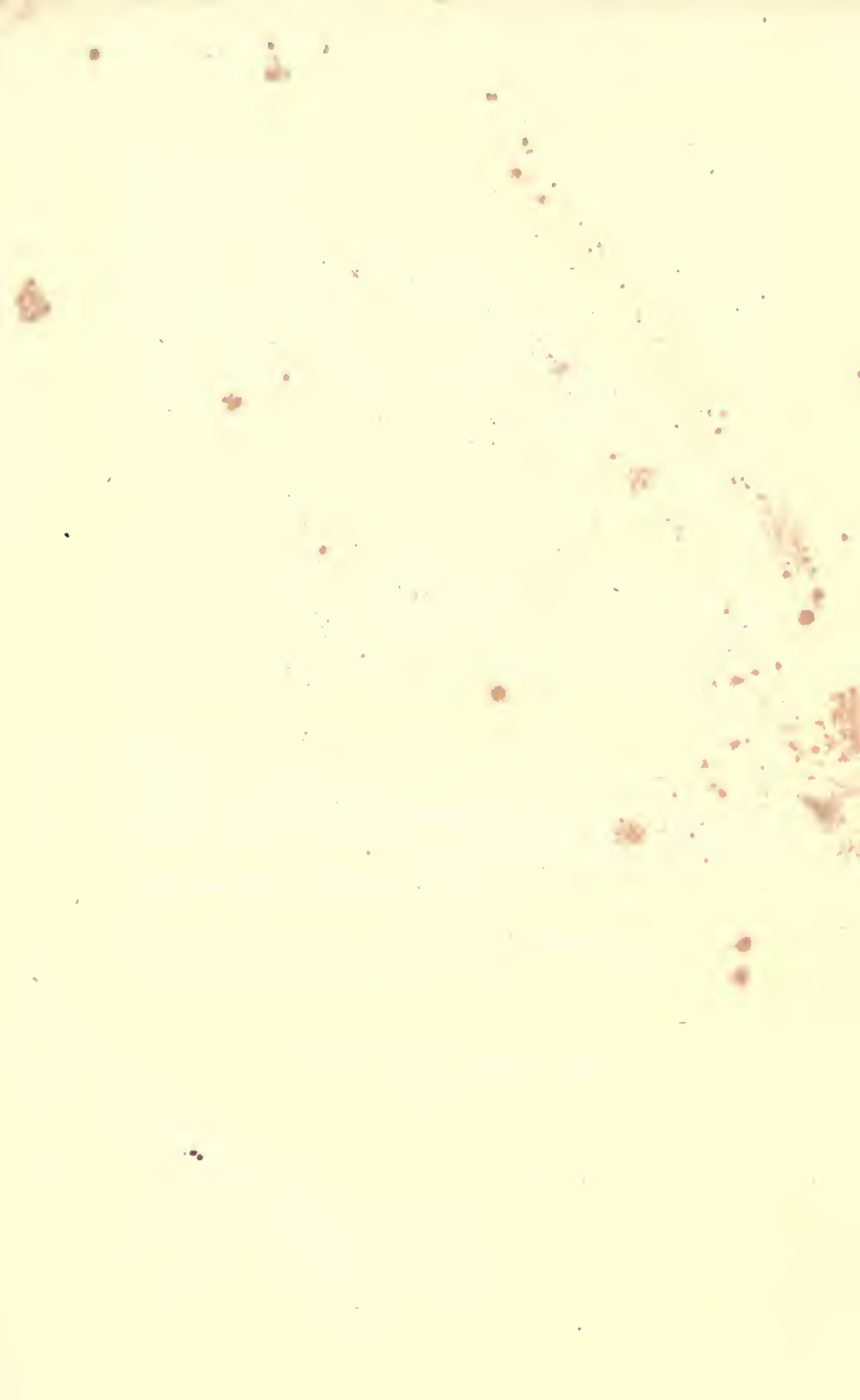
OF

BROWN UNIVERSITY,

SEPTEMBER 3, 1833.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

"Je crois que le monde est gouverné par une volonté puissante et sage ;.....mais ce même monde — est-il éternel ou créé? Y a-t-il un principe unique des choses?"
ROUSSEAU, *Emile*, liv. iv.



DEDICATION.

TO EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, ESQUIRE, M.P.

AUTHOR OF 'PELHAM,' 'DEVEREUX,' EUGENE ARAM,' ETC.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

I DEDICATE these pages to one whose animated expressions of regard have long cheered, and whose kind praises have often inspired me ; to one, whose genius is acknowledged with ardor among all the intelligent classes of the American republic ; whose impressive writings are familiar to the general reader, from Madawasca to the Mississippi, and from Ontario to Florida ; to one whose political liberality is admired by every well-read freeman in the Union, and whose influence as an author (popular in the full sense of the word), is undeniably stronger and more diffusive among the people of America, than that of almost any modern mind. I inscribe *to you* this little work, with a hearty wish that it were worthier of your acceptance. You can see the excuses with which it is put forth to the public ; but I am sure that your friendship will appreciate my motive sufficiently to pardon, in its expression, both the manner and the medium.

That you may long continue to depict, with your own peculiar power, the deformity and misery of *Vice*, and the peaceful loveliness of *Virtue*, by clothing in attractive fiction the severe truths of life ; and that your love of free *American* principles may continue to afford you the political influence which, as a member of the British Parliament, you now wield in 'a body of the first gentlemen in Europe,' is the sincere desire of

Yours, most truly,

W. GAYLORD CLARK.

Philadelphia, October, 1833.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Brown University, September 3, 1833.

DEAR SIR:

THE Franklin Society of this Institution, through the undersigned, as their committee, present you their unfeigned thanks for the excellent Poem with which you have this day favored them, and hereby solicit a copy of the same for publication.

Yours, very respectfully,

E. P. DYER

F. W. FICKLING.

TO WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.

Philadelphia, September 18, 1833.

GENTLEMEN:

IN answer to your official letter of the 3d instant, on behalf of the Franklin Society of Brown University, I beg leave to observe, that while I receive with unaffected respect and pride the kind opinions of the association which you represent, and comply with the request for a copy of the poem delivered before that body, I feel bound to extenuate the defects which are, in all likelihood, contained in the production. The majority of it is the effort of a few languid summer evenings, stolen from relaxation and society, after a performance of the onerous duties appertaining to the editorship of a daily gazette; and the closing portions were completed after my arrival in Providence, not many hours previous to their delivery. I do not mention these circumstances to excuse those blemishes in the poem which I am well aware it may probably contain; and to apologize for which, I have not enough of that *amabilis insania*, so finely satirized in the Horatian line. The *subject* was chosen because it was wide, and admitted of readier treatment than one less general and expansive.

With this brief prologue, therefore, I submit the affair to the society, 'for better or for worse;' and remain,

Gentlemen, with high consideration,

Your obedient servant,

W. GAYLORD CLARK.

TO E. P. DYER and F. W. FICKLING, Esqs.

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

THERE is a Spirit, whose reviving power
Dwells through the changes of each earthly hour :
Where the sere blooms of man's decline are shed,
And sterile snows the brow of age o'erspread ;
Or while each impulse of the heart is young,
And the light laugh falls sweet from childhood's tongue :
There lurks that moving spirit, bound to all—
O'er which nor chance nor time can fling a thrall ;
Through lengthened years its force unbroken moves,
Guiding the hopes of earth, the cares, the loves ;
Where'er the land outspreads, or sunshine lies,
Pour'd on old ocean from the boundless skies ;
In calm or storm, in light or shade it springs,
And broods o'er nature with perpetual wings.

Its name is Life—and glorious is its sway,
Which seas, and worlds on worlds, and stars obey ;
Born from the exhaustless might of God alone,
The extended universe is but his throne ;
In liberal measure, through the waste of years,
Its quenchless power, or principle, appears ;
Fadeless and unrepress'd its lustres move,
Won from the fountains of Eternal Love !

Mysterious Life ! how wide is thy domain !
In nature's scope how absolute thy reign !
In moving force thy kindling gleams appear,
When dewy blooms bedeck the opening year ;
When, robed in laughing guise, the Spring comes on,
And waves her odorous garlands in the sun :
When the soft air comes balmy from the West,
And tenderest verdure cheers the meadow's breast :

How teem the gifts of life at such an hour—
 How sighs the zephyr—how expands the flow'r!
 High from the forest's nodding tops arise
 Rich clouds of hidden fragrance through the skies—
 Their viewless wings the abyss of ether fan,
 While dreams, exalting, fire the breast of man.
 Awakening life in every thought prevails;
 He draws rapt inspiration from the gales:
 To the charm'd eye above, the golden sun
 Doth his perpetual journeys brightly run;
 Around his course, in solemn pomp, repose
 Gay clouds that drink his glory as he goes;
 He bathes the desert waste, the city's fanes;
 He pours clear radiance on the hills and plains;
 Till restless life, still travelling with his rays,
 O'er earth and heaven, in trembling lustre plays.

Who, when the summer laughs in light around,
 But feels that spirit's glowing power abound?
 Warmed from the south, the gladsome hours are shed,
 Lending new verdure to each mountain-head;
 Luxuriant blessings crown the pleasant scene,
 And the broad landscape gloys in sunny green;
 While leaves and birds and streams their songs attune,
 And, steep'd in music, smiles the rose of June;
 Making the freighted bliss it scatters there,
 Seem like the breathings of ambrosial air;
 While, o'er the tall old hills and vales between,
 In peerless glory, swells the blue serene:
 Unbounded skies!—where life triumphant dwells,
 And light resistless from its fountain wells;
 Where beauty unapproach'd—alone—sublime,
 Mocks at the restless change of earth and time;
 And clothed in radiance from the Eternal's throne,
 Bends its unpillared arch from zone to zone!

Who that hath stood, where summer brightly lay
 On some broad city, by a spreading bay,
 And from a rural height the scene survey'd,
 While on the distant strand the billows play'd,

But felt the vital spirit of the scene,
 What time the south wind stray'd through foliage green,
 And freshened from the dancing waves, went on,
 By the gay groves, and fields, and gardens won?
 Oh, who that listens to the inspiring sound
 Which the wide Ocean wakes against his bound,
 While, like some fading hope, the distant sail
 Flits o'er the dim blue waters, in the gale;
 When the tired sea-bird dips his wings in foam,
 And hies him to his beetling eyry home;
 When sun-gilt ships are parting from the strand,
 And glittering steamers by the breeze are fanned;
 When the wide city's domes and piles aspire,
 And rivers broad seemed touch'd with golden fire—
 Save where some gliding boat their lustre breaks,
 And volumed smoke its murky tower forsakes,
 And surging in dark masses, soars to lie,
 And stain the glory of the uplifted sky;
 Oh, who at such a scene unmoved hath stood,
 And gazed on town, and plain, and field, and flood,
 Nor felt that life's keen spirit lingered there,
 Through earth, and ocean, and the genial air?

'Change is the life of Nature;' and the hour
 When storm and blight reveal lone autumn's pow'r;
 When damask leaves to swollen streams are cast,
 Borne on the funeral anthems of the blast;
 When smit with pestilence the woodlands seem,
 Yet gorgeous as a Persian poet's dream;
 That hour the seeds of life within it bears,
 Though fraught with perished blooms and sobbing airs;
 Though solemn companies of clouds may rest
 Along the uncheer'd and melancholy west;
 Though there no more the enthusiast may behold
 Effulgent troops, arrayed in purple and gold;
 Or mark the quivering lines of light aspire,
 Where crimson shapes are bathed in living fire—
 Though Nature's withered breast no more be fair,
 Nor happy voices fluctuate in the air;

Yet is there life in Autumn's sad domains—
 Life, strong and quenchless, through his kingdom reigns.
 To kindred dust the leaves and flowers return,
 Yet briefly sleep in winter's icy urn;
 Though o'er their graves, in blended wreaths, repose
 Dim wastes of dreary and untrodden snows,
 Though the aspiring hills, rise cold and pale
 To breast the murmurs of the northern gale,
 Yet, when the jocund spring again comes on,
 Their trance is broken, and their slumber done;
 Awakening Nature re-asserts her reign,
 And her kind bosom throbs with life again!

'Tis thus with man. He cometh, like the flow'r,
 To feel the changes of each earthly hour;
 To enjoy the sunshine, or endure the shade,
 By hopes deluded, or by reason sway'd;
 Yet haply, if to Virtue's path he turn,
 And feel her hallowed fires within him burn,
 He passeth calmly from that sunny morn,
 Where all the buds of youth are 'newly born,'
 Through varying intervals of onward years,
 Until the eve of his decline appears:
 And while the shadows round his path descend,
 As down the vale of age his footsteps tend,
 Peace o'er his bosom sheds her soft control,
 And throngs of gentlest memories charm the soul;
 Then, weaned from earth, he turns his steadfast eye
 Beyond the grave, whose verge he falters nigh,
 Surveys the brightening regions of the blest,
 And, like a wearied pilgrim, sinks to rest.

The just man dies not, though within the tomb
 His wasting form be laid, mid tears and gloom:
 Though many a heart beats sadly when repose
 His silvery locks in earth, like buried snows;
 Yet love, and hope, and faith, with heavenward trust,
 Tell that his spirit sinks not in the dust:
 Above, entranced and glorious, it hath soared,
 Where all its primal freshness is restored;

And from all sin released, and doubt, and pain,
Renews the morning of its youth again.

Yes! while the mourner stands beside the bier,
O'er a lost friend to shed the frequent tear
To pour the tender and regretful sigh,
And feel the heart-pulse fill the languid eye—
Even at that hour the thoughtful wo is vain,
Since change, not death, invokes affection's pain.
Naught but a tranquil slumberer resteth there,
Whose spirit's plumes have swept the upper air,
And caught the radiance borne from heaven along,
Fraught with rich incense and immortal song;
And passed the glittering gates which angels keep:
Oh, wherefore for the just should mourners weep?

And why should grief be moved for those who die,
When life is opening to the youthful eye;
When freshening love springs buoyant in the breast,
And hope's gay wings are fluttering undepress'd:
While like the morning dews that gem the rose,
In the pure soul, the dreams of joy repose;
When on the land and wave a light is thrown,
Which to the morn of life alone is known;
When every scene brings gladness to the view,
And every rapture of the heart is new;
Oh, who shall mourn that *then* the silver cord
Is loosed, and to its home the soul restored?
Oh who should weep that thus, at such an hour,
Celestial light should burst upon the flower—
The human flower, that but began to glow
And brighten in this changeful world below;
Then, still unstained, was borne, to bloom on high,
And drink the lustre of a fadeless sky?

No! let the mother, when her infant's breath
Faints on her bosom, in the trance of death;
Then let her yearning heart obey the call
Of that high God who loves and cares for all;

Resign the untainted blossom to that shore
Where sicknesses and blight have power no more ;
Where poisonous mildew comes not from the air,
To check the undying blooms and verdure there ;
But where the gifts of life profuse are shed,
And funeral wailings rise not o'er the dead :
Where cherub-throngs in joy triumphant move,
And Faith lies slumbering on the breast of Love.

Change wears the name of death, the heart to bow,
And bid its rising shadows cloud the brow ;
To teach the wandering soul, with truth severe,
That man hath no continual city here ;
That all his hopes, unfixed on God and heaven,
Like pure aroma to the whirlwinds given,
Are raptures, wasted from a precious store,
They leave the bosom to return no more.

Could man's impressive reason bear the sway,
And guide his footsteps through life's little day ;
Could every pulse that riots but to stain
His soul, move calmly in reflection's reign ;
Could gentle Conscience whisper peace within,
And from his spirit sweep the darling sin ;
Between his birth-hour and his final rest,
What high philosophy would fire his breast ?
Time's glittering charms would then no more delude,
Its phantom train would all be unpursued ;
No scars of sorrow's war the cheek would wear,
Ploughed by corroding thoughts too deeply there ;
No gusts of passion would the brow deform,
Or lash the kindling bosom into storm ;
But each pure wish, inspired, to heaven would soar,
And earth's dull fevers burn the heart no more.

And since the changes which in time are rife,
No real death contain, but teem with life ;
Since blooming nature from decay can spring
With buds, and happy birds upon the wing ;

Since year to year succeeds, and all renew
 The scenes that glow'd to childhood's wondering view,
 Since lavish beauty riseth from the dust,
 Shall man's cold heart withdraw from heaven its trust?
 No! while the unblemished sun careers on high,
 And gilds, with glorious smile, the earth and sky;
 While tides, mysteriously-obedient, roll
 From orient Indus to the frozen pole;
 While chaste and free above, serenely bright,
 The moon sails onward through a sea of light;
 While verdant leaves in summer's air can play,
 Or torrents thunder midst their rainbow spray:
 Long as the unnumbered stars can flash and burn,
 Or journeying winds upon their circuits turn;
 There shall the exhaustless life of God be found,
 And His kind love diffuse its gifts around.

Man to his rest may fall—but who should mourn,
 Or plant the cypress by the marble urn?
 In dust his wan, cold ashes may remain,
 But no dark shade of death the soul can stain;
 Beyond destruction's power 'tis formed to rise,
 And bide the judgment-audit in the skies.
 Then who the dirge would breathe, or pour the tear,
 Since life is strong, and death is feeble here?
 Gorged by the past, in dreamless slumber laid,
 Rest the fond lover and the rosy maid;
 Friends, parents, brothers, sisters, linger there,
 Shut from the sunshine and the blessed air;
 But change alone hath touched each earthly form,
 Each faded banquet of the noisome worm:
 Death o'er the ransomed spirit hath no pow'r—
 It waits the final and triumphant hour,
 When sundering cerements shall their prey release,
 Renewed and radiant, to the Realms of Peace.

All-quenchless Life! bright effluence from God!
 Whose impulse fills the universe abroad!
 From thee the restless heart its movement draws—
 In thee, revolving seasons find their laws;

Thine is the pulse that heaves the ocean wave,
Or bids the evening sunlight gild the grave ;
That paints the gorgeous skies at night or morn,
When dawn is blushing, or when stars are born ;
Which drives the unquiet storm along its way,
When broken ships are whelm'd in surge and spray ;
While inland hills are echoing wildly-loud,
As the mad thunders roll from cloud to cloud ;
When giant trees, with arms uplifted high,
Creak, as the sheeted lightnings hurtle by ;
While lengthened swells chastise the groaning strand,
And bid their deep-toned murmurs thrill the land !

Life, unsubdued, through all the world prevails ;
Howls on the midnight waters, or in vales
Where gentlest Summer spreads her waving grain,
Smiles o'er the golden harvest, on the plain ;
Bathes, through the tranquil eve, the lake and stream,
In silvery lustre, an unbroken gleam ;
Bids the rich sunset all its splendors form,
And braids the rainbow on the passing storm :
These are the gifts of *Life* — sublime and high —
They teach the soul its immortality !

Then let obedient man the lesson heed —
Let his observant eye its precepts read ;
On earth, and ocean, and in heaven above,
Writ with the principle of life and love ;
So, when the mockeries of this world shall cease,
His spotless soul may don the robes of peace :
Its tireless pinions shall in rapture wave,
Far through the bended skies, above the grave ;
Where no sad care the soaring thought can bind,
Or vex the holy and eternal mind.

There, through unclouded leagues of fragrant air,
The walls of Heaven dispense their glories rare ;
Prismatic shafts of sparkling light arise,
Pure as the thoughts that beam from angels' eyes ;

There, glittering gates of massy pearl unfold,
And restless lustre streams from streets of gold;
There Life's immortal river flows abroad,
To cheer the city of the living God;
And where its liquid lapse extends serene,
By dewy pastures of undying green;
There, rich with healing leaves and fruits that glow,
The trees of life their generous wealth bestow;
There, gentle harpers cheer the shadeless day,
And balm and song are pour'd from every spray.

There, too, when nature's requiem-trump shall sound,
Will all the pure of earth again be found;
Long-sundered friends, on that unblighted shore,
Will meet, to sorrow and to part no more;
But, calm'd and blessed, in reverential love,
Through joyous bowers, and fields undimmed, will move,
A deathless King to praise—divine and just,
Beneath whose feet the burning stars are dust.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SEVERAL of the briefer miscellaneous poems of the author of 'The Spirit of Life' were bound up in the volume which contained that production, and will generally be deemed, it is believed, quite its superior. They were accompanied in the original collection by the annexed explanatory words of the writer: 'In addition to the preceding poem, the author takes the liberty of subjoining a few miscellaneous 'fugitives from justice.' Many of them have already been brought to trial before the public, by some of the high editorial judges of the country, and have escaped the ordeal with an aggregate of commendation, which must be attributed more to the kindness of the triers than to the merits of the tried. The pieces annexed are mostly taken from among a collection — in part the product of leisure hours at school — and variously published, in the United States Literary Gazette, BUCKINGHAM'S Magazine, the London Review, British Magazine, the Court Magazine, BULWER'S New Monthly Magazine, and other journals of the British metropolis. After the close of BRYANT'S enterprise in the United States Literary Gazette, there was not for some years a Magazine of any note in the country. It was during that time, and from that cause, that many of the following poems were sent to literary friends abroad, and published in their respective periodicals.' Several well-known effusions of the author, as has already been stated, and as will have been seen indeed, appeared in his 'Ollapodiana' papers, in which connection they may be found by the reader of these pages.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LAST PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

O Domine DEUS! speravi in te;
O care mi JESU, nunc libera me;
In dura catena, in misera pœna,
Desidero te;
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro, implorô, ut liberes me. !*

It was the holy twilight hour, and clouds in crimson pride
Sailed through the golden firmament, in the calm evening-tide;
The peasant's cheerful song was hushed by every hill and glen,
The city's voice stole faintly out, and died the hum of men:
And as night's sombre shades came down o'er day's resplendent eye,
A faded face, from a prison cell, gazed out upon the sky;
For to that face the glad bright sun of earth for aye had set,
And the last time had come to mark eve's starry coronet!

Oh, who can paint the bitter thoughts that o'er her spirit stole,
As her pale lips gave utterance to feeling's deep control;
While, shadowed from life's vista back, thronged mid her falling tears
The fantasies of early hope, dreams of departed years:
When pleasure's light was sprinkled, and silver voices flung
Their rich and echoing cadences her virgin hours among;
When there came no shadow on her brow, no tear to dim her eye,
When there frown'd no cloud of sorrow in her being's festal sky.

Perchance at that lone hour the thought of early visions came,
Of the trance that touched her lip with song, at love's mysterious flame;

* THESE lines, so melodious in the original, and susceptible of equally melodious translation, were written by the unfortunate MARY a short time before her melancholy execution.

When she listened to the low-breathed tones of him the idol One,
 Who shone in her imagining, first ray of pleasure's sun:
 Perchance the walk in evening hours—the impassioned kiss or vow,
 The warm tear on the kindling cheek, the smile upon the brow:
 But they came like flowers that wither, and the light of all had fled,
 As a hue from April's pinion, o'er earth's budding bosom shed.

And thus, as star came after star, into the boundless heaven,
 Were her deep thoughts, and eloquent, in pensive numbers given:
 They were the offerings of a heart, where grief had long held sway;
 And now the night, the hour had come, to give her feelings way:
 It was the last dim night of life; the sun had sunk to rest,
 And the blue twilight haze had crept on the far mountain's breast;
 And thus, as in her saddened heart the tide of love grew strong,
 Pour'd her meek, quiet spirit forth, this flood of mournful song:

'The shades of evening gather now, o'er the mysterious earth,
 The viewless winds are whispering, in wild, capricious mirth;
 The gentle moon hath come to shed a flood of glory round,
 That, through this soft and still repose, sleeps richly on the ground:
 And in the free, sweet gales that sweep along my prison bar,
 Seem borne the pure, deep harmonies of every kindling star:
 I see the blue streams glancing in the mild and chastened light,
 And the gem-lit, fleecy clouds, that steal along the brow of night.

'Oh must I leave existence now, while life should be like spring—
 While Joy should cheer my pilgrimage, with sunbeams from his wing?
 Are the songs of hope for ever flown—the syren voice which flung
 The chant of youth's warm happiness from the beguiler's tongue?
 Shall I drink no more the melody of babbling stream or bird,
 Or the scented gales of summer, as the leaves of June are stirr'd?
 Shall the pulse of love wax fainter, and the spirit shrink from death,
 As the bud-like thoughts that lit my heart fade in its chilling breath?

'I have passed the dreams of childhood, and my loves and hopes are gone,
 And I turn to Thee, REDEEMER! oh, thou blest and Holy One!
 Though the rose of health has vanished—though the mandate hath
 been spoken,
 And one by one the golden links of life's fond chain are broken,

Yet can my spirit turn to THEE, thou chastener ! and can bend
In humble suppliance at thy throne, my father and my friend !
Thou, who hast crowned my youth with hope, my early days in glee,
Give me the eagle's fearless wing—the dove's, to mount to THEE !

' I lose my foolish hold on life, its passions and its tears :
How brief the yearning extacies of its young, careless years !
I give my heart to earth no more, the grave may clasp me now ;
The winds whose tone I loved, may play in the dark cypress bough :
The birds, the streams are eloquent ; yet I shall pass away,
And in the light of heaven shake off this cumbrous load of clay ;
I shall join the lost, the loved of earth, and meet each kindred breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

A CONTRASTED PICTURE.

It was the morning of a day in spring —
The sun looked gladness from the eastern sky;
Birds were upon the trees and on the wing,
And all the air was rich with melody;
The heaven, the calm, pure heaven, was bright on high;
Earth laugh'd beneath in all its fresh'ning green,
The free blue streams sang as they wandered by,
And many a sunny glade and flowery scene
Gleam'd out, like thoughts of youth, life's troubled years between.

The rose's breath upon the south wind came,
Oft as its whisperings the young branches stir'd,
And flowers for which the poet hath no name;
While, midst the blossoms of the grove, were heard
The restless murmurs of the humming-bird:
Waters were dancing in the mellow light;
And joyous notes and many a cheerful word
Stole on the charmed ear with such delight
As waits on soft sweet tones of music heard at night.

The night-dews lay in the half open'd flower,
Like hopes that nestle in the youthful breast;
And ruffled by the light airs of the hour,
Awoke the pure lake from its glassy rest:
Slow blending with the blue and distant west,
Lay the dim woodlands, and the quiet gleam
Of amber clouds, like islands of the blest;
Glorious and bright, and changing like a dream,
And lessening fast away beneath the intenser beam.

Songs were amid the mountains far and wide,
Songs were upon the green slopes blooming nigh:
While, from the springing flowers on every side,

Upon his painted wings the butterfly
Roamed a sweet blossom of the sunny sky ;
The visible smile of joy was on the scene ;
'Twas a bright vision, but too soon to die !
Spring may not linger in her robes of green —
Autumn, in storm and shade, shall quench the summer sheen.

I came again. 'Twas Autumn's stormy hour :
The wild winds murmured in the faded wood ;
The sere leaves, rustling in the yellow bower,
Were hurled in eddies to the moaning flood :
Dark clouds enthrall'd the west ; an orb of blood,
The red sun pierced the hazy atmosphere ;
While torrent voices broke the solitude,
Where, straying lonely, as with steps of fear,
I mark'd the deepening gloom which shrouds the dying year.

The ruffled lake heav'd wildly ; near the shore
It bore the red leaves of the shaken tree —
Shed in the violent north wind's restless roar,
Emblems of man upon life's stormy sea !
Pale autumn leaves ! once to the breezes free
They waved in Spring and Summer's golden prime,
Now, even as clouds or dew, how fast they flee !
Weak, changing like the flowers in Autumn's clime,
As man sinks down in death, chill'd by the touch of time !

I marked the picture : 'twas the changeful scene
Which life holds up to the observant eye :
Youth's spring, and summer, and its bowers of green,
The streaming sunlight of its morning sky,
And the dark clouds of death which linger by :
For oft, when life is fresh and hope is strong,
Shall early sorrow breathe the unbidden sigh,
While age to death moves peacefully along,
As on the singer's lip expires the finished song.

AN INVITATION.

"They that seek me early shall find me."

COME while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze;
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways:
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast;
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding—
Come, and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown;
Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone:
Those who now love thee will have pass'd forever—
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee:
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be.

Come while the morning of thy life is glowing,—
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die;
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing,
Fade like the sunset of a summer sky;
Life hath but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights the future with a fadeless ray:
Oh, touch the sceptre—win a hope in heaven—
Come—turn thy spirit from the world away.

Then will the crosses of this brief existence,
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul:
And shining brightly in the forward distance,
Will of thy patient race appear the goal:
Home of the weary! where in peace reposing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
Though o'er its dust the curtained grave is closing—
Who would not *early* choose a lot like this?

A LAMENT.

THEY sin, who tell us love can die;
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity:
 But love is indestructible:
 Its holy flame for ever burneth;
 From heaven it came — to heaven returneth;
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppress'd —
 It here is tried, and purified,
 And hath in heaven its perfect rest.

SOUTHEY.

THERE is a voice I shall hear no more:
 There are tones whose music for me is o'er;
 Sweet as the odors of spring were they —
 Precious and rich — but they died away:
 They came like peace to my heart and ear —
 Never again will they murmur here:
 They have gone, like the blush of a summer morn —
 Like a crimson cloud, through the sunset borne.

There were eyes, that late were lit up for me,
 Whose kindly glance was a joy to see:
 They revealed the thoughts of a trusting heart,
 Untouched by sorrow — untaught by art:
 Whose affections were fresh as a stream of spring,
 When birds in the vernal branches sing;
 They were fill'd with love that hath passed with them,
 And my lyre is breathing their requiem.

I remember a brow, whose serene repose
 Seemed to lend a beauty to cheeks of rose;
 And lips I remember, whose dewy smile,
 As I mused on their eloquent power the while,
 Sent a thrill to my bosom, and blest my brain
 With raptures that never may dawn again:
 Amidst musical accents those smiles were shed —
 Alas, for the doom of the early dead!

Alas, for the clod that is resting now,
 On those slumbering eyes — on that faded brow !
 Wo for the cheek that hath ceased to bloom —
 For the lips that are dumb in the noisome tomb ;
 Their melody broken, their fragrance gone —
 Their aspect cold as the Parian stone :
 Alas, for the hopes that with thee have died —
 Oh, loved-one ! would I were by thy side !

Yet the joy of grief it is mine to bear :
 I hear thy voice in the twilight air ;
 Thy smile of sweetness untold I see,
 When the visions of evening are borne to me ;
 Thy kiss on my dreaming lip is warm,
 My arm embraceth thy yielding form :
 Then I wake in a world that is sad and drear,
 To feel in my bosom — thou art not here !

Oh, *once* the summer to me was bright —
 The day, like thine eyes, wore a holy light ;
 There was bliss in existence, when thou wert nigh —
 There was balm in the evening's rosy sigh :
 Then earth was an Eden, and thou its guest ;
 A sabbath of blessings was in my breast :
 My heart was full of a sense of love,
 Likest, of all things, to heaven above.

Now thou art laid in that voiceless hall,
 Where my budding raptures have perished all ;
 In that tranquil and holy place of rest,
 Where the earth lies damp on the sinless breast :
 Thy bright locks all in the vault are hid —
 Thy brow is concealed by the coffin-lid :
 All that was lovely to me is there —
 Mournful is life, and a load to bear !

WARNINGS.

THERE are voices of God for the careless ear—
A low-breathed whisper when none is near.
In the silent watch of the night's calm hours,
When the dews are at rest in the deep sealed flowers;
When the wings of the zephyr are folded up,
When the violet bendeth its azure cup;
'Tis a breath of reproof—a murmuring tone,
Like music remembered, or extacies gone.

'Tis a voice that sweeps through the evening sky,
When clouds o'er the pale moon are hurrying by;
While the fickle gusts, as they come and go,
Wake the forest boughs on the mountain's brow:
It speaks in the shadows that swiftly pass,
In the waves, that are roused from the lake's clear glass,
Where summer shores, in their verdant pride,
Were pictured but late in the stainless tide.

And that voice breaks out in the tempest's flight,
When the wild winds sweep in their fearful might;
When the lightnings go forth on the hills to play—
As they pass on their pinions of fire away;
While they fiercely smile through the dusky sky,
As the thunder-peals to their glance reply;
As the bolts leap out from the sombre cloud,
While the midnight whirlwinds sing wild and loud!

'Tis a voice which comes in the early morn,
When the matin hymns of the birds are born;
It steals from the fold of the painted cloud—
From the forest's draperies, sublime and proud;
Its tones are blent with the running stream,
As it sweeps along, like a changeful dream,

In its light and shade, through the chequered vale,
While the uplands are fanned by the viewless gale.

In the twilight hour, when the weary bird
On her nest is sleeping, that voice is heard ;
While mist-robcs are drawn o'er the green earth's breast,
And the sun hath gone down from the faded west ;
In the hush of that silence—when winds are still,
And the light wakes no smile in the quivering rill ;
Through the wonderful depths of the purple air,
O'er the landscape trembling — that voice is there !

There are whispers of God in the cataract's roar —
In the Sea's rude wail, on his sounding shore ;
In the waves that melt on his azure isles,
Where the sunny south on their verdure smiles ;
In the oceanward wind from the orange trees —
In the Sabean odors that load the breeze ;
'Midst the incense that floats from Arabia's strand—
That tone is there with its whispers bland.

And it saith to the cold and the careless heart,
How long wilt thou turn from '*the better part* ?'
I have called from the infinite depths of heaven,
I have called, but no answer to me was given ;
From many a hallowed and glorious spot,
I have called by my Spirit—and *ye would not* !
Thou art far from the haven, and tempest toss'd—
Hear the cry of thy Pilot, or thou art lost !

EUTHANASIA.

‘WHAT is man’s history? Born—living—dying,
 Leaving the still shore for the troubled wave;
 Mid clouds and storms, o’er broken shipwrecks flying,
 And casting anchor in the silent grave.’

I.

METHINKS, when on the languid eye
 Life’s varying scenes grow dim;
 When evening-shadows veil the sky,
 And Pleasure’s syren hymn
 Grows fainter on the tuneless ear,
 Like echoes from another sphere,
 Or dreams of seraphim—
 It were not sad to cast away
 This dull and cumbrous load of clay

II.

It were not sad to feel the heart
 Grow passionless and cold;
 To feel those longings to depart,
 That cheer’d the saints of old;
 To clasp the faith which looks on high—
 Which fires the Christian’s dying eye,
 And makes the curtain-fold
 That falls upon his wasting breast,
 The door that leads to endless rest.

III.

It were not lonely thus to lie
 On that triumphant bed,
 Till the pure spirit mounts on high,
 By white-winged seraphs led:
 Where glories earth may never know,
 O’er ‘many mansions’ lingering, glow,
 In peerless lustre shed;
 It were not lonely thus to soar,
 Where sin and grief can sting no more.

IV.

And, though the way to such a goal
Lies through the cloudy tomb,
If on the free, unfetter'd soul
There rest no stains of gloom;
How should its aspirations rise,
Far through the blue and fretted skies,
Up—to its final home;
Beyond the journeyings of the sun,
Where streams of living waters run!

A SONG OF MAY.

THE Spring's scented buds all around me are swelling,
There are songs in the stream, there is health in the gale;
A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
As float the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale;
The desolate reign of Old Winter is broken,
The verdure is fresh upon every tree;
Of Nature's revival the charm—and a token
Of love, oh thou Spirit of Beauty! to thee.

The sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning,
And flushes the clouds that begirt his career;
He welcomes the gladness and glory, returning
To rest on the promise and hope of the year.
He fills with rich light all the balm-breathing flowers,
He mounts to the zenith, and laughs on the wave;
He wakes into music the green forest-bowers,
And gilds the gay plains which the broad rivers lave.

The young bird is out on his delicate pinion—
He timidly sails in the infinite sky;
A greeting to May, and her fairy dominion,
He pours, on the west-wind's fragrant sigh:
Around, above, there are peace and pleasure,
The woodlands are singing, the heaven is bright;
The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,
And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

Alas! for my weary and care-haunted bosom!
The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more;
The song in the wild-wood, the sheen of the blossom,
The fresh-welling fountain, their magic is o'er!
When I list to the streams, when I look on the flowers,
They tell of the Past with so mournful a tone,
That I call up the throngs of my long-vanished hours,
And sigh that their transports are over and gone.

From the wide-spreading earth, from the limitless heaven,
There have vanished an eloquent glory and gleam;
To my veil'd mind no more is the influence given,
Which colareth life with the hues of a dream:
The bloom-purple'd landscape its loveliness keepeth—
I deem that a light as of old gilds the wave;
But the eye of my spirit in heaviness sleepeth,
Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.

Yet it is not that age on my years hath descended,
'Tis not that its snow-wreaths encircle my brow;
But the *newness* and sweetness of Being are ended,
I feel not their love-kindling witchery now:
The shadows of death o'er my path have been sweeping;
There are those who have loved me, debarred from the day;
The green turf is bright where in peace they are sleeping,
And on wings of remembrance, my soul is away.

It is shut to the glow of this present existence,
It hears, from the Past, a funeral strain;
And it eagerly turns to the high-seeming distance,
Where the last blooms of earth will be garnered again;
Where no mildew the soft damask-rose cheek shall nourish,
Where Grief bears no longer the poisonous sting;
Where pitiless Death no dark sceptre can flourish,
Or stain with his blight the luxuriant spring.

It is thus that the hopes which to others are given,
Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May;
I hear the clear anthems that ring through the heaven,
I drink the bland airs that enliven the day;
And if gentle Nature, her festival keeping,
Delights not my bosom, ah! do not condemn;
O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping,
For my heart's fondest raptures are buried with them.

A PLACE OF REST.

'ALLI los impios cesáron del tumulto; y alli reposáron los de fuerzas cansadas.'

WEEP not, thou heavenward pilgrim here, around whose toilsome way
The gloom of many a care is thrown, where'er thy feet may stray;
Within whose heart some tender pulse must echo unto pain,
When tried by this relentless world, where every dream is vain;
Weep not, though o'er the living glow of Pleasure's brightest wreath,
Fate's swift and frequent tempests leave the cloudy stain of death:
For endless raptures shall be thine, in mansions of the blest.
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Thou must bend unto the Chastener here, and see the deeply lov'd,
The pure and beautiful of earth, by early death removed;
Thou must mark on many a blighted cheek, the hectic mildew cling,
Thou must bend beneath Time's shadowy frown, when snows are on
his wing,

Till the peace which passeth knowledge is garnered in thy soul,
Till the silver cord is broken, and crush'd the golden bowl;
Till the bright and glorious streets of heaven are by thy feet imprest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

How many flowers will rise and bloom, a flood of sweets to pour
Across the mazes of thy way, that earth cannot restore!
How many fond eyes, full of love, will in the grave be hid—
How will the dark and heavy pall press on each folded lid!
Thou must pile the grave's remorseless clod on many a pallid brow,
And lift the serenade of death, beneath the cypress bough:
Till with a pale and deluged cheek, and with a yearning breast,
Thou wilt long for pinions of a dove, to soar and be at rest.

Yet it is but for a season—and thy trials all are past,
And *then!* upon the empyreal air thy spirit-wings are cast;
Then the bonds of earth will sunder, and thine ear will drink the song
That floats the vernal pastures and crystal waves along:
Thou wilt join the lost and lovely that have gone before to God,
In a glad 'continual city,' by the earth's redeemed ones trod;
Where each angel-plume is folded o'er a peaceful brow and breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

THE SIGNS OF GOD.

I MARK'D the Spring as she pass'd along,
With her eye of light, and her lip of song ;
While she stole in peace o'er the green earth's breast,
While the streams sprang out from their icy rest :
The buds bent low to the breeze's sigh,
And their breath went forth in the scented sky ;
When the fields look'd fresh in their sweet repose,
And the young dew's slept on the new-born rose.

The scene was changed. It was Autumn's hour :
A frost had discolor'd the summer bower ;
The blast wailed sad mid the wither'd leaves,
The reaper stood musing by gather'd sheaves ;
The mellow pomp of the rainbow woods
Was stirr'd by the sound of the rising floods ;
And I knew by the cloud, by the wild wind's strain,
That Winter drew near with his storms again !

I stood by the ocean ; its waters rolled
In their changeful beauty of sapphire and gold ;
And day looked down with its radiant smiles,
Where the blue waves danced round a thousand isles :
The ships went forth on the trackless seas,
Their white wings play'd in the joyous breeze ;
Their prows rushed on mid the parted foam,
While the wanderer was wrapp'd in a dream of home !

The mountain arose with its lofty brow,
While its shadow was sleeping in vales below ;
The mist like a garland of glory lay,
Where its proud heights soar'd in the air away ;
The eagle was there on his tireless wing,
And his shriek went up like an offering :
And he seem'd, in his sunward flight, to raise
A chant of thanksgiving—a hymn of praise !

I look'd on the arch of the midnight skies,
 With its blue and unsearchable mysteries :
 The moon, mid an eloquent multitude
 Of unnumber'd stars, her career pursued :
 A charm of sleep on the city fell,
 All sounds lay hush'd in that brooding spell ;
 By babbling brooks were the buds at rest,
 And the wild-bird dream'd on his downy nest.

I stood where the deepening tempest pass'd,
 The strong trees groan'd in the sounding blast ;
 The murmuring deep with its wrecks roll'd on,
 The clouds o'ersadow'd the mighty sun ;
 The low reeds bent by the streamlet's side,
 And hills to the thunder-peal replied ;
 The lightning burst forth on its fearful way,
 While the heavens were lit in its red array !

And hath MAN the power, with his pride and his skill,
 To arouse all nature with storms at will ?
 Hath he power to color the summer-cloud —
 To allay the tempest when hills are bow'd ?
 Can he waken the Spring with her festal wreath ?
 Can the sun grow dim by his lightest breath ?
 Will he come again when death's vale is trod ?
 Who then shall dare murmur '*There is no God !*'

MEMORY.

'Tis sweet to remember! I would not forego
The charm which the past o'er the present can throw,
For all the gay visions that Fancy may weave
In her web of illusion, that shines to deceive.
We know not the future — the past we have *felt* —
Its cherish'd enjoyments the bosom can melt;
Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll,
When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the soul.

'Tis sweet to remember! When storms are abroad,
To see in the rainbow the promise of God:
The day may be darken'd, but far in the west,
In vermilion and gold, sinks the sun to his rest;
With smiles like the morning he passeth away:
Thus the beams of delight on the spirit can play,
When in calm reminiscence we gather the flowers
Which love scatter'd round us in happier hours.

'Tis sweet to remember! When friends are unkind,
When their coldness and carelessness shadow the mind;
Then, to draw back the veil which envelopes a land
Where delectable prospects in beauty expand;
To smell the green fields, the fresh waters to hear
Whose once fairy music enchanted the ear;
To drink in the smiles that delighted us then,
To list the fond voices of childhood again;
O, this the sad heart, like a reed that is bruised,
Binds up, when the banquet of hope is refused.

'Tis sweet to remember! And naught can destroy
The balm-breathing comfort, the glory, the joy,
Which spring from that fountain to gladden our way,
When the changeful and faithless desert or betray.
I would not forget! though my thoughts should be dark,
O'er the ocean of life I look back from my bark,
And I see the lost Eden, where once I was blest,
A type and a promise of heavenly rest.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. BEDELL.

He has gone to a mansion of rest,
From a region of sorrow and pain;
To the glorious Land of the Blest,
Where he never can suffer again:
The pangs of affliction and sickness are o'er—
The cloud on his spirit will darken no more!

He has gone, like the life-waking sun,
Descending the radiant sky;
Ere the stars have their shining begun,
And are hid by the day-beams on high;
The night could not rest on the wings of his soul,
Nor the shadows of earth their uprising control.

The watchman is missed from the wall,
Where his warnings so often have rung;
No more the affectionate call,
Or remonstrance, will melt from his tongue;
There is dust on his lip, and the shroud on his breast,
And the deep seal of peace on his eyelid is prest.

How oft, when the sanctified air
Round the altar with music was filled,
Have the words of his eloquent prayer
Gone forth, like rich incense distilled;
Like the breath of Spring roses ascending the skies,
To God, an acceptable sacrifice.

His heart was a fountain of love—
It stirred in the light of his mind,
Whose glory was caught from above,
Where the pearl of great price was enshrined;
He taught the dark spirit to look to its ray,
And to feel its warm glow in life's gloomiest day.

He knew that our pilgrimage here
Was a dream : he remembered as dust
The throngs that assembled to hear,
And bade them in heaven to trust.
And armed with persuasion, and pity, and prayer,
He shunned not the counsel of God to declare.

How oft like the heart-moving Paul,
Did he beckon with wavering hand,
Till silence around him would fall,
Then, echo his SAVIOUR'S command ;
Till his magical accents the hearer received,
Their soberness treasured, and hearing, believed.

Who mourns that his garland is won,
That the crown on his forehead is bright ?
That his trials and labors are done,
That his spirit rejoices in light ?
Who weeps that our loss is his infinite gain,
Where Death may not enter, and Sin cannot stain ?

He walks in the smile of his God,
And looks o'er those realms of the sky,
Where Mortality's foot never trod,
Unseen by Mortality's eye :
Where calm by green pastures, and dwellings of gold,
The waters of life all their splendor unfold.

And he sees in the shadowless air,
That lofty and beautiful tree,
Whose blossoms and fruits blooming fair,
Are spread for the ransomed to see ;
He hears the glad harpers that linger beneath,
And feels not the fear of corruption or death.

Oh, leave him to rest with his God,
To join in that music benign
Which swells o'er his blessed abode,
Where every sight is divine,
Where flowers immortal with lustre are fed,
From the source of all glory unceasingly shed !

BOOTS:

A SLIPSHODICAL LYRIC.

THE watch has brawl'd 'eleven,' and the moon
 Walks through the evening heaven like a queen,
 Raining soft influences on lovers' minds,
 While I, with fragrant and serene cigar
 Prest satisfactorily betwixt my lips,
 Am lounging in that Traveller's Paradise,
 Hight bar-room in the vulgate, looking round,
 With honest speculation in mine eye
 In quest of food for thought. By Jove, 'tis here!
 I have't: in yonder huge and gloomy pile
 Of travellers' boots, is inspiration hid.
 Come, bustle, honest Muse, and help me sing,
 In fanciful disportings on the theme,
 Till from this scented tube departs the fire,
 And all its ashes slumber on my lyre.

Time was, when boots were not; when graceful feet
 Of men and women, unrestricted, prest
 Their mother earth denuded. Then, suddenly,
 The Greek and Roman sandal came in vogue:
 August Athena's streets, to soles of cork,
 Trod by philosophers and stoics — Jews,
 Cretes and Arabians — echoed as they trode;
 And e'en the solemn groves of Academe
 Beheld the feet that bore a master mind
 'Neath Plato's lofty and impressive brow,
 Press the gay sandal on the olive leaves,
 Which autumn winds had shaken to the ground.
 In Rome, the tribune, lictor, senator,
 Proconsul, headsman, and centurion,
 The graceful sandal wore. Apostles, too,
 Did patronize the article. The light
 Which burst on Peter's dungeon, as he lay
 Hedged in by soldiers at the midnight hour,

Was scattered from an angel's odorous wing,
 And on the prisoner's chains and sandals streamed;
 The first fell off—the latter he did don,
 And walked abroad in freedom. And in sooth,
 Where'er the Greek or Roman power had sway,
 The sandal, with its dainty tie, became
 The fashionable thing.

——— At last boots came;
 But how, or when, it boots not now to tell,
 Save that they *did* advene; and through all time
 Since their first origin, have kept their state,
 Circling the calves of youth, and the slim shanks
 Of weak and trembling age. Of various name,
 Their titles I invoke not—for I know
 Their number numberless; nor cke of style,
 Of Wellington, Suwarrow, tasselled, laced,
 Civil, or military; seven-leagued,
 Or Chinese kinds, diminished, have I time
 To dwell on at this present, nor need tell
 How since their date, their fabricators swarm.
 St. Crispin's followers are every where:
 In France, the *cordonnier*; in England, named
 Knights of the enwaxed end. The race is large,
 And keep their azure Mondays—festivals
 Of old renown—with wassail and with song.
 My present business doth not lie with these,
 But rather to discourse, as in me lies,
 About this pile of boots before mine eyes.
 It seems to rise, as if its apex strove
 To reach that constellation, Boötes y'clept,
 To which Arcturus clings. But I demand
 My fancy from the stars, to help me here.

There stands a scurvy pair, with tops of red,
 Sore wasted at the heel, and slim at toe.
 The straps are broken; and the owner's mind
 And disposition, thus to me exposed,
 Are clear, as if I knew him. He's a young
 And hair-brained biped, has a sprawling foot,

But fain would be 'genteel,' and so has cased
 His pedal adjuncts in a narrow space,
 By much too small for comfort. When he draws
 Those boots upon his legs at morn, he chafes,
 And stamps the floor, and vents the spiteful 'd——n!'
 Because they will not *on*. When in the street,
 He hath a rapid gait, and stalks abroad,
 On politics or business, with an air,
 As if a nation's cares were on his mind,
 Heavy as Atlas' load. Be sure, that man
 Loves, eats, and drinks, and all his acts performs,
 In the Cambyses' vein.

Adjacent riseth, with the look of eld,
 A pair of *fair-tops*; and to Fancy's eye,
 Their owner stands beside them. He is one
 Now near the turn of sixty, and his hair
 Is powdered, white as snow-wreaths; and his cane
 Is headed o'er with gold. Whene'er he treads,
 The spotless dust on broadcloth collar falls;
 And as he walks the street, full many a hat
 Is touched to do him reverence. At his board
 The choicest wines are found, that, quick and warm,
 Ascend them to the brain. He readeth loud
 The liturgy o' Sundays—while the priest
 Whenas he glanceth tow'rd his cushioned pew,
 Bethinks him of that layman's sumptuous fare.

I like not that next pair—a clumsy mass
 Of ill-conditioned leather. To a boor,
 A walking porker, do I quickly trace
 Their certain ownership. What sprawling heels!
 And holes are cut anigh the spreading toes,
 As if the ponderous feet in that wide space
 Had still been 'cabined, cribbed,' and wanted room;
 Or else, that doleful crops of pedal maize,
 Called by the vulgar corns, had flourished there.
 I see the wearer plainly. Large of form,
 He moves abroad like stern Rhinoceros
 Or Behemoth in the ocean; or, to rise

In metaphor, like old Sam. Johnson's form
 Wending along Cheapside. In public haunts
 He of his self-deportment takes no heed,
 And spitteth evermore. His lips are scaled
 And juicy, like wind-beparched mouth
 Of ichthyophagous Kamschatkadale; and oft
 With three sheets in the wind, in upper tier
 Midst mirthful Cyprians, he puts his feet
 Over the box's front, and leaning back,
 Guffaws and swears, like privateer at sea,
 Until the pitlings from beneath, exclaim,
 'Boots!' 'Trollope!' and he straightway draws them in.

My fragrant tube is out — and objects swim
 Like coming dreams before my drowsy eyes;
 Yet one more pair of boots, ere I retire,
 I fain, in thoughtful mood, would scrutinize,
 A dapper pair, yet gaudy not, but neat,
 As if they needed neither brush nor shine,
 For marks of both they bear. He who inserts
 His *understanding* in them, comes to town
 A merchant, trafficking and getting gain:
 He hath a wife and pleasant babes at home,
 To whom the squeak of those familiar soles
 Is like to heavenly music. That wife delights,
 What time she sweetly 'plies her evening care,'
 To hear that squeak, and see the infant smile,
 Tilted on parent knee. He lives and trades
 In a fair village, 'throned by the West,'
 Embowered in trees, and reached by rural roads,
 All variously diverging, where in throngs,
 The wealthy farmers come. He leads the choir
 At church, and sets the quaint, old-fashioned tune —
 The pitch-pipe blows, and is, in all respects,
 The magnate of the village.

My subjects multiply — but to my gaze,
 Half dimmed with sleep, fantastic boots arise,

And turn to shapes, and menace me with fear
Of kicks and damage, if I publish them.
I shrink from such a penalty. Now dreams,
And shades, and forms, and fluttering entities,
Surround my brain so fast, that I opine
My wakefulness is doubtful. Yea it is —
And all my pictures do themselves resolve
To mere oblivion.

P R A Y E R .

WHEN on the sad and yearning heart
The clouds of early sorrow fall,
Oh! what shall bid their gloom depart,
And lift the spirit from their thrall?
When 'neath the foldings of the pall
The lost and beautiful are laid,
Oh, who shall answer to the call
By watchful love in anguish made?

When from our daily paths, like flowers,
Our kindred wither one by one,
Ah! what shall gild the weary hours,
Or bring again the unshadow'd sun
His bright and golden course to run?
To chase the clouds that round him rise—
Recal again each lustre gone,
And bathe in light the uplifted skies?

When, with a shadow o'er them flung,
Appear the sere autumnal trees;
And every blast their boughs among
Awakens mournful images;
What, on the lapse of hours like these,
Can earth, with all its phantoms, fling,
When Hope hath ceased her melodies,
And folded up her rainbow-wing?

Is it not sweet, when song and dream
Have pass'd, like sunset's sky of fire,
When Love's false pinion sheds no gleam
O'er Pleasure's crushed and tuneless lyre,
To raise with purified desire
The prayer, in earnest supplianee given,
Which lifts the immortal spirit higher,
And antedates the joy of Heaven?

THE HEXEN ZEE.*

'How glumly sownes yon dirgy songe!
 Night-ravens flappe the wing;
 What bell doth slowly toll ding dong?
 The psalms of death who sing?
 Look up, look up! an airy crew
 In roundel daunces reele:
 The moon is bright, and blue the night—
 Mays't see them dimly wheele.'—BURGER.

I.

'Twas a sunset hour, and the waters play'd
 Like living light on the golden sand:
 The dark green trees by the gale were sway'd
 As their wings swept over the quiet land:
 And as those wavelets kissed the shore
 With a gush of delicate melody,
 They seemed in a traveller's ear to pour
 This marvellous tale of the Hexen Zee:

II.

'Tis a haunted place where thou art now,
 And when the west hath lost the sun,
 And silvery moon-beams waver slow,
 Where here the chasing billows run;
 When fairy mists like spirits throng
 About this undulating tide,
 Then sweep the witches' trains along,
 And charm the air whereon they ride.

III.

'And, as between the waning moon
 And Brocken's height their forms are seen,
 While midnight's melancholy noon
 Extends its thoughtful reign serene,

*THE Hexen Zee, or Witches' Lake, is described by modern travellers in Germany as one of the neighboring wonders of the Brocken mountain. It is not wide, but, according to tradition, unfathomably deep.

Their rustling folds are heard above,
 The branches groan in every tree;
 Till on the lake these spectres move,
 And sing this song of the Hexen Zee:

IV.

'Our boat is strong, its oars are good,
 Of charnel bones its ribs are made;
 From coffins old we carved the wood,
 Beneath the gloomy cypress shade;
 An *ignis-fatuus* lights the prow,
 It is a felon's blood-shot e'e,
 And it shineth forth from his skeleton brow,
 To light our way o'er the Hexen Zee.

V.

'There's a scream of dreaming birds afar,
 And a hollow blast in the old Hartz wood:
 Our course was marked by the evening star,
 By the wakeful eagle's glance pursued:
 The tree-toad moaned on the mossy limb,
 And plunged in the pool 'neath the dark yew-tree,
 But what care we for 'the likes of him,'
 While we sing and sail on the Hexen Zee?

VI.

'We have come over forest, and glen, and moor,
 We have ivy leaves from the castle wall;
 We roved by the huts of the sleeping poor,
 And we heard their faithful watch-dogs call;
 Over cities and hamlets in haste we swept—
 Over gardens and turrets—o'er hill and lea;
 Our race now pauseth, our pledge we have kept,
 And together we sail on the Hexen Zee.

VII.

'There's a vapor of gray, and a crimson hue,
 In the wake of our bark as we haste along;
 The sails are clothed in a flame of blue,
 And our voices are hoarse with this elfin song:

The finny tribes as they cross our wake,
A-floating in lifeless throngs we see;
To Hecate an offering thus we make,
Who is fond of fish from the Hexen Zee.

VIII.

'Look to the east! there the dawn is red,
Through the cedar branches it 'gins to glow;
Our song must be ended — our spell is dead,
Away to our cloudy homes we go:
The charm is finished; the distant chime
Of bells are echoing one — two — three;
We will mount the blast — and depart in time,
Afar from the haunted Hexen Zee.'

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Thou art laid to rest in the spring-time hours,
In the freshness of early feeling ;
While the dew yet lies on the new-born flowers,
And winds through the wood-paths are stealing ;
While yet life was gay to thine ardent eye,
While its rich hopes filled thy bosom ;
While each dream was pure as the upper sky,
And sweet as the opening blossom :
But thy promise of being, which shone so fair,
Hath passed like a summer cloud in air ;
Thy bosom is cold, which with love was warm,
And the grave embraces thy gentle form.

Thou art slumbering now in a voiceless cell,
While Nature her garland is wreathing ;
While the earth seems touched with a radiant spell,
And the air of delight is breathing ;
While the day looks down with a mellow beam,
Where the roses in light are blushing :
While the young leaves dance with a fitful gleam,
And the stream into song is gushing ;
While bright wings play in the golden sun,
The tomb hath caressed thee, thou faded one !
The clod lies cold on that settled brow,
Which was beaming with pleasure and youth but now.

Should we mourn that Death's Angel, on dusky wing,
O'er thy flowery path has driven ?
That he crushed the buds of thy sunny spring —
That thy spirit is borne to heaven ?
How soon will the visions of earth grow dim —
How soon will its hopes be faded ;
And the heart that hath leaped to the syren's hymn,
With sadness and gloom be o'ershaded !
The feelings are fresh but a little while ;
We can bask but an hour in affection's smile,

Ere the friend and the lover have passed away—
Ere the anthem is sung o'er their wasting clay?

Then take thy rest in that shadowy hall,
In thy mournful shroud reposing;
There is no cloud on *the soul* to fall,
No dust o'er its light is closing:
It will shine in glory when time is o'er,
When each phantom of earth shall wither;
When the friends who deplore thee shall sigh no more,
And lie down in the dust together:
Though sad winds wail in the cypress bough,
Thou art resting untroubled and calmly now:
With a seal of sleep on thy folded eye,
While thy spirit is glad in the courts on high.

LOVE'S RIVAL.

'TREVVLAN drew back, and without another word, hurried away ; he returned to the town ; he sought, with methodical calmness, the owner of a piece of ground on which GERTRUDE had wished to be buried. He purchased it, and that very night he sought the priest of a neighboring church, and directed it should be consecrated according to the due rite and ceremonial.

'The priest, an aged and pious man, was struck by the request, and the air of him who made it.

'*"Shall it be done forthwith, Sir ?"* said he, hesitating. *"Forthwith,"* answered TREVVLAN with a calm smile ; *"a bridegroom, you know, is naturally impatient."*

PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.

OH, thou that lovest ! do not deem thou hast no rival nigh,
To interrupt thy visions, or cloud thy golden sky ;
And though Hope's syren voice beguile, believe not all her song,
Nor deem the joys enduring that to the lay belong.
Thou hast a rival, lover, however blest thou art,
How dear soe'er the object be, that kindles up thy heart ;
There may be bloom upon her cheek, light on her forehead fair,
And balm upon her rich red lip, as sweet as roses are ;
And kindness in her lustrous eyes on thee alone bestowed,
The stars that guide thy pilgrimage on life's uncertain road ;
It may appear that all in all, thou art alone to her,
And yet, thou hast a rival, deluded worshipper !

Yes, though the kisses from her lips, when they to thine are prest,
Are like the fragrant winds of Spring that wander from the West :
Though that voice is kindest to thine ear, and though that tender eye
Is brighter when thy step is heard, and when thy form is nigh ;
Though every glance be full of love, yet fate will bid thee own
Thou hast a busy rival, thou idolizing one !
A rival, horrible and grim, yet wooing unconfin'd,
Whom tears nor prayers can overcome, nor exorcism bind.

He walks a spectre by her side, impalpable as Night —
He wafts to her the fever-dream, and checks her young delight ;
And though unseen by mortal eye, and clothed in vapors dim,
He yet will win her to his arms, to sleep in peace with him :
He will fold her, unresisting, to his lone and gloomy breast,
And curtains, dark as Midian's land, draw round her place of rest ;
And torn from thy caressing arms, fond lover ! she will be
Within a narrow mansion, enclosed away from thee.

Death is that rival, lover! and soon or late will rend
From thy embrace his victim, thy fond one, and thy friend!
And when he knocketh at thy door, thou canst not say him nay—
He will rob thee of thy treasure, and bear it hence away.
Then love with fear and trembling, the idol of thy soul—
For life's bright cord is feeble, and frail its golden bowl:
And let the cloudless eye of faith the hour of rapture see,
When 'raised in incorruption' ye both at last may be!

OCTOBER.

SOLEMN, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
The Summer's melancholy bier.
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice,
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze!
Oh, visions bright — oh, blessed hours,
Where are their living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wearied powers —
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to Nature, and behold
My life's dim emblems, rustling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold —
The year's dead honors on the ground:
And sighing with the winds, I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightful moments shone,
They came in zephyrs from the West;
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast:
Though Summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But changed and strengthened now, they beat
In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breast
When life is fresh and joy is new ;
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,
And transient all as they are true !
They stir the leave in that bright wreaths,
Which Hope about her forehead twines,
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe,
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas, for Time, and Death, and care,
What gloom about our way they fling !
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial-pageant of the Spring.
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness, side by side.

HYMN

FOR THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

WE have met in peace together,
In this house of God again:
Constant friends have led us hither,
Here to chaunt the solemn strain:
Here to breathe our adoration,
While the balmy breeze of spring,
Like the Spirit of Salvation,
Comes with gladness on its wing!

And, while nature glows with beauty,
While the fields are rich in flowers,
Shall our hearts neglect their duty,
Shall our souls abuse their powers?
Shall not all our hopes ascending,
Point us to a home above,
Where, in glory never ending,
He who made us smiles in love?

There no autumn-tempests gather:
There no friends lament the dead
And on fields that never wither,
Fadeless rays of light are shed:
There with bright immortal roses,
Angels wreath their harps of gold,
And each ransom'd soul reposes
'Midst a scene of bliss untold.

We have met, and time is flying,
We shall part—and still his wing,
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring;
Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
In our fresh and early years,
Turn to HIM whose smile is brightest,
And whose grace will calm our fears.

HE will aid us, though existence
With its sorrows sting the breast ;
Gleaming in the onward distance,
Faith will make the Land of Rest ;
There, 'mid day beams round him playing,
We our FATHER's face shall see,
And shall hear HIM gently saying,
'Little children, come to me.'

YESTERDAY.

AND where are *now* thy sunny hours,
Fond man, which shone but *yesterday*?
Perchance thy path was rich with flowers,
That glittered in thy joyous way!
Perchance the Day's pure eye of light
Was one interminable smile;
And visions, eloquent and bright,
Stirred thy rapt soul with bliss the while.

And where are they? — the swelling tide
Of onward and resistless time
Is strewn with wrecks of baffled pride,
Conceptions high, and hopes sublime;
Dreams, that have shed upon the earth
The gladdening hues of Paradise;
Their charm is flown; hushed is their mirth,
And all their kindling ecstasies!

It may be that thy heart was sad
And wrapt in sorrows yesterday;
Perchance the scenes that once could glad
Thy spirit, passed like spring away;
That on the waste of years, was seen
Naught that might cheer thy gloomy breast,
No sunny spot, of vernal green,
On which the thoughtful eye could rest.

What reck's it now, that then a cloud
Was dimly brooding o'er thy head;
That to the tempest thou hast bow'd,
When Joy's ephemeral beams had fled?
That day hath gone — its care is o'er;
Its shadows all have passed away;
Time's wave hath murmured by that shore;
And round thee now is but — *to-day*.

Then what is *Yesterday*? — a breath,
 A whisper of the summer breeze;
 A thing of silent birth and death,
 Colored by man's fond sympathies!
 It had its buds—they all are gone;
 Its fears—but they are now no more;
 Its hopes—but they were quickly flown:
 Its pure delights—and they are o'er!

Look ye not back—save but to glean
 From the deep memories of the past,
 From the illusions of each scene,
 The thought, that time is flying fast;
 That *vanity* on things of Earth
 Is by a pointed diamond writ;
 Its hours of wild and transient mirth
 Are midnight skies by meteors lit!

Oh, what is *Yesterday*? — a ray
 Which burst on Being's troubled wave;
 Which passed like a swift thought away
 Unto Eternity's wide grave;
 A star whose light hath left the sky—
 But for a little moment given;
 Scarce flickering on the gladdened eye;
 Ere it hath left the vault of Heaven!

To-day! — How in its little span,
 The interests of an endless state,
 Beyond the feverish life of man,
 Are crowded with their awful weight!
 Prayers may ascend; the soul may pour
 Its trembling supplications here,
 That when Time's fitful hour is o'er
 Its hopes of Heaven may blossom there!

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

'Tis a calm spot in Summer's hour and in the dawn of Spring,
While buds come up, like freshening thoughts when Youth is on the
wing :

Here, while the unfolding gates of Day, are opening free and wide,
And glory robes the landscape round, in an unsullied pride;
While the amber clouds that gem the West are melting in the sun;
And, lessening in his radiant smile, through the far ether run:
Here, where beneath the sanctity of the bright azure sky,
The new-born birds are dancing on the south wind's fragrant sigh;
Where the sun-lit brook sends on the ear the prattle of its wave,
And melts upon the vernal shore, is placed a *nameless Grave!*

A haunt for monitory thought on life's dull scene is this,
A lesson on its fleeting hour, its little day of bliss:
No sculptured marble marks the spot where this dull clay is laid;
No sigh is breathed, save of the gale, in the dim cypress shade!
And who this wasting breast hath lov'd, the still grave answers not;
'Tis only known its throbs are hush'd, its weariness forgot:
The clod hath sent its hollow sound up from the coffin-lid:
The farewell hath been spoken—the familiar face been hid!

And where are they, who once did stand beside this nameless mound,
And felt the unhealed pang of Grief—the bosom's secret wound?
The love they bore, the tears they shed? oh, who the tale may tell!
The fitful winds no record keep, what sorrows then befell;
The sunny brook goes babbling on; the Spring-leaves come and go,
Yet they waken not the heart that here lies mouldering and low;
These ashes will not live again till the dim skies abroad
Are as a scroll, and Earth and Sea heave in the breath of God!

THE ALPS.

PROUD monuments of God ! sublime ye stand,
Among the wonders of His mighty hand :
With summits soaring in the upper sky,
Where the broad day looks down with burning eye.
Where gorgeous clouds in solemn pomp repose,
Flinging rich shadows on eternal snows :
Piles of triumphant dust, ye stand alone,
And hold in kingly state a peerless throne.

Like olden conquerors, on high ye rear
The regal ensign and the shining spear ;
Round icy peaks the mists, in wreaths unroll'd,
Float ever near, in purple or in gold :
And voiceful torrents, sternly rolling there,
Fill with wild music the unpillared air :
What garden, or what hall on earth beneath,
Thrills to such tones as o'er the mountains breathe ?

There, through long ages past, those summits shone,
When morning radiance on their state was thrown :
There, when the summer day's career was done,
Played the last glory of the sinking sun :
There, sprinkling beauty o'er the torrent's shade,
The chastened moon her glittering rainbow made :
And, blent with pictured stars her lustre lay,
Where to still vales the free streams leap'd away.

Where are the thronging hosts of other days,
Whose banners floated o'er the Alpine ways ?
Who through their high defiles to battle wound,
While deadly ordnance stirr'd the heights around ?
Gone like a dream which melts at early morn,
When the lark's anthem through the sky is borne ;

Gone like the hues that melt in ocean's spray,
And chill Oblivion murmurs—*where are they?*

Yet 'Alps on Alps' still rise—the lofty home
Of storms and eagles, where their pinions roam:
Still round their peaks the magic colors lie
Of morn or eve, imprinted on the sky;
And still, when kings and thrones shall fade and fall,
And empty crowns lie dim upon the pall;
Still shall their glaciers flash—their waters roar,
Till nations fail, and kingdoms rise no more.

THE YOUTHFUL DEAD.

'WEEP not for the Youthful Dead,
Sleeping in their lowly bed;
They are happier than we,
Howsoever blest we be!'

I.

CAN the sigh be poured for the Early Dead,
On their pillows of dust reposing?
Should the tear of Pain, in that hour be shed,
When the earth o'er their slumber is closing?
Should the winds of heaven in Evening's hour
Bear the sighs of the laden bosom;
When the Young are borne from Affliction's power,
Like the Spring's unsullied blossom?
Ere the blight of crime on the spirit came—
Ere passion awakened its inward flame:
While the heart was pure, while the brow was fair,
Ere the records of Evil had gathered there?

II.

They have passed from the shadows that haunt us round,
From the clouds that enthrall existence,
When we look at Youth in the backward ground,
And at Death in the forward distance!
No more will the sombre pall of Fate,
Like a mantle around them gather;
They have gone, ere Affection grew desolate,
Or Hope's garland began to wither:
And they sleep like stars in the upper air,
When the skies of evening are deep and fair;
There's a halo of peace where their ashes lie,
As the ambient night-winds are hurrying by.

III.

They are blest in death!—for no bitter care
Will the fevered brow be flushing:
They departed while Being was bright and fair,
While the fountains of Feeling were gushing;

Then let them sleep 'in their lowly bed ;'
Let Hope be amidst our sorrow ;
There is peace in the Night of the Early Dead —
It will yield to a glorious morrow !
They will rise like buds from the glebe of spring,
When the young birds play on the changeful wing ;
They faded ere sin could beguile the breast ;
They will wake in the regions of Endless Rest !

OLD SONGS.

GIVE me the songs I loved to hear,
In sweet and sunny days of yore;
Which came in gushes to my ear
From lips that breathe them now no more;
From lips, alas! on which the worm,
In coiled and dusty silence lies,
Where many a loved, lamented form
Is hid from Sorrow's filling eyes!

Yes! when those unforgotten lays,
Come trembling with a spirit-voice,
I mind me of those early days,
When to respire was to rejoice:
When gladsome flowers and fruitage shone
Where'er my willing footstep fell;
When Hope's bright realm was all mine own,
And Fancy whispered, 'All is well.'

Give me old songs! They stir my heart
As with some glorious trumpet-tone;
Beyond the reach of modern art,
They rule its thrilling cords alone,
Till, on the wings of thought, I fly,
Back to that boundary of bliss,
Which once beneath my childhood's sky
Embraced a scene of loveliness!

Thus, when the portals of mine ear
Those long-remembered lays receive,
They seem like guests, whose voices cheer
My breast, and bid it not to grieve:
They ring in cadences of love,
They tell of dreams now vanished all;
Dreams, that descended from above —
Visions, 't is rapture to recall!

Give me old songs! I know not why,
But every tone they breathe to me
Is fraught with pleasures pure and high,
With honest love or honest glee:
They move me, when by chance I hear,
They rouse each slumbering pulse anew;
Till every scene to memory dear
Is pictured brightly to my view.

I do not ask those sickly lays
O'er which affected maidens bend;
Which scented fops are bound to praise,
To which dull crowds their homage lend:
Give me some simple Scottish song,
Or lays, from Erin's distant isle;
Lays that to love and truth belong,
And cause the saddest lip to smile!

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

'Ah! weladay! most angelike of face,
 A childe, young in his pure innocence,
 Tender of limbes, God wote full guiltlesse,
 The goodly faire that lieth here speechelesse.
 A mouth he has, but wordis hath he none;
 Cannot complain, alas! for none outrage,
 Ne grutcheth not, but lies here all alone,
 Still as a lambe, most meke of his visage:
 What heart of steele could do to him damage,
 Or suffer him die, beholding the manere,
 And look benign of his twin eyen clere!'

LYDGATE.

YOUNG mother, he is gone!
 His dimpled cheek no more will touch thy breast;
 No more the music-tone
 Float from his lips, to thine all fondly press'd;
 His smile and happy laugh are lost to thee:
 Earth must his mother and his pillow be.

His was the morning hour,
 And he had pass'd in beauty from the day,
 A bud, not yet a flower,
 Torn, in its sweetness, from the parent spray;
 The death-wind swept him to his soft repose,
 As frost, in spring-time, blights the early rose.

Never on earth again
 Will his rich accents charm thy listening ear,
 Like some Æolian strain,
 Breathing at eventide serene and clear;
 His voice is choked in dust, and on his eyes
 The unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.

And from thy yearning heart,
 Whose inmost core was warm with love for him,
 A gladness must depart,
 And those kind eyes with many tears be dim;
 While lonely memories, an unceasing train,
 Will turn the raptures of the past to pain.

Yet, mourner, while the day
Rolls like the darkness of a funeral by,
And hope forbids one ray
To stream athwart the grief-discolor'd sky;
There breaks upon thy sorrow's evening gloom
A trembling lustre from beyond the tomb.

'Tis from the better land!
There, bathed in radiance that around them springs,
Thy loved one's wings expand;
As with the choiring cherubim he sings,
And all the glory of that God can see,
Who said, on earth, to children, 'Come to me.'

Mother, thy child is bless'd:
And though his presence may be lost to thee,
And vacant leave thy breast,
And miss'd, a sweet load from thy parent-knee;
Though tones familiar from thine ear have pass'd,
Thou'lt meet thy first-born with his Lord at last.

THE END.

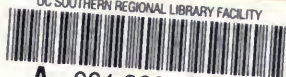








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